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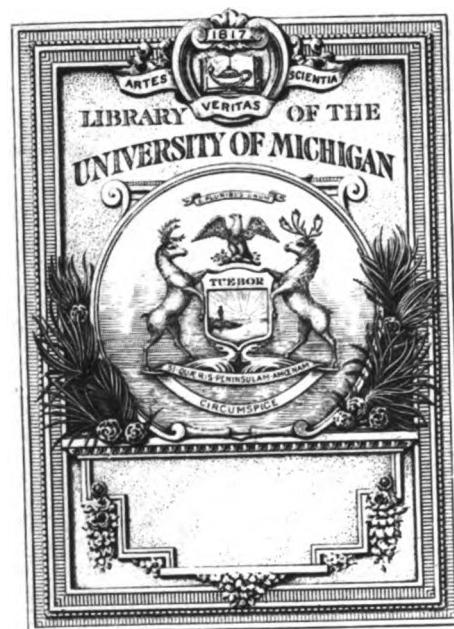
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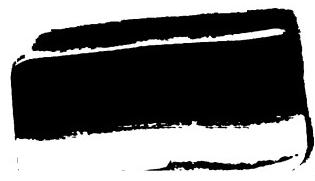


The Anglo-Saxon review

Cyril James Humphries Davenport



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THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW



Queen Elizabeth

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THE
ANGLO-SAXON
REVIEW
A QUARTERLY MISCELLANY

EDITED BY
LADY RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL

VOL. II. SEPTEMBER 1899



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1899

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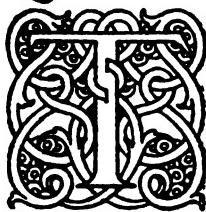
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QUEEN ELIZABETH



THE interesting portrait of Queen Elizabeth, reproduced as the Frontispiece to this Volume, was discovered a few years ago in the Royal Palace at Siena in Tuscany. Struck by its merits, the authorities had the portrait removed to the Picture Gallery at Siena, where it was deposited as the portrait of an unknown lady by an unknown artist, a lucid description, which, as it appears, still clings to the picture in the catalogue.

That it represents Queen Elizabeth is evident at a glance. If any further doubt remained, it would be at once removed by the existence in Holyrood Palace at Edinburgh of a similar portrait of Queen Elizabeth, apparently taken at a slightly earlier age.

In both portraits she holds a colander in her left hand, inscribed 'A TERRA IL BEN IL MAL DIMORA IN SELLA.' What may be the emblematic significance of the colander, what the meaning of this and other inscriptions on the portrait, these are questions for those curious in such matters to try and solve.

There are two important points of difference between the two portraits. In the portrait at Holyrood the Queen wears a small piped ruff, and ruffles at the wrists to match; in that at Siena she wears an unbroken radiating rich lace ruff, and rich lace ruffles to match. The small ruff is characteristic of her earliest portraits, the unbroken radiating ruff of those taken in middle life. The other point of difference is that the interesting group of courtiers shown behind the Queen's left shoulder in the Siena portrait is absent at Holyrood. It would appear certain that the Holyrood portrait must be the earlier, since it would be unlikely either that an artist should anticipate a fashion which was as yet unborn, or that he should, in painting so elaborate a costume portrait, deliberately hark back to a fashion which the Queen had discarded. The artist, therefore, of the Siena portrait probably adapted the Holyrood portrait, with its conceits and incidents, to a portrait of the Queen at a later date. The later artist might be Federigo Zuccaro, who spent three or four years of exile in England. It is the habit to ascribe all portraits of Queen Elizabeth to the hand of Zuccaro, disregarding all differences of style, dress, *technique*, &c. As a matter of fact, Zuccaro was here but a short time in 1574 and the following years, and was never Court painter, although he certainly did paint more than one portrait of the Queen.

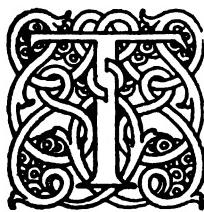
The portrait, however, at Siena may be by Zuccaro, for it is on canvas, an Italian fashion that had hardly been adopted for oil painting in his time north of the Alps. Again, it shows the Queen at an age when Zuccaro might have painted her in England. Moreover,

QUEEN ELIZABETH

it is believed to have been painted for Cosimo II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, who may very well have commissioned Zuccaro to procure this portrait for his palace at Siena, since Zuccaro was employed by the Grand Duke at Florence immediately after his return to Italy from England. Under any circumstances it is a very interesting portrait.

LIONEL CUST.

ON THE BINDING OF THIS VOLUME BY CYRIL DAVENPORT



THE name of Derome as a great French binder is well known, and perhaps in England his works are more commonly found than those of any of his contemporaries.

The reason for this is that he had a large establishment and produced a great quantity of work, and the majority of his bindings are small and simple. These simpler bindings are almost always in red morocco of a fine quality. They are lined with marbled end-papers, and, as far as I have seen, there is invariably some gold tooling on the thin leather edge inside the boards and some decorative design on the back. But the more ornamental bindings are those which for the moment concern us most. These are usually decorated in the manner known as 'Dentelle,' from its supposed resemblance to lace, but in fact the designs are more like the scrolls and trellis-work which would be produced by an art workman in metal, and it is probable enough that they originated in the imitation, or from the observation of some gate or staircase wrought in this way.

Such designs are found not uncommonly in French bindings of the eighteenth century. They are supposed to occur first on books bound by Padeloup, from whom Derome is said to have taken the idea, which he may well have done.

'Derome' is the family name of a number of binders, some of whom attained eminence on their own account, but generally they shine chiefly by the reflected lustre of 'Nicolas Denis,' called 'le jeune.' Nicolas Denis used several different 'etiquettes' in his bindings.

These little tickets are usually found on the upper left-hand corner of the back of the first leaf, but on larger books they are sometimes put at the lower edge of the title-page—after the fashion of Padeloup.

But they are by no means always found, so we are frequently driven back on the consideration of the peculiar forwarding or the particular finishing stamps to decide whether a book be bound by Derome le jeune or not.

One sign of his work, which is not a difficult one to discover, is that he very frequently used stamps designed upon bird forms. Hence the phrase 'Dentelle à l'oiseau.' Some of these are merely conventional and cannot be identified with any particular species, but sometimes they are recognisable, one of the largest being a parrot sitting on a bough holding a flower spray in his beak.



FIG. 2.—Stamp with Parrot, used by Derome le jeune.

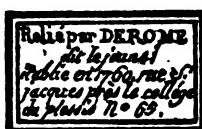


FIG. 1.—One of the Binding Tickets used by Derome le jeune.

ON THE BINDING OF THIS VOLUME

Another small peculiarity of Derome's work is a star, an eight-petalled flower, or point, within a circle ; and there is frequent use of designs in shell form. The inner sides of the boards of all Derome's finely tooled books, as well as the corresponding first leaf, are lined with coloured silk, red or blue, as far as I have observed, with a rather broad gold roll along the inner leather edges.

The leathers used for these richly tooled bindings is either red, dark blue, or pale blue, and now and then, in the case of small books, Derome made leather slip-cases also tooled, especially on the backs. It may be regretted that other binders have not imitated him in this careful particular. As far as I know, he is the only great binder who has ever thought of doing this ; the only instances at all analogous to it which occur to me are the early Italian forels or of cuir-boulli and the bags sometimes made in the seventeenth century in England for embroidered books ; but these are not quite the same, because it is by no means certain that they were ever made for particular books, as Derome's were.

It is pleasant to find something definite to praise Derome for, as perhaps no binder of repute has been so much abused as he. He is said to have cropped his books badly ; that is to say, he cut the edges off too near the type ; it is also said that he was the first binder to do this to any extent. His edges are always gilded, and to gild edges properly the leaves must necessarily be cut, but it need not be a deep cut. I fear Derome is guilty of deep cuts.

He is also blamed for having used a saw to cut trenches in the backs of his books, in which trenches the bands were afterwards laid and sewn. This is a matter which concerns the 'forwarding' of a book, and it is too technical to enter into fully, but it will be evident that to cut trenches out of the back of a book must inevitably weaken it, and when also it is understood that such cutting of trenches and sewing the bands in them is easier and quicker to do than the proper process used in 'flexible' work, the immorality of it is as evident as the commercial value. This cutting of the backs of books has been very prevalent since the time of Derome, and is unfortunately practised largely at the present day. But, curiously enough, Derome did not invent this method of working—though he was probably unaware that he had predecessors in wickedness—at all events it existed before his time, and in England—as it occurs in the great majority of embroidered books made here both under the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns. The reason for its use in these cases was that it was easier to make the flat backs of canvas, velvet or satin, if the bands did not project, so there was some excuse for it; but in the case of leather books such excuse did not exist, indeed the 'sawn in' backs brought in their train another evil, the 'false bands,' which are still so common.

But I must make a protest against unqualified condemnation

CYRIL DAVENPORT

of Derome's forwarding. It is true that now and then he used the saw heavily on the backs of his books, it is also true that he sometimes used it very slightly, making a mere mark, but it can be truly said that, whenever the binding was of an ornate character, his sewing is most excellent, indeed it could not be better.

Derome again is charged with having followed English designs in books and used English leather. He did now and then follow English designs, and if his leathers are English they prove his wisdom, for they are excellent. English leathers have generally been good, although it cannot be said that they are invariably so at the present day. Derome's leather, always morocco, is remarkably good. I have never seen one of his books in bad repair; in the case of the blue ones there is some fading on the back, but the leather itself is always rich and excellent. So, although he is plentifully abused by French writers for having used this English leather, he was really not far wrong. M. Ernest Thoinan, in his book '*Les Relieurs Français*,' says these leathers were scraped too thin and that the colour was not even upon them, but blotchy. It is rather a remarkable fact that the effort to dye leathers an absolutely uniform colour has largely resulted in the ruin of the skins, and one that is not quite evenly dyed is often far sounder. Towards the end of the eighteenth century there was a sort of revival in English book-binding, and one of the most prominent of these revivalists, if not indeed the originator of the movement, was James Edwards of Halifax, who used what may perhaps best be called 'classical design,' although they are usually known as Etruscan. The Greek fret and similar formal patterns are used as a principal rectangular border along the edges of the boards, and are sometimes amplified with small supplementary stamps and lines. A modification of the same kind of design was used about the same time by John Whitaker—then in a very modified way, and rarely, by Roger Payne, and a little later by Lewis Kalthoeber and other leading binders. To a considerable extent this 'classical' taste appealed to contemporary French binders, and among them Derome has incurred much abuse from his, countrymen because of it.

But a binder named Jean Delorme appears really to have been the worst offender, and according to Lesné, who wrote a poem in 1820 called '*La Reliure*', it was Bozerian who emancipated the French from the English manner:

Cet artist amateur
detruisit la folie

De regarder l'Anglais avec idolâtrie.

But, as far as we know his work, Bozerian was not an important workman, while Derome certainly was.

Jacques Antoine Derome was the father of Derome le jeune,

ON THE BINDING OF THIS VOLUME

who inherited his stamps, so that in many instances it is difficult to say which binder used them. The elder artist certainly made several curious bindings in inlaid leathers of different colours, as also did Padeloup. Derome le jeune is credited, I rather think wrongly, with some of these bindings; they all appear to me to be far more likely the work of his father.

The bindings that Derome made 'after the English fashion' have always a formal border bearing some small set design—and this has usually supplementary lines of a mere ornate kind running parallel with it, and in the corners sprays and small flowery stamps. The smaller stamps are French in character. They are graceful enough and distinctly recall Edwards' manner. Some of this kind were made for Louis XVI. by Derome. The flat backs are also found in Edwards' books, but this is largely due to the fact that they are bound in vellum, sometimes rendered transparent; but although flat, the best of Edwards' are not 'sawn,' but carefully and well sewn on flat bands. As to the other flat backs, which Thoinan says the English had used for some time, they are like Edwards', sewn on flat bands—strips of vellum very likely—and the spaces between the bands filled up with a strip of some material of suitable thickness. Backs of this kind were made for Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., the large majority of English bindings of that time having, however, the usual raised bands.

A glance at the beautiful specimen of Derome's work, which is reproduced on the binding for this number of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW*,¹ will reveal the fact that, although it appears very elaborate, it really consists of the carefully planned repetition of a few curves and small stamps.

Binders' stamps are usually designed in such a way as to lend themselves most readily to combinations; curves, for instance, are usually cut in pairs, in reverse directions, and with such a pair and one symmetrical centre stamp a book cover could be ornamented so as to give the appearance of great intricacy. Stamps were not used in this combined way until a rather late period in the history of book-binding—long after the art of gold tooling had been invented. But the process of gilding on leather that is followed now by bookbinders is in all material points identical with that which was used at the very beginning of the art—probably some time during the fifteenth century. The strength and beauty of such work is due to the fact that albumen congeals by heat. The leather is painted over with white of egg and overlaid with gold leaf, and on this the tools, carefully warmed to the proper temperature, are steadily dressed in the proper places. When the leather is wiped with a

¹ A reproduction of the binding of the 'Morgante Maggiore di Luigi Pulci,' Venetia, 1546, bound about 1770–80 by Derome le jeune. The coat of arms added by Mr. Cracherode.

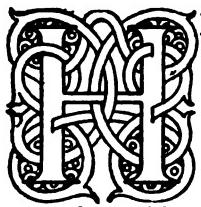
CYRIL DAVENPORT

cloth the gold remains wherever the heated stamps have been applied, coming off everywhere else.

The design generally is a succession of pyramidal forms made up of curves, dots, circles, and symmetrical centre stamps of bird or shell forms, arranged with their bases aligned on the edges of the book, the apices pointing inwards. The spaces between the bases of these 'pyramids' are further filled in with a small symmetrical stamp of an elongated oval scroll, in the centre of which is a bird with outstretched wings. This stamp is very commonly found somewhere about on Derome's bindings. In the corners are, in addition to the above, a shell stamp and a double bat's-wing stamp. The larger stamps are engraved on their surfaces, and resemble those used by Padeloup; and with, and among them, dots, large and small, are freely interspersed. The original of this binding was the property of the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, a trustee of the British Museum, to which he bequeathed his library. The Cracherode library is the richest in fine bindings of any of the separate collections in our National Museum, and on most of these is the charming heraldic book-stamp cut, I believe, for Mr. Cracherode by Roger Payne, who bound several of his books: 'Or, a saltire erm. between four lions' heads erased, sa. *Crest.* A demi boar salient, regnard, or, wounded in the shoulder with an arrow ppr. which he holds in his mouth.'

Mr. Cracherode lived at the end of the last century, and, being a man of property, he was able to collect a library of nearly five thousand books, each one of which was remarkable for its rarity or beauty. He held the manor of Great Wymondley, in Herefordshire, from the Crown, 'subject to the service of presenting to the King the first cup from which he drinks at his coronation,' and the fear of having some day to perform this service is said to have embittered his whole life. He never travelled farther than from London to Oxford, and he was entirely absorbed in his books, prints, and gems. His library is equally rich in rare and beautiful French bindings.

A MINIATURE MOLOCH BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER



E was small and slight and sickly-looking, while she was big and tall and strong ; he was what is called ‘well-connected,’ while she was only the daughter of a provincial bookseller ; he was merely capable of spending money, while she was obliged to earn it ; he possessed refined sensibilities, while she owned nothing more distinguished than deep feelings ; he was a scholar in the accepted sense of the word, while she was only a student of human nature ; he thought that he was wiser than God, while she knew that she was infinitely more foolish than Man ; in short, there was every reason why Hester Murrell should bow down and worship Herbert Greene, and she did it to the fullest extent of her by no means limited powers.

Hester was a tall, gaunt young woman, whose Scotch blood came out in her big bones, so to say. Her nose was too big and her cheek-bones too high for a reputation for beauty to be within her reach ; but Nature had been lavish towards her in one respect, namely, her hair, which was of that glorious red colour popularly supposed to be the peculiar invention of Titian for private circulation in Venice. But Venice having fallen from her high estate, and being no longer the metropolis of European loveliness, the gold whereof she once made ‘a corner’ has been distributed over the face of the globe ; and it happened that a portion of this ‘red, red gold’ fell to the lot of Hester Murrell, and saved her from being—as she would otherwise have been—a very ordinary-looking young woman.

She was the eldest daughter of a family of eight, who had all been born and brought up over their father’s shop in the central square of an old-fashioned provincial town ; nevertheless (though Herbert Greene was constitutionally incapable of even grasping this fact), the Murrells were true gentlepeople—that is to say, if true gentility is a synonym for high principle, culture, and refinement, and the exact opposite of everything that can be covered by that broad term, ‘vulgarity.’ In religion they belonged to that most cultured and intellectual form of English Nonconformity, the Independent Body, which—avoiding alike the poetry and symbolism of Anglicanism on the one hand, and the familiarity and homeliness of Methodism on the other—finds its faith on the workings of reason rather than on the beauty of ritualism or the excitement of revivalism, and worships with its intelligence rather than with its emotions. Too cold a spiritual home, perchance, for the artistic temperament, which hungers and thirsts for that other side of the breastplate of Righteousness which men call Beauty ; but a fine school for all those who inherit the stern spirit of their Puritan

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

ancestors, and who are of one flesh with the men who fought for religious freedom at Naseby and Sedgemoor.

All the little Murrells were clever children, but Hester was the cleverest. She had been to a good school, and her father—whom she adored—had never ceased to educate her between times; consequently, when she grew up and found it was time for her to begin to earn her own living, she went to live in London and took to journalism, thinking it was pleasanter to teach the whole world than one family of children, governessing seeming to be the only alternative course; and she enjoyed to the full that most delightful of all professions open to women. The freedom of her life exactly suited her; and as she had never belonged to that class whose daughters are trained in the shadow of chaperonage, she did not feel that sense of loneliness which girls and women of higher rank invariably suffer when first obliged to stand by themselves.

Then came her great success. She was just twenty-seven when she wrote a novel that set the Thames on fire. It would be difficult to say why ‘Waters of Babylon’ took the town by storm; it dealt with life at the East-end of London, but so do tens of unread stories; it grappled with several of the great social problems which are disturbing the last hours of the dying century, but so do scores of unsuccessful novels; it depicted the influence of Nonconformity upon the uneducated masses of the English people, but so do hundreds of unread books. The scientist who can demonstrate the exact ‘flash point’ of the River Thames will have made a discovery which will throw all former discoveries into the shade; but at present that scientist is unborn. Each of us goes out into the wilderness, staff in hand, but it is only Aaron’s rod that blossoms; each of us goes forth in the morning from his father’s house, but it is only Saul who is anointed king. The secret of success is as yet the Sphinx’s riddle, and is as great a mystery to those who find it as to those who fail in the search. But let those of us who find it not remember that even the staves which did not blossom entered as soon as Aaron’s into the Promised Land; and let those of us who find it bear in mind that Saul proved himself unworthy of his sovereignty, and that the Lord rejected him from being king.

With the wonderful freemasonry which exists among all men and women who live by their pens, Hester’s friends rejoiced in her triumph as if it had been their own—as indeed, in a sense, it was. A really fine work of art belongs to the whole world, and almost as much to the many who enjoy it as to the one who created it. And the girl enjoyed her success in a quiet way, while her somewhat reserved nature expanded in the appreciative atmosphere which surrounded her. As for the shop in the old-fashioned provincial town, it was simply illuminated by Hester’s fame; while the ‘light that

A MINIATURE MOLOCH

never was on sea or land' flooded the souls of the bookseller and his wife, and made them both feel young again.

Hester was hard at work on her second book when she first saw Herbert Greene. She met him at the house of a mutual friend in the country, where they were both staying for a 'week-end'; and at once his delicate frame and peevish manner appealed to the motherly instinct hidden in the heart of the stern-looking Scotch-woman. His conversation also attracted her, for she had lived all her life in an intellectual atmosphere, and Greene was a well-read and highly educated man.

'Did you have a pleasant journey?' she asked him, when their hostess left them alone for a few minutes after tea.

'No, a detestable one. There were some vulgar people in the carriage who disturbed me, and I do so dislike travelling with strangers.'

'Do you? I like it: I always talk to them, and try to find out what sort of people they are.'

Herbert raised his eyebrows: 'What a peculiar taste!'

'Aren't you interested in people?' asked Hester, looking puzzled. She lived in a world where everybody was interested in everybody else.

'Not in the least. Why should I be? People always bore me; and those whom I know bore me, if possible, more than those whom I do not know.'

'Then what are you interested in?'

'Nothing much: there is so little in life to interest any one, as far as I can see.'

Hester's generous soul was filled with pity. A woman with a keen sense of humour would have laughed at Herbert Greene: as a matter of fact, his was a personality that afforded a good deal of amusement to female beings thus endowed—he loomed so very large in his own eyes and so very small in the eyes of everybody else: but humour was not Hester's strong point.

'Don't you care for reading?' she inquired gently.

'When I can get anything fit to read: but nobody writes anything fit to read nowadays. I enjoy Italian literature, and now and then one comes across a clever French book; but modern English fiction appears to me to be too utterly *banal* for words.'

A vainer woman than Hester would have been piqued at this, for was she not one of the high-priestesses of modern English fiction? But she was too large-minded for the thought of herself to enter into the discussion.

'I am afraid that I enjoy modern English fiction,' she said in a deprecating voice: 'it is so much easier to understand and enter into than the literature of another age and country; at least I find it so, but perhaps that is because I am lacking in imagination. It

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is difficult to me to look at anything from another person's point of view : that is where I am stupid.'

'But why should you look at things from another person's point of view? It would bore me unutterably to do so,' replied Herbert, who, because he was stupid, had never found out that he was. No man is stupid who knows that he is : to know oneself to be stupid is the best proof to the contrary.

Hester looked puzzled : 'It is so interesting to look at things from other people's standpoints, don't you think?'

'I cannot see wherein the interest lies. I am not interested in the least in other people, and still less so in their views.'

In spite of their difference of opinion, however, Hester and Herbert got on very well together during that week-end in the country. She was far too humble to realise that she was actually conferring a favour in wasting her time on this bitter little man with a dried-up soul and a shrivelled mind ; and he was far too conceited to imagine that this large-hearted young woman of genius was in any way his intellectual equal—much less his superior. So does compensating Nature throw in a make-weight of vanity when she is engaged in manufacturing hearts and souls below the 'ordinary gentleman's size.' Therefore the man patronised the woman and the woman admired the man, as befitted their respective natures : and they both enjoyed themselves in the doing of it.

On her return to town on Monday, Hester had much to relate to the friend with whom she shared her little flat, Nancy Kenderdine. Nancy was better-born than Hester, and had a higher opinion of herself : and—being a small woman while Hester was only a large one—was much more fitted to fight life's battles and to come out of them triumphant. To her Hester told the story of her meeting with Herbert Greene : half the pleasure of any treat is in the telling of it afterwards ; when there is no one to 'tell,' things soon cease to be worth the telling ; and Nancy sympathised with Hester's joy, and was full of interest in Hester's new friend.

'I am sure you will like him,' Hester said in conclusion ; 'he is so highly cultured and such a thorough gentleman. I wish I had lived all my life among people like that : there is such a finish about them, somehow, which those who have their way to make in the world lack.'

Nancy shrugged her shoulders. 'I have lived among such people,' she said dryly, 'and I have often regretted that they hadn't even more "finish," as you call it—enough to finish them off altogether.'

'O Nancy, how can you? You see I have been brought up among men who have had to fight the battle of life for themselves—as I myself have had to fight it—and so the easy self-assurance of well-born people has a wonderful fascination for me. What one is not accustomed to is always attractive.'

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'I suppose it is ; and that is the reason why I, for my part, infinitely prefer the men who achieve greatness to those who are born great or have greatness thrust upon them.'

Hester shook her head. 'I don't think I do. The men who are born great are so much more easy than the others ; they have less self-consciousness and less desire for effect.'

'Still, there are better things in the world than easy manners ; success, for instance.'

'Do you know,' said Hester slowly, 'I believe that failure borne with an air of indifference impresses me more than self-conscious success. It seems to be almost grander to fail and not care, than to succeed and be pleased about it.'

Nancy laughed. 'You dear, clever, old fool ! Does Mr. Greene fail and not care, I should like to know ?'

'Yes ; that is what attracts me to him. He seems to have done nothing, not so much because he couldn't do it as because there was nothing worth doing.'

'My dear, you remind me of the saying that "Oxford men know everything there is to be known, and Cambridge men know there is nothing worth knowing." But can't you see that the man who fails and yet hankers after success has still the elements of success in him, while the man who fails and is proud of his failure will succeed neither in this life nor in any other ? The former is a king in exile, but still a king ; while the latter is nothing better than a rag-and-bone man, and never will be.'

Hester's face clouded. 'It is so difficult to know what really is right, isn't it ? To me it seems so fine not even to want to win the battle of life, but to you it seems cowardly. That makes things confusing : what seems right to one seems wrong to another. Now, Mr. Greene has made me feel quite ashamed of my ambition to become a great writer ; yet before I met him I thought that my ambition was the very best thing in me. Oh ! I wish I knew what was really right.'

Nancy sat down on the edge of the table dangling her short legs. 'My dear child, why bother about what is right or what isn't ? It only leads to confusion, and sometimes to brain-fever and religious monomania. Do what your instinct tells you to do, and don't burden your mind with the thought of consequences. I only do right about once in a hundred years, like the American aloe, and then I invariably regret it. I had a sad instance of this last Saturday.'

'Why, what happened ?'

'You know I went by train to Reading, and then up the river with some friends to Goring ; and at Paddington I took a return ticket to Reading and back, as was but natural. But now nature ceases and grace comes in ; for I came back the whole way from

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Goring by train, and actually took an extra ticket from Goring back to Reading, which was exceptionally honest of me, as you will admit.'

'It was.'

'So I thought ; but then the trouble began. Nobody asked for the ticket on the line, and as I didn't leave the station that nasty little ticket never left me. I had to stick it inside one glove, my return ticket being inside the other, until I felt like a cripple in splints. But the worst was yet to come. When the ticket collector came round at Ealing he refused to receive my extra one, as it was out of his beat ; and he called it an "irregularity" and all sorts of horrid names ; and the other people in the carriage looked at me suspiciously, as if travelling with two tickets was on a par with bigamy. Finally, another official had to be called in, who covered me with further ignominy and confusion, and made the train ten minutes late. And when at last the affair was concluded, and I was no longer under arrest, I said to my fellow-travellers, "Let this be a warning to you all never to dabble in honesty as long as you live !" And I am sure I hope you'll profit by my experience, Hester, and never try to find out what is right. You see how it ends.'

But, in spite of Nancy's advice, Hester continued to try to find out what was right, and only succeeded in mistaking it for what was wrong—a not uncommon error with those persons who are too much given to the splitting of hairs.

'I don't like your new friend,' said Nancy, after Herbert's first visit to the flat ; 'I think he is a horrid little man.'

Hester looked grieved. 'O Nancy !'

'I do. He finds fault with everything and everybody.'

'That is because he is so fastidious.'

'Rubbish ! It is because he is so disagreeable. He is a regular little crab. I saw a dish called "crabe glacé" on the menu at dinner last night. Now, Mr. Greene is what I should call "crabe glacé" ; and "crabe glacé" is a thing I abominate.'

'But, Nancy, don't you see that those very refined, sensitive natures cannot be pleased as easily as we are ? It is the very perfection of their taste that renders it so difficult to satisfy.'

Nancy made a face. 'Stuff and nonsense, my dear ! Mr. Greene is perfectly satisfied with himself, and that proves that the demands of his taste are by no means exorbitant. Why, this very afternoon he said that Dicksee couldn't paint, and that Du Maurier couldn't write, and that John Oliver Hobbes had no sense of humour, and that Anthony Hope didn't understand women. Yah !!!'

'Nancy, you are very unkind !'

'No, I'm not ; it isn't unkind to remember what a man says and to quote it afterwards ; it is considered very complimentary. He also remarked that the poor, as a rule, have a very good time, and that he'd never known a Liberal statesman talk anything but

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the most arrant nonsense ! Oh ! none of his gems of speech were lost on me, I can assure you ; I collected all the rubies and diamonds that fell from his lips (*à la* the princess in the fairy tale), and strung them on to a bracelet like George Herbert's Sundays ; which bracelet I shall frequently in the future wear upon my sleeve for daws to peck at, if daws are so minded.'

Hester, in her gentle way, still stood up for her friend. 'He cannot help being critical and hard to please ; and if he thinks certain things I admire him for saying them.'

' My dear Hester, he cannot help being a fool, I admit ; but he can help showing it. Lots of men do.'

It was not long before Herbert Greene and Hester Murrell fell in love with each other according to their respective lights. She admired him because he was so utterly different from the men of her own household ; and he allowed her to admire him, and found pleasure in such admiration, because she was the first woman who had been content to take him at his own valuation. For all her cleverness, Hester was singularly simple ; and it never occurred to her that in any question she could possibly know better than the man whom she loved. This possibility never occurred to the man either ; for the which he was to blame and not she.

When Herbert asked her to become engaged to him, and to wait indefinitely until he should be appointed to some visionary post and so afford to marry, Hester's cup ran over, as most of our cups have a knack of doing at least once in our lives. We cannot expect such glorious overflowings to last for ever ; they never do ; and the happiest among us are those who can find no drop of bitterness left in the dregs when the cup is empty and the time has come for washing up, for such drops of bitterness spoil even the memory of the season of fulness, and make it to us as though it had never been.

Hester was one of those humble-minded people who consider the qualities which they possess so much less important and attractive than those which they lack ; and consequently she felt a pride in the social status of her lover which her own genius has never been able to arouse in her breast. Herbert, on the contrary, considered all gifts wherein he was lacking not only undesirable but also somewhat disgraceful ; and he did all in his power to throw cold water upon the girl's literary work and to discourage her from continuing it.

' You see, Hester,' he said to her one day, ' it would never do for my wife to earn money by her pen. I should feel it extremely humiliating if she did. To my mind it is not dignified for a woman to do work and to be paid for it ; and I should never allow the woman who belonged to me to lower herself in that way.'

' But it isn't money that I write for ; I write for love of my art and for my work's sake.'

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'That is nonsense,' replied Herbert coldly ; 'people who receive money for their work, work for money, and this is a thing which well-bred women never do.'

'But you don't mind men's writing?' asked Hester humbly. 'I often wonder why you don't write a book yourself, you are so very clever and know so much.'

Herbert shuddered. 'Heaven forbid!'

'You have learnt so much about France and French art that I am sure the world, in turn, could learn much from you on these subjects.'

'My dear Hester, do you suppose that *I*—with my critical taste and sensitive fastidiousness—am going to lower myself to the level of men who write books?'

Hester looked up at him with awe. To naturally reverent natures there is always something dangerously impressive about an iconoclast ; and she had worshipped books for so long that the man who dared to despise them appeared, in her unseeing eyes, as a modern and well-tailored Ajax defying the very lightning from heaven. She never doubted that Herbert was right in condemning the art which had hitherto been the breath of her nostrils ; she put away her pen from her as an accursed thing ; and although she mourned in secret over the absence of the work which had hitherto been all in all to her, she regretted such mourning as an unholy hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt.

And all the time Nancy looked on and disapproved. She did not say very much ; what is the good of saying much—of saying anything, in fact—to a person who happens to be in love? But she knew that the less was absorbing the greater, a trick to which the less is so sadly prone ; and she also knew that there was more power of doing good in Hester's little finger than in the whole of Herbert Greene and in all the host of uninteresting and well-mannered relations on which he so justly prided himself. She even went so far as to doubt whether a woman's genius is justified in extinguishing itself for the satisfaction of a man's mere whim ; but in some things Nancy Kenderdine was what Herbert Greene called 'modern to the verge of vulgarity.'

If our right eye offends somebody and we therefore pluck it out, we have no warrant for supposing that the voluntary nature of the operation will in any way act as an anaesthetic ; and though Hester was proud to immolate herself and her ambition on the altar of her lover's ignorant prejudices, her soul was starved within her for the want of expression. To be filled with the power and the longing to make music, or pictures, or books, and not to make them, is an agony undreamed of in the philosophy of those comfortable mortals who are haunted by no visions and disturbed by no dreams ; to Herbert Greene telling a woman not to write books was exactly the

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same as telling her not to wear silk petticoats or not to eat celery in public, his theory being that women should still be 'seen and not heard,' as were their girl-grandmothers before them; and so he had no idea that the code of what he considered good manners was sapping Hester's life and destroying her vitality. Nevertheless it was.

When Hester had been engaged for about six months, Herbert came to her one day with an unusually heavy cloud on his always melancholy countenance.

'I am extremely worried,' he began; 'so much worried that it is making me positively ill.'

The girl's eyes were full of sympathy: 'Oh! I am so sorry, dear. Tell me what it is, and perhaps I can help you.'

As in all true women, the mother-heart was strong in Hester Murrell; she never saw trouble without yearning to comfort it.

'The fact is,' replied Herbert, 'that some time ago a friend of mine asked me to put my name to a bill of his. I did not like to refuse him, as he was the son of a peer.'

'Of course not,' said Hester, with no consciousness of irony.

'And now, unfortunately, the bill has fallen due, and I am called upon to pay a thousand pounds. It places me in a most uncomfortable position. I do not like to take it out of capital, as I should never be able to replace it, and so I should reduce my already too small income for the rest of my life; and, since the less cannot include the greater, it is impossible for me to pay a thousand pounds out of an income of eight hundred a year. I really am the most unlucky of mortals!'

Had Hester been fashioned after the same pattern as Nancy, she would have asked her lover whatever possessed him to do such a foolish thing as back a bill for a friend; but Hester's was the love that believeth all things and thinketh no evil.

'I am so sorry for you, dear,' she said gently; 'I wish I could help you.'

'I wish to goodness you could!'

'But I don't see how I can. I cannot ask father for money, as it is as much as he can do to make both ends meet as it is, with such a large family; and since I left off writing books and only stuck to journalistic work, I have ceased to make large sums.'

Herbert's face looked old with misery: 'Then I shall have to take it out of capital; and that will mean a smaller income for the rest of my life. You see, I can only just manage to get along as it is, since, being a gentleman, expensive tastes are my inalienable heritage; and it seems as if the appointment, for which we are both waiting, recedes farther and farther into the dim distance.'

'I am so sorry—so dreadfully sorry. How I wish I had saved all the money that I made out of "Waters of Babylon," and then

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you could have had that ! But I sent most of it home to help in the schooling of the little ones.'

'But have you not anything else on hand on which you might raise money ? I believe you told me once you had written another novel, called "Gog and Magog," or some such absurd name : where is that ?'

'I put it on one side and never published it, because you said you didn't approve of women who wrote novels.'

'No more I do ; I consider them most unladylike ; but that is not the question which we are now discussing. The question before us is, how can I get a thousand pounds without touching my capital ?'

'I don't know, dear,' replied Hester, her eyes full of tears ; 'I wish I did.'

'I suppose you have got this "Gog and Magog" concern still by you ?'

'Yes ; the manuscript is now in my desk.' And Hester did not think it necessary to add how often she had taken it out and wept over it for sorrow that this latest child of her brain was condemned never to see the light.

'Could you get money for it ?'

'Of course I could, if I offered it to a publisher ; but I will never do that as long as you disapprove of it.'

Herbert sighed : 'I am afraid I shall be compelled to put aside my prejudices for once, and not to consider my own feelings at all in the matter,' he said sorrowfully, 'although these prejudices and feelings are as strong as they ever were.'

Hester's face grew very white ; slowly his meaning began to dawn upon her. 'Do you mean that you want me to offer my manuscript to a publisher and to give you the money ?' she asked bluntly.

'My dear Hester, how coarsely you put things ! When shall I teach you to behave as a lady ? Believe me, refinement of manner and speech is an integral part of good breeding.'

'But is that what you mean ?' persisted Hester.

'That certainly seems to me to be the only solution of the difficulty.'

'You want me to do something which—according to your ideas —no woman ought to do ?'

'I should not certainly recommend a woman of my own class to do such a thing ; but, as you have done it once, I do not see how you can offer any objection to doing it again,' replied Herbert, inwardly groaning over the unreasonableness of the feminine mind.

Hester's voice was strained and unnatural : 'Let me be quite sure that I do not misunderstand you. You want me—the woman

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who has promised to be your wife—to do a thing which you consider to be unwomanly, in order that a certain pecuniary advantage may accrue to you thereby. Is that so ?'

'Really, Hester, your coarseness of expression is positively vulgar. It grates upon me most terribly.'

'But is that what you mean ?'

'Practically it is ; but no lady would have put it so brutally. Besides, you have never been shocked at the writing of books—it is only I who have been shocked on your behalf. Therefore, if I put my prejudices on one side, there is no more to be said ; you have no prejudices to be put on one side in this matter.'

Hester held up her head proudly : 'I know that ; I have always thought the writing of books is the grandest profession that can be adopted by either man or woman ; and I think so still.'

'Then what are you looking so cross about ? I confess I am surprised at your inconsistency in objecting to do a thing which, according to your ideas, is a fine thing to do. It seems to me most unreasonable, and also very ungrateful, after I have met you half-way by disregarding for once the dictates of my own more fastidious taste.'

'And I am surprised at any man's encouraging the woman he loves to do anything that he disapproves of, however absurd that disapproval may be.'

'Well, it is no use our arguing upon the question. My standpoint is so different from—I might venture to say so superior to—yours, that we shall never look at the matter in the same light. But I must say, once for all, that now I have removed the embargo I once laid upon your literary work, I shall think it most ungracious and ungrateful of you not to avail yourself of my indulgence.'

'You needn't be afraid. I shall avail myself fast enough.'

Herbert's face cleared : 'Then that is all right. I knew you would see the thing clearly in time. It is only your manners and your modes of expression that lack taste and breeding, my dear Hester : your heart is invariably in the right place.'

An absurd statement on the face of it, seeing that the said heart had once been given into the keeping of a Herbert Greene.

'If that is all you have to say, I think I must bid you good-morning,' said Hester wearily : 'I have some work on hand that I must finish.'

'Very well,' agreed Herbert, taking up his well-brushed hat ; 'but do you think that any publisher will give you a thousand pounds for your book ?'

'Yes, I think so ; if I sell it right out and retain no rights.'

The man laughed : 'How ridiculously overpaid you writers are !'

And so they parted.

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The next day Herbert was amazed by a visit from Nancy Kenderdine.

'You are doubtless surprised to see me,' she began, handing him a cheque for a thousand pounds, 'but Miss Murrell asked me to bring you this, and to tell you that the engagement between herself and you is at an end.'

Herbert looked annoyed ; he hated to have his private affairs made public in this way. Here was another proof of Hester's want of refinement, he said to himself.

'I suppose you will take the money?' remarked Nancy tentatively.

'I have no alternative, Miss Kenderdine. I have also no alternative but to accept your friend Miss Murrell's dismissal.'

'Then there is nothing left for me to do but to tell you what I think of you.'

'Pray do not trouble,' replied the man coldly ; 'I am afraid that the opinion of the modern young person has not much weight with such a man as myself.'

'Probably not. Still I am going to tell you what I think of you, not for your good, but for my own pleasure ; and I think that you are the lowest, meanest, most disgusting little worm that I ever came across in the whole course of my life.'

Herbert was pale with anger. 'Do you know to whom you are speaking?'

'Perfectly ; and I can assure you the fact that your grandmother was an archdeacon or something doesn't have the slightest effect on me. Grandparents never do impress me, somehow. My grandfather was the younger son of a Scotch peer, and he was the most disagreeable old man I ever met, and he gave me a turn against grandparents as a race.'

Herbert waved his hand. 'Spare me these interesting family details, I beseech you.'

'Certainly. I will confine my remarks to yourself, and then I will go. I consider you a vulgar little cad, and as vain as you are vulgar ; and how a glorious woman, and a rare genius like Hester, could have been taken in by your snobbish affectations, I cannot imagine. I couldn't bear you from the first, you knew so little and thought you knew so much ; and your manners always were atrocious, with their patronising assumption of superiority. But I have two pieces of advice to give you in conclusion : when next you choose a wife select a fool, as only a fool will permanently be able to admire and unable to appreciate you ; and remember in future that the possession of a dead grandfather in no way absolves you from the necessity of behaving like a living gentleman.'

And then she banged out of the room like a fierce young whirlwind.

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Herbert sank into a chair trembling all over. ‘I am thankful my engagement is broken off,’ he said to himself; ‘Hester is nice in some ways, but I never could have been happy with any one who wasn’t a perfect lady.’

And he sighed contentedly as he put the cheque safely into his pocket-book.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD



Go a violet
Sweet flower, and is thy blue eye closed
What op'd to the mornin' ray?
And are thy charms so soon expos'd?
Go downy and moulder in dust?

Like thee, till Julia touch'd my breast,
I liv'd in life's auspicious morn,
Each gale that pass'd could joy import;
O'er every bough my bliss was born.
Like thee I flourish'd for a while,
In Julia's smile in Julia's eye;
But now thrown off, denied that smile,
Like thee I droop, like thee I die.

And when thou bidst thy leaves expand,
And when thou yield'st thy brawling breath
To bliss with farewell pants the bound
First woe thy flower, that seals thy death;

James Hogg.

"The Ettrick Shepherd"

From a drawing by D. Murdoch R.A. in the possession of Sir Hugh Gylean-Raid

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD—A PORTRAIT AND POETIC FRAGMENT. BY SIR H. GILZEAN LL.D.



THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD—poet, man of letters, and glorified author—was a figure of unique interest in Scottish literature at the beginning of the century. He was the life of a peasant, scarcely ever at school, and was the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and the 'Christopher North' in the 'Noctes Amoenae'—akin to the fame of *Blackwood*. The 'Queen's Own Ballads' still keep his memory green. His poems in prose and verse were unequal in merit, but equal in inspiration and gift, and his lyrics, touched with grace, were destined to be sung alike in cultured homes and peasant huts.

I have recently come into my possession, amongst other treasures, a clever sketch of Ettrick, made when he was in middle life, and a 'romantic trifle' in his own handwriting. Both are here reproduced, in facsimile, for the first time; in simple yet picturesque form they reveal anew this notable personality, known more familiar by the somewhat free use of his name in the 'Noctes' than even by his original and, in their origin and circumstance, truly wonderful creations.

Is there anything more tender and finely imaginative than the joyous song of the shepherd swain over meeting his simple bare-footed maiden—'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk, when the kye come hame'—when the hard-winded kine return at evening, from the long day's browsing, for the milking-time; these lines to wit :

'Tis not beneath the burgonet to be born,
'Tis not on couch of velvet to be born,
'Tis beneath the spreadin' boughs to be born,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lass.

It has to us a strange significance that Ettrick, who had visited London toward the close of the last century, had but not unpropitious career, and, as it has been observed by the nobility, *literati*, and public men of the metropolis, on returning to Scotland he was entertained at a public banquet under the immortal 'Christopher,' and declared that at last he had 'found fame'—alas! akin to the experience of his more famous poet-type, when Burns had been lionised in Edinburgh, and then left to perish in neglect and poverty.

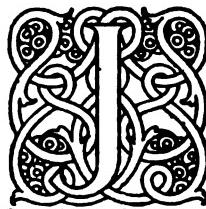
The Shepherd of Yarrow will ever remain one of the household band of sweet native singers, voicing the joys and sorrows, the hopes and aspirations, of a brave and rugged peasantry, at the head of whom ranks unchallenged the Ploughman Poet of Ayrshire.



When you do the
same as I did
I don't think it
is wrong to do
what you do.
I hope there will be a
mild winter,
but I am afraid that won't
be so much as
it has been.

... exposed.
The long breath
is caused
by death;

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD—A PORTRAIT AND POETIC FRAGMENT. BY SIR H. GILZEAN-REID, LL.D.

AMES HOGG—poet, man of letters, and glorified shepherd—was a figure of unique interest in Scottish literary circles at the beginning of the century. Born to the life of a peasant, scarcely ever at school, he became the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and the hero of ‘Christopher North’ in the ‘Noctes Ambrosianæ’ which added to the fame of *Blackwood*. The ‘Queen’s Wake’ and the Jacobite Ballads still keep his memory green. His numerous productions in prose and verse were unequal in merit, but he possessed true poetic inspiration and gift, and his lyrics, touched by fine pathos, continue to be sung alike in cultured homes and lowly cottages.

There came into my possession, amongst other treasures, a clever black and white sketch of Hogg, made when he was in middle life, and also a ‘poetic trifle’ in his own handwriting. Both are here produced, in facsimile, for the first time; in simple yet picturesque form they reveal anew this notable personality, become more familiar by the somewhat free use of his name in the ‘Noctes’ than even by his original and, in their origin and circumstance, truly wonderful creations.

Is there anything more tender and finely imaginative than the joyous song of the shepherd swain over meeting his simple bare-footed maiden—‘Tween the gloamin’ and the mirk, when the kye come hame’—when the heavy-uddered kine return at eventide, from the long day’s browsing for the milking-time; these lines to wit :

‘Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,
‘Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet on lair of down;
‘Tis beneath the spreading birch in the dale without the name,
Wi’ a bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

It has to us a strange significance that this rugged man of genius visited London towards the close of a somewhat chequered but not unpropitious career, and, as it has been put, was feasted by the nobility, *literati*, and public men of the metropolis. On returning to Scotland he was entertained at a public banquet, under the immortal ‘Christopher,’ and declared that at last he had ‘found fame’—alas! akin to the experience of his more famous prototype, when Burns had been lionised in Edinburgh, and then left to perish in neglect and poverty.

The Shepherd of Yarrow will ever remain one of the honoured band of sweet native singers, voicing the joys and sorrows, the hopes and aspirations, of a brave and rugged peasantry, at the head of whom ranks unchallenged the Ploughman Poet of Ayrshire.

MYTHS OF THE MAGNET

BY SILVANUS P. THOMPSON, F.R.S.



ANY are the myths of the magnet. No other scientific discovery has ever gathered around itself so singular and rich an accretion of unrealities. The facts of magnetism are indeed almost as strange as the fictions. They present themselves in a way which bewilders alike the imagination of the philosopher and the untutored mind of the peasant. Their existence it is impossible to deny, and almost equally impossible to explain. That a mere lump of lodestone—a shapeless black mass, scarcely to be distinguished save by its superior heaviness and hardness from a lump of coal—should possess the power of picking up and attracting to itself needles and nails of iron, was a very real and a very inexplicable fact. That a lodestone, or a needle which had been touched by a lodestone, should, when floated on a cork in water, or hung upon a thread, or poised upon a pin, be able of itself to turn round and point northwards was simply astounding. In darkest night, in thickest fog, without the aid of sun, moon, or star, when all the skill and knowledge of the navigator availed nothing to discern the course in which the ship might be drifting, the rude lump of lodestone could still indicate the way. Such a fact was magical, miraculous. For more than half a millennium from the date when it was first observed, to the date when the magnetism of the terrestrial globe was discovered by Gilbert, this fact remained wrapped in utter mystery—one of the most strange, abnormal, and unaccountable facts in human ken. When further it was found that one magnet or lodestone could act upon another at a short distance from it, in such a way that when one was moved the other immediately followed with a corresponding movement, obeying some hidden law of sympathy, the mystery became intense. Not even the interposition of a wall of wood or stone sufficed to cut off the unseen influence which extended invisibly from one magnet to the other. Shut up within an urn of brass, as Lucretius records, a lodestone still was able to affect other magnets outside, and make them turn to itself. Small wonder, then, if in an age that was credulous of fables and careless as to details of fact, stories of all kinds grew up and centred around an object to which so much real mystery belonged.

There was reported to be a second kind of magnet—which, however, no man has yet found—potent to attract gold as the lodestone attracts iron. There was a *creagus*, or fleshy magnet, which would attract flesh. There was a *sheamedes*, or anti-magnet, which repelled instead of attracting.

The simple fact of attraction became distorted into a great geographical myth. There were declared to be great lodestone rocks—mountains some called them—which would pull the iron

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nails out of your shoes as you walked over them, or would hold your boat fast as you sailed by them, or draw the iron nails out of the wooden ships if they ventured incautiously too near. Alike in the Sagas of Iceland, in the tales of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' in the travels of Sir John Maundeville, and in the 'Faerie Queen' of Spenser we meet with this myth of the lodestone rock.

Then there were lodestones which were reputed to have the power of discovering thieves, while there were others used by thieves to make the inhabitants of houses blind. There were lodestones which would swallow iron, and yet themselves weigh no more than before. There were lodestones which would discover murders and adulteries.

In turn there came reputed antidotes against such powers. A magnet would, it was said, lose all its force if anointed with garlic, or if brought into the presence of a diamond. But again countervailing agencies were found to overcome the reputed antidotes; the favourite means for restoring to the magnet its lost powers being to dip it in the blood of a he-goat.

Magnetic medicines were discovered which would infallibly heal wounds, or infallibly purge, or infallibly cure colic, gout, or insanity. A lodestone made up into powder and swallowed, or worked up into a plaster, was of potent efficacy. Nay, it even sufficed to wear the lodestone against the skin under the clothing. Why should any one impiously doubt its medicinal efficacy, or its supernatural attributes, when one could see for oneself what marvellous powers of attraction a lodestone possessed?

Not only such, but things still more wondrous could the magnet perform. The Venerable Bede, whose entire sanctity and transparent honesty none could question, relates in all gravity how the horse of Bellerophon, fashioned in iron, hung pendulous in air, with expanded wings, unsupported, between two lodestones. With the aid of the magnet even perpetual motion became possible. Why not? Did not the magnet itself conserve its powers in perpetuity with undiminished strength? If perpetual force, why not perpetual motion? Let the narrow-minded sceptic humble himself in presence of admitted mysteries.

So numerous are these magnetic legends that it would be quite impossible to discuss them generally within the ambit of a single article. One myth, however, claims special attention by reason of its bearing on one of the most important of recent scientific advances. All the rest must, for the present, be dismissed with a brief remark upon the psychological question raised by their existence.

It is sometimes said that if a lie gets half an hour's start, you can never overtake it. But here are legends—lies masquerading

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as solemn truths—having centuries of start before a single contradiction or disproof appears. And many of them are to be found repeated over and over again in the works of mediæval writers in spite of their inherent absurdity. How comes it that the statement that a magnet when anointed with garlic loses its virtue should be repeated again and again by writers from Pliny and Plutarch down to Matthiolus the herbalist, and to Melancthon, in whose book on Physics it appears as an important principle? Or how account for Cardan's assertion that a wound inflicted by a magnetised needle is painless? The very simplest experiment would have sufficed in five minutes to upset such baseless nonsense; and yet apparently to no one until Dr. Gilbert did it occur even to try the most elementary tests. As for the fearful dangers of the lodestone rock, though the primitive chartographers set it down in their maps for the guidance of sailors, no two of them agreed as to its location. It was variously reported to be in the Red Sea, off the coast of Tonquin, in the isle of Avalon, off the shores of Scandinavia, and near Zanzibar! Such utter discrepancy should, one would have thought, have at once sufficed to discredit the whole story. And yet it survived, and was repeated along with the other myths by successive generations of chroniclers. How are we to account for the longevity, for the invulnerability, one had almost said for the immortality of the legends? The answer undoubtedly is that men are prone to believe on the one hand what they wish to believe, and on the other what they fear to believe; and that these legends were deemed true because of the desire or of the fear that they might be true. The desire that there should be found some specific remedy against colic, or against gout, or against melancholy, led to the belief that the mysterious magnet could cure these things, if properly applied. The desire to see the miracle of an image floating bodily unsupported in the air led to the notion that the magnet could and did effect such a suspension. The want of a magnet that would extract gold led to the sanguine belief that such a magnet existed. Dread knowledge that ships had been lost without any clue to the cause of disaster bred fears of some mysterious unknown, and fostered wild suggestions based on ignorance of the actual facts. Even during the past twelve months some who do not understand magnetic matters have suggested the attraction of unknown and non-existent magnetic rocks as an explanation of the disasters to the *Mohegan* and the *Paris*. The magnetic myth dies hard. In every case when one looks into the legend one can discover the motive which, consciously or unconsciously, underlies it, and which is responsible for its growth and continuance.

The particular magnetic myth to which attention may now be directed is that of the sympathetic telegraph. That the magnet

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should enable two persons at a distance from one another to hold communication with one another across the intervening space is a fascinating idea ; and it falls in so admirably with the aspirations of mankind as at once to place it amongst the things that, whether they are true or not, ought to be. The magic mirror of Pythagoras, by means of which he proposed to reflect an inscription upon the disc of the moon, so that it might be read at a distance, presents an early form of the impulse to suggest a means of signalling to a distant place. The magnetic myth is of much later date. Indeed, as myths go, it is one of the latest of them all ; and its wide occurrence must be taken as all the stronger evidence that with the growth of civilisation some need of communication between people at a distance was becoming felt.

The earliest occurrence of this myth dates back, indeed, only to the year 1558, when the Neapolitan Gian Baptista Porta published his work on Natural Magic. The first edition merely contains the following brief suggestion : ‘Lastly, owing to the convenience afforded by the magnet, persons can converse together through long distances.’ In subsequent editions this was enlarged. The English edition (published in London, 1658) contains the following passage in the proem, or introduction, to the seventh book, which deals with the wonders of the lodestone. Porta is speaking of the magnetic lore which he has learned from Sarpi. ‘I shall begin from the most known experiments, and pass to higher matters, that it may not repent any man of his great study and accurate diligence therein. By these, the longitude of the world may be found out, that is of no small moment for sailors, and wherein the greatest wits have been employed. *And to a friend that is at a far distance from us, and fast shut up in prison, we may relate our minds; which I doubt not may be done by two Mariners' Compasses, having the Alphabet writ about them.*’ In the hundred years that elapsed between Porta’s first suggestion and the publication of this English version this particular myth ran riot. De Sunde, of Nürnberg, in his ‘Steganographia’ of 1600, repeats the story and gives a picture of the supposed dial, each compass having its card divided into four compartments, and each compartment spaced out with four letters, thus giving an alphabet of sixteen letters to which the compass needles were to point. A real authority, the lapidary de Boodt, only nine years later, ridiculed the notion that the magnetic needles could affect one another at a distance of forty-five leagues, as alleged, adding as a reason that the lodestone which has touched an iron needle can cause it to move only when it is within a small distance, ‘perhaps only three or four feet.’ A few years later the Jesuit Father Famianus Strada, in his ‘Prolusiones Academicæ,’ in which he ingeniously imitated the writings of the classic authors, gave as a travesty of the style of Lucretius a poem upon this magnetic conceit, which he attributes to

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Cardinal Bembo. He describes the apparatus in much detail, with instructions for its use by the two persons who wish to hold secret communication. It was from Strada that Addison took the story, which, in 1711, he dressed up in such delightful form in the *Spectator*; the version of the myth best known in English literature. Of the learned Jesuit Fathers who wrote on magnetism, Cabæus, Kircher, and Gaspar Schott all describe the sympathetic telegraph and give pictures of it; though Cabæus, in 1629, derides it as an example of the impossible things which heretics will believe while rejecting the miracles which are of faith in the Church. Galileo heard of the myth, and put scant faith therein, as he himself records in the first book of his 'Dialogues.' He puts the tale into the mouth of his friend Sagredo, who, as translated in Salusbury's 'Mathematical Collections,' speaks thus:

You put me in mind of a man, who would have sold me a secret how to correspond, by means of a certain sympathy of magnetick needles, with one, that should be two or three thousand miles distant; and I telling him, that I would willingly buy the same, but that I desired first to see the experiment thereof, and that it did suffice me to make it, I being in one Chamber, and he in the next, he answered me, that in so small a distance one could not so well perceive the operation; whereupon I turn'd to him going, telling him, that I had no mind, at that time, to take a journey unto Grand Cairo or to Muscovy, to make the experiment, but that if he would go himself, I would perform the other part, staying in Venice.

Archdeacon Hakewill, in his 'Apologia,' published in London in 1630, gives a versified translation of Strada, adding a reference to an ancient commentator on Livy who had said 'that a letter might be read through a stone wall of three foote thicke, by guiding and moving the needle of a compasse over the letters of the alphabet written in the circumference.'

The fundamental idea of this sympathetic and wireless telegraph was that the two observers owning the two dials should at some agreed hour communicate together, the one spelling out a message by turning his magnetic needle to point successively to the various letters of the surrounding alphabet, the needle of the distant dial then turning sympathetically of itself, and so spelling out the message. That such an action could occur at any considerable distance predicates several almost inconceivable conditions. In the first place, the sending magnet must be immensely strong; in the second place, the receiving magnet at the distant station must be not only excessively sensitively poised, but it must be freed, for the time being, from the directive action of the earth, which tends to keep it pointing in the meridian. Not one of the early writers appears to have had the slightest idea of these controlling conditions. And probably, even with the best modern appliances, the utmost distance to which such a wireless dial telegraph could be operated would be a few yards.

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Richelieu was supposed to use a sympathetic telegraph to receive information really conveyed to him by spies. In the thirteenth letter of Marana's 'Letters Writ by a Turkish Spy' (dated Paris 1639) we find the following circumstantial narrative :

If this particular be true this minister must be more than a man. Those who are his most devoted creatures affirm he has in a private place in his closet a certain mathematical figure, in the circumference of which are written all the letters of the alphabet, armed with a dart, which marks the letters, which are also marked by their correspondents; and it appears that this dart ripens by the sympathy of a stone, which those who give and receive his advice keep always at hand, which hath been separated from another which the Cardinal has always by him; and it is affirmed that with such an instrument he gives and receives immediately advice.

There is here a reflex of another myth—namely, that if a lodestone is divided into two pieces, the respective possessors of the two parts will be in sympathy one with the other.

First of all men actually to put the matter to the test of actual experiment was Sir Thomas Browne, the famous author of the 'Vulgar Errors' and of the 'Religio Medici,' and a sworn enemy of all doubtful knowledge. In the chapter of the 'Vulgar Errors' in which he serves up a fine medley of magnetical traditions he thus tells his experience :

Having expressly framed two circles of wood, and according to the number of Latin letters, divided each into twenty three parts, placing therein two stiles or needles composed of the same steel, touched with the same lodestone and at the same point; of these two, whosoever I removed the one although but the distance of half a span, the other would stand like Hercules pillars, and (if the earth stand still) have surely no motion at all. Now as it is not possible that any body should have no boundaries or sphere of its activity, so it is improbable it should effect that at a distance which nearer at hand it cannot at all perform.

Thus did the myth collapse at the first encounter with the simple test of experiment.

Writing fifteen years later upon Browne's work Joseph Glanvill comments on the idea of a sympathetic telegraph, and says : 'I doubt not but that posterity will find many things that now are but rumours verified into practical realities.' Adding : 'Now, though this desirable effect possibly may not yet answer the expectation of inquisitive experiment, yet tis no despicable item, that by some other way of magnetick efficiency it may hereafter with success be attempted. To those who come after it may be as ordinary to buy a pair of wings to fly into the remotest regions as now a pair of boots to ride a journey, and to confer at the distance of the Indies by sympathetic conveyances may be as usual to future times as to us in literary correspondence.'

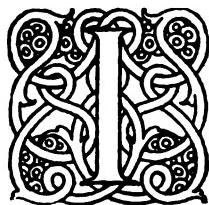
In Meinhold's 'Sidonia the Sorceress,' which reflects with such astounding fidelity the tone of mediæval thought, there is a most

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graphic account of a sympathetic magnetic telegraph interwoven with a further superstition of transfusion of blood which Cardan had set forth in his treatise on sympathy, and which survived amongst the mysteries of the Rosicrucian fraternity.

Glanvill's vision of the flying machine of the future remains as yet unrealised ; but his dictum that posterity will find many things that now are but rumours verified into practical realities has found a striking instance in the case of the wireless telegraph. What mankind needed and desired to come true has come true ; but by what different means ! That wonderful invention, so admirably described in the first number of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW* by Dr. Oliver Lodge—himself its pioneer—does assuredly not operate by the mere influence of one magnet on another at a distance. In that sense the myth remains still purely mythical. For it was necessary, before wireless telegraphy in the modern sense could be established, that there should first be discovered by patient investigation the existence of the electromagnetic wave, the properties of which, foreseen by Maxwell and experimentally demonstrated by Hertz and Lodge, have afforded the basis for this latest triumph of modern science.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE BY THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE¹



N the Autumn of 1777, as the letters published in the preceding number of this REVIEW show, the Duchess of Devonshire was at Chatsworth and Hardwicke, where the Duke and Charles Fox were entertaining themselves with matches at billiards, 'some charming races,' and other diversions. But in the early part of the following year her attention, like that of many other people in England, was much occupied with military and naval matters. The Duke was an officer in the Derbyshire Militia, and his wife was deeply interested in his martial exercises, as the following letters show :

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the Countess Spencer.*

Thursday.

I went to the ball at eight. I danced a minuet and four Country dances with Mr Mundy, I got vastly acquainted with all the Ladies, and the ball made a brilliant figure. The Duke and all his officers were there, they looked vastly smart and though there are two or three ill looking *dogs* amongst the captains there are some very handsome ones—and a great number of young ones who will turn out very well,—the Duke saluted to day in public with great success, for Colonel Gladwin told me he did it better than any of the Officers though he has but just learnt—Colonel Gladwin is a charming man, he is brave as his sword and has the true soldier's spirit which you like so much for at this instant he is persuaded he could conquer America with the Derbyshire Militia. He serv'd in America in the last war and was in several dangerous situations out of which he extricated himself with great courage and conduct. He is very passionate and a great disciplinarian. . . .

Saturday.

I got up very early and went to the field, the soldiers fir'd very well and I stood by the Duke and Colonel Gladwin who were near enough to have their faces smart with the powder but I was not fortunate enough to have this honour—after the firing was over, Major Revel whose gout prevents him from walking sat a horseback to be saluted as General, the Duke of Devonshire took his post at the head of his company and after marching about they came by Major Revel and saluted him, the D. really does it vastly well, and so indeed do most of the Officers except an old Captain Jebb who has been four years trying to learn it,—after the saluting was over, the soldiers out of fun carryd two new married sarjeants on their shoulders with bayonets stuck across in their hats and what they call the cuckold's march playing before them.

¹ Continued from No. 1 of the ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW.

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(Jany. 15, 1778)

. . . I pass'd Mr Garrick early in the day, do you remember he told me I should not, so to glory over him whilst I was dining at S^t Albans I wrote this, which I sent him—

The *blackbird* whose melodious throat
excel'd each other bird,
Breath'd so sweet its tuneful note
that all with rapture heard,
Was skimming thro' the air along—
'twas on a winter's day—
Sure I, said he, who fly in song
Must quickly speed my way ;
But vainly did he take a pride
in this conceited notion,
for tho' his strains would swiftly glide,
he still was slow in motion—

Meanwhile, a sparrow quick as light,
outstripp'd the blackbird's wing ;
But tho' she could excel in flight,
Alas ! she could not sing
The black bird with indignant eye
thus spoke his angry mind,
Shall birds like you with swiftness fly
Whilst I am left behind—
Forgive, the timid bird replied,
for I, with pleasure too,
Would give my *plumes* and airy pride
To sing and charm like you.

Don't shew these.

This image of the blackbird was of Garrick's own invention. He had been summoned (in 1776) to read a play before the King, and as a prologue to the entertainment he composed a fable, in which he likened himself to a blackbird that, grown old and feeble, had given up singing until the voice of the Eagle recalled him to melody. But 'there is not,' said Dr. Johnson, 'much of the spirit of fabulosity in this fable, for the call of an eagle never yet had much tendency to restore the warbling of a blackbird.' Mrs. Hannah More writes : 'I have been to the Adelphi. Garrick gave me the history of his reading to the King and Queen, and went through the fable of the 'Blackbird and Royal Eagle,' which was his prologue.'

The Duchess is now at Tunbridge Wells among the blue-stockings, and the Duke in camp at Coxheath. It is plain from her lively letters that the Duchess occasionally allowed her high spirits

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to run away with her. This tendency her mother thought fit to rebuke, as in the following extract from a letter that sets forth with becoming solemnity the whole duty of a Duchess :

COUNTESS SPENCER to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Aug^r 20, 1778.

. . . You should especially at such a place as Tunbridge keep up a Civility and dignity in your behaviour to the Men of your own Set—& a Courteous good humour'd affability to the Company in general whom you are little acquainted with, whereas I suspect if you will examine your own Conduct, you put on that killing Cold look you sometimes have to those you should be *prévenante* to, & a great deal more familiarity & ease than is either necessary or proper to the Men about you. . . .

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE to the COUNTESS SPENCER.

(Sept. 27, 1778)

Tuesday the 26 or 7.

. . . Our amusements in this place, & I suppose our minds have degenerated into infancy. In the beginning of the Summer our evenings were past in conversation and singing of fine songs, we then got by degrees to Macao cribbage whist and catches, and now we are come to the point of diverting ourselves with 'Laugh and lay down,' and, 'I'm come a lusty wooer, my dildin my doldin, I'm come a lusty wooer, lilly bright and shinee,' and dittys of that kind—

I am sorry to tell you that Mrs Greville's¹ head is in great danger, not the inside, but the out, for last night as I was going to perform that wondrous feat of touching a red hot poker, she turned her head round suddenly and set it on fire, and afterwards Mr Grenville in lifting a chair over the table was within a hair of dropping the bottom on Mr Greville's head, but luckily it only *frizée'd* her arm,—upon these occasions I always think it right to go into something like an hysterick—I really must do something to brace up my nerves, or else I shall be going about the world, like Winifred Jenkins in Humphry Clinker, who you know on every event is in *high sterics*, and is obliged to have *burnt fathers*, and *Asses fetida* to smell to. . . .

Tuesday 9^r 13th of October.

. . . The Crewes and Mr Greville din'd here, we have been playing at whisk and have been very comfortable and merry as Mr Crewe had her *ton de société* strongly upon her—Mr C. was at

¹ Frances, daughter of James Macartney.

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M^r Thrale's last night the conversation turn'd on M^r Wedderburn¹ —M^r Thrale said, his very eye was a *writ of enquiry*. When M^r Crewe told M^r Greville, she said, and I suppose his mouth is a *bill of requests*. . . .

Thursday the 15th

. . . I did not go out till about one when I went to the Pantiles, and drank a glass of water, I only saw Miss Stratfeild,² she talk'd a great deal about you, she is to bring me acquainted with M^r Thrale, —I have a great curiosity to know her, her singularity will amuse me, and like our books one may draw something out of her. . . .

Friday the 16th.

. . . I went this morning to drink a glass of water at noon, I saw M^r Thrale receive a letter from Dr Johnston,³ and walk'd with Miss Gregory⁴ Miss Stratfeild and Miss Cowper. M^r Greville din'd with us and after dinner we got into a very interesting conversation from which I tore myself to pay a visit to M^r Montague *et je crois que je vais me plonger dans le bel esprit*, for I staid there 3 hours and a half—conversing, there was only M^r Montague Miss Gregory and me, but I must confess that one reason of my long stay was a difficulty I found in getting up from my chair and out of the room. . . .

When in camp the Duchess wore the Derbyshire uniform, and made a great display of military ardour. My readers will remember Boswell's account of the bard who brought to Dr. Johnson for his opinion an 'Ode to the Warlike Genius of Britain.' Said Johnson: 'Here is an error, sir; you have made Genius feminine.' 'Palpable,

¹ Alexander Wedderburn (1733–1805) was appointed Attorney-General in this year. He was afterwards created Baron Loughborough (in 1795) and (in 1801) Earl of Rosslyn. Churchill's allusion to him is well known:

'Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud,
A pert, prim prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart and famine in his face.'

² The Sophy Streatfield familiar to all readers of Madame D'Arblay.

³ It would seem that the reception by Mrs. Thrale of a letter from Dr. Johnson was accompanied by some sort of public ceremony or *éclat*. The letter was doubtless the one that Johnson had written to her on the previous day (October 15), and which she afterwards included in her published collection (ii. 20). In it he says: 'Now Miss [Thrale] has seen the camp, I think she should write me some account of it.'

⁴ Dorothea, elder daughter of Dr. John Gregory, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and the friend of Wilkes and Charles Townshend (1724–1773). Miss Gregory, who was afterwards married to the Rev. Archibald Alison, is included by Madame D'Arblay in 'the brilliant catalogue of the spirited associates of Streatham' ('Memoirs of Dr. Burney,' ii. 174).

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sir,' cried the enthusiast; 'I know it. But,' in a lower tone, 'it was to pay a compliment to the Duchess of Devonshire, with which her grace was pleased. She is walking across Coxheath in the military uniform, and I suppose her to be the Genius of Britain.'

Monday 19th [1778].

. . . I got up early this morning and drank a glass of water and convers'd a little with M^r Montague, at the Pantiles, when we came home Lady Clermont and I took a frisk to go and dine in camp—we had sent to the Boones¹ who could not dine here neither could M^r Greville nor M^r Crewe, so it was only a kind of airing for we resolv'd to be back by six, we got to Cox heath to dinner, M^r Crewe, Lord Cholmondeley,² Colonel Dalrymple, Colonel Philipson, and Mr. Thornhill din'd there, and we had a turtle—They expect the king on Monday, the D. has a fire in his tent and it is very comfortable—the review is to last two days, the saluting part (and they are to salute the queen) and what we saw is to be the first day—and a sham fight the next—we are return'd here and it is but just 6—there is a report in Camp to day that we are to have a spanish war, which I hope is not true, there is likewise another report which they seem not to believe but which is very good news—that orders were sent to Portsmouth not to be alarm'd if they see a fleet of 25 ships of the line, for that a Russian fleet is sent to join us. . . .

Tuesday the 20th.

. . . I went down and drunk a glass at Noon. M^r Montague M^r Thrale etc^a were on the [Pantiles] M^r Thrale seems certainly very clever and she entertains me very much, her fault having a vulgarity about her that seeks to be fine—We din'd at M^r Crewe's and in the evening M^r Montague and Miss Gregory M^r M^r and Miss Thrale came staid the evening and sup'd—we convers'd a great deal, chiefly on Books, and M^r M and M^r T disputed about Evelina,³ to break into the circle we plaid one rubber at Whist M^r Thrale M^r Crewe, M^r Greville and I.

Mrs. Thrale must have told Dr. Johnson of her new acquaintance, for it is certainly to the Duchess of Devonshire that he alludes in his letter to her of the 24th October (*l.c. ii. 21*): 'The Duchess is a good Duchess for courting you while she stays, and for not staying to court you, till my courtship loses all its value.'

¹ Madame D'Arblay (*l.c. ii. 2*) mentions Mr. Boone as one of the friends of her father who were then (1775) moving like himself 'in the vortex of public existence.'

² George James, first Marquess of Cholmondeley (1749–1827).

³ 'Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World' had been published anonymously (by Miss Burney) in the January of this year.

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(Oct^r 26, 1778)

Wednesday night.

. . . Mr. Greville arriv'd from town after dinner, and we all went to M^r Montagues—M^r Thrale was ridiculous, she play'd at Whist and was affecting inattention to her game and talking Latin and quoting verses—We sup'd and are just come home—

When Madam Thrale was prest to play at whist
Her love of learning warn'd her to desist—
At last the Dame gave way, the table came
She own'd she was a novice in the game,
No sooner seated, than the Lady saw
That Madam Montague began to jaw
She could not bear to lose the palm of wit
And turning on her chair uneasy sit—
'That line is Gray's—pray was it I that won
Te duce Cæsar, who that trick begun.'
The game and learning trying to persue
She lost her money and her reason too—

This is poetical licence for she won the Rhuber. . . .

Friday the 23rd.

. . . M^r Grenville din'd with us and as the evening was long we made him read aloud—I dont know if it's blowing as hard with you as with us, if it was I am sure you would feel some pity for that poor wretch the D. of D, who writes me word he is on piquet to night. . . .

Saturday the 24th.

. . . We were very merry at supper at M^r Crewe's, we have got a trick M^r C and I, whenever any body tells a story to act it. M^r Grenville, who loves telling a story was in the midst of one about a duel ; he saw that we were acting it but would not be disturb'd, and kept his countenance, till upon his saying one of the gentlemen went to town M^r Crewe pretended to whip some horse and said St, st, st—quelle bêtise, et quelle folie à moi de vous la conter— . . .

(Nov^r 4, 1778)

Wednesday.

. . . I have only time to tell you that we had a fine day yesterday—the king was very much pleas'd and spoke a great deal to Keppel.¹ Our Regiment looked better than one could hope considering the age of the Cloathing, they had smarten'd them up so well, that after the

¹ Augustus, Viscount Keppel (1725-86). He had been promoted in this year to be Admiral of the Blue.

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Cheshire, Suffolk, Queen's and Shropshire—(and Hampshire who had quite new cloaths on but so ill arrang'd that they looked ill) we were the best—the D. of Devonshire is at present in great fame, for his saluting, he is reckon'd to have saluted the best of any body—Lord George did vastly well—The Commander of Corps din'd with the king yesterday—Duchess of Grafton,¹ Lady Cranborne,² Duchess of Gordon,³ Lady Aston⁴ and I, were sent to, to come to the queen in her tent and staid there I believe 2 hours—it was a great bore as we had been standing all day and as we could only sit down there for a minute . . .

Friday ye 21st, 8^{ter}.

Tho' I sent my letter to day I begin again because it will perhaps entertain you to have an account of a camp assembly. *Et bien donc*—we went to Lady Cranborne's she had her two tents open and cribbage in one and Whist in the other—there was Lord and Lady Petres,⁵ Lady Francis, M^r Marsham,⁶ M^r and M^m Crewe and Lord Cholmondeley, M^r Greville &c^a we were then all assembled in one tent whilst supper was prepar'd in the other. I believe I am growing very deceitful for I take great pains to get into Lady F. Marsham's good graces and yet I detest her vastly, but my reason is that I hear her abuse every body so much the instant they have turn'd their backs, that my vanity is peak'd to *concilié* myself her suffrage. She is an odious mixture of notable ill-nature, and she puts me into ten thousand passions because she always talks to me as if she thought I had not my five senses like other people, you can not conceive the astonishment she exprest on my saying I walked very often in the garden at D. House, I am sure you know the kind of person I mean, who because I was dissipated and what they call *the ton* imagine that I scarcely breathe like other people— . . .

Saturday the 22^d.

. . . I took the sentence of to day from a book that tho' it is a

¹ Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Richard Wrottesley. She was the second wife of the third Duke of Grafton (1735–1811), Prime Minister from 1766 to 1770.

² Emily, third daughter of the first Marquess of Downshire. Viscount Cranborne succeeded to the peerage in 1780, and in 1789 was created Marquess of Salisbury.

³ Jane, second daughter of Sir William Maxwell, wife of the fourth Duke of Gordon.

⁴ Probably the second wife of Sir Richard Aston of the King's Bench, one of the three commissioners to whom the Great Seal was entrusted by the Rockingham Ministry in 1770.

⁵ The ninth Baron Petre, and his first wife Anne, niece of the Duke of Norfolk.

⁶ Charles Marsham (1744–1811), second son of the second Baron Romney. He succeeded to the peerage in 1793, and in 1801 was created Viscount Marsham and Earl of Romney. He married in 1776 Frances, second daughter of the second Earl of Egremont.

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novel even you would like *Les avanturnes du jeune Werther*¹—I must transcribe an account of a young girl's dancing because it is so like my sister²: ‘il faut voir danser Charlotte, tout son coeur toute son âme sont la entière à la danse il ny a que cela pour elle au monde, et toute sa figure n'est que légereté, harmonie, et grâce’—and again in another place ‘je fixois ses yeux et ses bras où developpaient l'impression d'un plaisir pur et vif.’

The Duchess is now back again in London, where the excitement of politics replaces the enthusiasm of the camp.

(Oct. 30, 1779)

Saturday Eve^r the 30th of Oct^r.

I shall write you an account of Mr Sheridan's farce³ before I go to bed, I went to the play with Lady Melbourne,⁴ Caroline being ill prevented my Aunt and cousin from going with me,—the box was quite full of Men when we went there as it was late in the play, Which was Hamlet, Mr Fitzpatrick,⁵ Lord George, Lord Carlisle Mr St John⁶ and Lord Malden⁷ were the men we knew, the D and Mr Fox were in Mr Sheridan's Box, the prologue to the farce is suppos'd to be writ by Mr Fitzpatrick, but I don't know that it is true, only it is said that Mr Sheridan told a Gentleman it was wrote by a Gentleman in the stage box who sat next to the Duchess of Devonshire—It is vastly good,—the first act of the farce is quite charming it occasion'd peals of laughter every minute. The other two, in which the tragedy is rehears'd (to ridicule the insipid tragedys *d'aujourd'hui*) are very good but not so entertaining and rather too long, there is a very pretty french song and an italian one introduc'd in the first act, in the second a view of Tilbury fort and the river which is vastly well done and in the last a sea fight which was too very pretty. . . .

The following letter addressed to the Duchess on the occasion of the Duke's first speech in the House of Lords is a fine example of ‘the extreme readiness of Mr. Burke on all occasions’:

¹ Published in 1774.

² Henrietta Frances. She was married in 1780 to the third Earl of Bessborough.

³ ‘The Critic,’ produced on October 29.

⁴ Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, wife of the first Lord Melbourne.

⁵ Richard Fitzpatrick (1747–1813), well known as a wit, and the friend of Fox.

⁶ John St. John (1746–1793), third son of the second Viscount St. John. He was the author of a five-act tragedy, entitled ‘Mary Queen of Scots.’

⁷ Viscount Malden (1758–1839). In 1799 he succeeded to the peerage as the fifth Earl of Essex.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

MADAM,—I am much flattered by your Grace's extraordinary condescension in defrauding your Toilet of an hour or two, in the reading of a long, and, I fear, rather dull discourse,¹ on Cooks Upholsterers, Contractors, and jobbing Members of Parliament. I had directed one to be sent to Lady Spencer: But I find, that I have not been better obeyd than if I were a great Man. To make amends for an apparent Neglect, where it is my wish and Duty to shew the greatest attention, I beg, that the Pamphlet may have acceptance and pardon by going to Lady Spencer through your hands.

I never was more angry with myself, than for having quitted the house of Lords early yesterday. If I had received the very best *Bonus* in Lord Norths Budget, if I had swallowd the highest morsel of *scrip*, reserved for the Lickerish Mouths of the most gluttonous contractors, it would not have made me amends for attending the Nonsense, of long and short annuities, and of three per cents, and four per Cents, whilst I lost my share of the pleasure of the Duke of Devonshire's first speech in the House of Lords. I find on all hands, that this beginning had all the dignity, spirit and propriety, that would naturally have been expected by all that know him. It is, I find, and I am happy beyond measure to find, the universal opinion. I sincerely congratulate all friends to this Country upon his taking an active and forward part in publick Business. He, and the business will be both the better for it. But, as you know, that people grow more importunate as they are more gratified, I must be one among many sollicitors, to your Grace, that since this very happy, and very much applauded beginning, is made, that the Duke of Devonshire will push his first advantage; until, it will become, by habit more disagreeable to him to continue silent on an interesting occasion, than hitherto it has been to him, to speak upon it. I hope your Grace, in addition to your other instances of goodness and partiality to me, will be so kind as to forgive this intrusion. I have the honour to be with the greatest possible sense of Obligation and Respect

Madam Your Graces Most obed^t and humble Serv^t
EDM BURKE.²

CHARLES STREET, Tuesday Morn,
March 7, 1780.

¹ Speech on Economic Reform, London, 1780.

² The question before the House was that of the dismissal of the Marquis of Carmarthen from the lieutenancy of the East Riding of the County of York, and of the Earl of Pembroke from the lieutenancy of Wilts. 'And whereas no cause has been suggested or communicated to either of the said noble lords for such dismissal, this House therefore hath every ground to believe, that the same had reference to their conduct in Parliament.' And it was therefore moved [by the Earl of Shelburne] 'that an humble address be presented to His Majesty, to desire he will be graciously pleased to acquaint this House whether he has been advised,

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DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the Countess Spencer.*

(Ap^l 25, 1780)

Tuesday.

. . . We were sadly beat last night¹ in the house of Commons, the ministry people are all in great spirits, I was at Lady Stormont's this morning, who told me Lord Stormont's face was very broad on the occasion, a qualification I did not think it wanted.

. . . I was tir'd to death of Ranelagh last night. I always go in expectation of amusement and am bored and hacked to death by it:

In one continual round to see
The same dull figures roll along,
That void of pleasure life and glee
Are pushed and pushing midst the throng.

Lord Peterborough² says he passes his evening at Ranelagh in making excuse for the aprons he tears and people he trips up. He got so entangled last night that he tumbled down.

Thursday [April 27th, 1780].

. . . This morning I have not been out as I have been sitting for my picture to M^r Barry, it is to be placed I believe in a room belonging to y^e Royal accademy, it is a vast number of known figures and the Duchess of Rutland some other woman and me distributing the prizes. . . .³

and by whom, to dismiss the said two noble lords, or either of them, from their said employments, for their conduct in Parliament.'

'The attention of the House was much drawn by the Duke of Devonshire's speaking for the first time, in public, upon this question. This he did with a firmness and facility, which seldom accompanies a first essay in Parliament; and with an air of moderation, and an air of sincerity, which seemed to gain the hearts of those without the bar, while an universal silence reigned within . . . he supported the motion, and strongly condemned the conduct of administration.'—'Annual Register,' 1780.

¹ The motion was for an address to His Majesty, requesting that he would not dissolve the Parliament, nor prorogue the present session, until proper measures should be taken by that House to diminish the influence of the Crown, and to correct the other evils complained of in the petitions of the people. The motion was rejected by a majority of fifty-one.

² Louisa, third daughter of the ninth Lord Cathcart. She was the second wife of the seventh Viscount Stormont (1727–96), who inherited the earldom of Mansfield on the death of his uncle, the great lawyer, in 1793.

³ Charles Henry (Mordaunt), fifth Earl of Peterborough (1758–1814).

'The distribution of premiums in the Society of Arts. It seems from Barry's own account of the picture that the 'other woman' was Mrs. Montagu. 'Towards the centre of the picture is a distinguished example of female excellence, Mrs. Montagu. . . . Near Mrs. Montagu stand the two beautiful Duchesses of

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

(May 3, 1780)

Monday.

. . . I went to the Exhibition at Somerset House. The rooms¹ are very fine tho' led to by a tediously long staircase—I had scarcely time to observe the pictures but I admir'd Sir Joshua's of the king, Zophany's tribune, and vastly a drawing of Hyde park by Mr Bunbury. . . .

Sir William Jones, the great Orientalist, made the acquaintance of the Duchess in 1765, when he was appointed private tutor to her brother, Lord Althorp. In 1780 'Sir Roger Newdigate having declared his intention of vacating his seat in Parliament, Mr. Jones was induced by a laudable ambition, and the encouragement of many respectable friends, to come forward as a candidate.'² However, his opinions were too liberal to be popular in what was then, as it is now, a stronghold of clericalism and conservatism; and he eventually withdrew from a hopeless contest.

SIR W. JONES to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

LAMB'S BUILDINGS, TEMPLE, 15 May 1780.

MADAM,—What nobler fruit could any candidate have aspired to than your Grace's patronage and support? Your obliging offer of such patronage, in my present competition, gave me more pleasure than I receive from any other circumstance of my life, except from the unaltered and unalterable friendship of your brother, which alone would relieve my cares, if I had any, and which heightens all those comforts, that, (as a philosopher,) I enjoy. Even your kind rebuke for having deserted the Muses was flattering to me in the highest degree: encouraged by your Grace I can never wholly abandon the studies, which you approve; and, whenever that sacred regard which I have vowed to the interests of my country, shall permit me, I will supplicate the nymphs of Helicon to receive again their penitent fugitive. Your Grace's intercession with them will ensure their forgiveness and a renewal of their favour. In the mean time, while our country calls aloud for the aid of all her affectionate sons, and

Rutland and Devonshire; and if I have been able to preserve one-half of those winning graces in my picture, that I have so often admired in the amiable originals, the world will have no reason to be dissatisfied with what has been done ('An Account of a Series of Pictures in the Great Room at the Adelphi,' p. 74).

¹ The rooms were opened this year. The King only sat twice to Reynolds, in 1771 and again in 1780, for this portrait, which was to be preserved by the Academy itself. Zoffany's 'Tribune' was painted for the King. It contained the portrait of Sir Horace Mann, the English envoy at the Court of the Great Duke of Florence, and Walpole's life-long friend and correspondent.

² Lord Teignmouth's 'Memoirs of Sir William Jones,' i. 173.

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while I among the readiest to obey her call, may I hope that your Grace will assist me in my attempt to have an opportunity of serving her to the utmost of my ability? Vast exertions of patronage and powerful connexions have been made by my competitors, who have really put me upon my defense. There are near eight hundred and fifty voters, and not more than two hundred, I verily believe, as yet engaged. The property of the Whig nobles and gentlemen of England is very near two thirds of the whole kingdom: their interest therefore is almost irresistible, and, if the Whigs be united for me, I shall certainly succeed. Thus stands the competition: M^r Page's¹ seat is, and ought to be, firm by the rule of the University *once a member always a member*: Sir W. Dolben² is supported by Christ Church and by the Tories: Dr. Scott³ professes *moderation*, but is himself *no Whig* to my certain knowledge: He therefore, if his friends would take off his veil, would weaken and disunite the Tories, by whom he has been already supported; and I should hope that Lord Radnor,⁴ his *college-pupil*, would cease to support him so strongly, and would give him a compensation some other way. I am determined, in all events, to stand a poll; and, should I even fail of success (of which I by no means despair) yet, if my friends will not forsake me, I shall make a respectable appearance. May I trouble your Grace with a list of the voters? M^r Crofts of Beverley has a vote. I know his respect and admiration for the Duke and for your Grace. I am going to write to Lady Spencer and Lord Althorp, and rejoice to hear that good accounts are received of Lord Spencer's health.

I enclose an advertisement for my Oxford friends: it will be of the utmost consequence to have a numerous meeting. I am, Madam, with undissembled veneration,

Your Grace's most faithful Serv^t

W. JONES.

TEMPLE, 18 May, 1780.

MADAM,—I am at this moment in the greatest imaginable grief. My mother *was* one of the wisest, sweetest-tempered, most enlightened and accomplished of women. A purer spirit never was released from its earthly confinement! It is with difficulty that I can

¹ Francis Page, Esq., D.C.L. of New College.

² A baronet and D.C.L. of Christ Church.

³ Sir William Scott, Knt., D.C.L., sometime fellow of University. He *was* not elected on this occasion; but became a burgess in 1801. 'As to my competitors,' wrote Mr. Jones to Dr. Milman (*I.c. p. 177*), 'I know them both, and respect the benevolence of Sir W. Dolben as much as I admire the extensive erudition and fine taste of Dr. Scott; but their political principles are the reverse of mine.'

⁴ Jacob (Pleydell Bouverie), second Earl of Radnor.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

prevent this paper from being moistened with my tears : yet I know that I betray my weakness, (believing as I devoutly believe, a particular Providence) in mourning so bitterly. Reason tells me, that I must not indulge the dangerous luxury of grieving. Henceforth my Country must be my only parent . . . I am penetrated with the deepest sense of your Grace's kindness. I think it more than probable, that M^r Crofts is now at University College, Oxford, since he has, I imagine, left his school for the holidays. Permit me to suggest, that his vote is of infinite consequence for many reasons : but he must not divide his votes between D^r Scott and me, lest M^r Page (whose seat I am trying to secure for the sake of the Foleys) should be injured. D^r Warren has great weight with D^r Tyson : D^r Turton, D^r Milman and D^r John Monro are also voters : all the medical men are connected, and reciprocally influence one another. Lord Pembroke¹ and Lord Bulkeley¹ are members of Jesus College, and, I suppose, could carry nearly the whole society : their assistance would be the more useful, because Dr Edwards, the Vice-principal of Jesus College, is warm for Scott, and might either be gained over, or, at least, cooled. I am surprized at myself for being able in this moment to discuss these political interests, and for taking the liberty to discuss them with your Grace ; but my unfeigned love of my country (whose true interests my dear mother loved and first taught me to love) makes me resist the impressions of sorrow ; and my undissembled veneration of your Grace's virtues convinces me that you will pardon these repeated liberties.—I have received a charming letter from Lady Spencer, and am going to relieve my mind by writing to Lord Althorp and sending him a list. I trouble your Grace with the last page of the list containing Jesus College, a page of extreme importance. I do not know, whether your Grace has seen the enclosed paper, written by a too zealous friend of mine. I wish he had written no more than the two first paragraphs. I also enclose a printed notice, which my friends are now circulating for a *meeting* of Oxford men, either voters or not : it will be very important for that meeting to have not *number* only, but *weight* and *splendor*.

I am, Madam,
with the highest respect,
Your Grace's much obliged
and ever faithful Servant,
W. JONES.

¹ Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke, and Thomas James, seventh Viscount Bulkeley of Cashel.

DEVONSHIRE LETTERS

COUNTESS SPENCER *to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.*

BATH, May 17.

. . . I have received this Morning a letter from Madame de Bussi, who has at last got the letter and Tea I sent by the Commis-
sionaire, she says she hopes a speedy peace will bring us all to Paris
où la charmante Duchesse s'amusera, embrassé son beau visage à mon intention.

In the following account of the Gordon riots we have an interesting pendant to Dr. Johnson's letters upon the same subject to Mrs. Thrale :

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the Countess SPENCER.*

(June 7, 1780)

. . . I shall go to Chiswick tomorrow, for tho' there would be no kind of danger for me, yet a woman is only troublesome. I hope and they think that it will be all over to night, as the Council has issued orders that the Soldiers may fire. The Kings bench¹ is burnt down and I suppose you know that Lord Mansfields was burnt this morning, the mob is a strange set and some of it compos'd of meer boys.

I was very much frighten'd yesterday but I keep very quiet and preach quiet to every body—the night before last the Duke was in Garrison at Lord Rockinghams till five which alarm'd me not a little but now Lord Rs is the safest place, as he has plenty of guards, a justice of Peace, and a hundred tradesmen arm'd, besides servants and friends.

All our houses are quite safe.

There is Minchin's Hampshire regiment, and the Queens are encamp'd in Hyde Parke, but till to day the sloth and irresolution of Government has been inconceivable. Even now the Kings bench might have been sav'd had not Lord Amherst² prevented some soldiers from firing.

Amidst the felons let out from Newgate yesterday there was a poor devil who was to have been hung to day the poor wretch fainted away at his reprieve, one cannot be sorry for him. It is reckon'd right or I must own that I am very sorry to go out of town as I shall be anxious to a degree, I wish I could take y^e Duke with me, yet I comfort myself with his being quite safe, and evry body says the worst is past. . . .

¹ 'The high sport was to burn the jails. This was a good rabble trick.'—JOHNSON.

² Jeffrey, Lord Amherst (1717-97), the conqueror of Canada

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

(June 8, 1780)

8th of June.

I am sure you will be delighted to hear that everything bears a more favourable aspect—I saw Lord Melbourne¹ and M^r Grenville just now returned from the borough, where the mob is very small and the military will keep it in that part of the town without letting it come near this and the inhabitants of the different streets are preparing to defend themselves.

I was thro' the parks to-day, in Hyde park there are encamp'd the Hertfordshire and Hampshire the Queens and Royal Irish, and in St. James park the other Hampshire and some regular regiment—two troops of M^r Fitzroys² are to patrole up and down Piccadilly, and as the Duke dont like having the soldiers here again (as there is no need) the dépôt of guards for this part of the town will be at Lord Melbournes, so you see that Piccadilly is the safest place in the world—I stay in town as there is no manner of danger and that they think Chiswick is damp, I should have gone to Wimbledon, but I wished to stay to hear news.

—'s ridiculous fright, is beyond expression, every body laughs at him and he is call'd the croaker, it really is disagreeable to see him, and it is impossible not to be inclin'd to laugh at him—

My Brother is station'd at Hammersmith and that division are not to come to London, but to stay there, I own I am glad he's there tho' every body says it is the finest time for a soldier to see something a little like fighting without danger and the Duke does nothing but regret his regiments being gone to Portsmouth.

Adieu my Dearest Mama, I really am assur'd that the mischief is over.

Friday the 9th of June.

. . . My confusion was so great on the 7th that I totally forgot it was my birthday till late in the day, thank God all is over now, and I am quite easy about my brother, he is station'd at Vauxhall as you know I suppose from him, I went to see him with Miss Shipley this morning, (but I dont come near him by a mile) he looked vastly well in his red jacket, Lord Westmoreland is a very strict commander, they were all dying when I was there to see some blue cockades go by that they might pull them out—

You will know probably that Lord Geo. Gordon is taken and at the tower, my pity now begins to be mov'd for him, but two days ago I believe I could have kill'd him myself—I now begin to hope he won't be hang'd, but banished by all means, surely if he has

¹ The first Lord Melbourne.

² Charles, third son of Lord Augustus Fitzroy. He had been appointed in 1772 Colonel of the Third or King's Own Dragoons. In October of this year (1780) he was raised to the peerage as Baron Southampton.

DEVONSHIRE LETTERS

any feeling he must be enough punish by the confusion he has occasion'd.

Besides the regiments I told you of yesterday three of guards are encamped in St James park—

I feel mad with spirits at alls being over, it seems now like a dream—We had a guard last night tho' we did not ask for it but to night y^e Duke as desir'd not as it is absolutely useless—There was a report yesterday that M^r Alman and a Roman Catholick next door to him would be attacked and as that is near M^r Garners I despatch'd her and Charlotte to Brocknet Hall,¹ Lady M thinks she is a relation of mine, I was in a great hurry and fright about it or I should have sent her to Wimbledon but I thought the Shipleys might be going tho' they did not and that it would occasion enquiry's.

There is a council sitting to night on Lord G I suppose. . . .

MR. SHERIDAN to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

LONDON, Sep^t. 19, 1780.

MADAM,—I am entirely at a loss how to thank your Grace for the Honor and service which your Grace's condescending to interest yourself in my election at Stafford² has been of to me. Having sent the Recommendation which I had the Honor to receive from Lady Spencer to his Lordship's Agent, I profited by the Permission allowe'd me to make use of your Grace's Letter as my first and best introduction to Lord Spencer's Interest in the Town. I assure your Grace that I found good effects from it even out of the circle of influence which Lord Spencers Property and Character so justly maintain in Stafford. It is no Flattery to say that the Duchess of Devonshire's name commands an implicit admiration whenever it is mentioned, and I found some that had had opportunities of often seeing and of hearing more of your Grace who were so proud of the Distinction as to require no other motive to support anyone who appear'd honor'd with your Graces recommendation.

Having written to Lady Spencer I need not intrude on your Grace to express how highly obliged I feel to Lord Spencer—and I have avoided asking M^r Fox to thank your Grace on my account, because I am perhaps even unfairly ambitious to owe all the Gratitude myself.

I have the Honor to be
with the greatest Respect
your Grace's
most devoted humb. Servt:
R. B. SHERIDAN.

¹ Lord Melbourne's country seat.

² He was returned for Stafford on the 12th September, 1780.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

I ought to mention to your Grace that there is not a doubt of M^r Fox carrying his Election here tho' the matter is not likely to be very soon over—He canvasses with the greatest industry and treats his good Friends with a Speech every Day besides.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the Countess SPENCER.*

[HARDWICK] *Wednesday the 14th of Feb.*

. . . Sachant¹ comme vous le faite, notre solitude ici, que nous avons pour toute société, les arbres du Parc et Les portraits de La Gallerie, et Les Ombres des bonnes gens qui y sonts peints, ici

Ou nous avons pour compagnie
L'ombre de La Reine Marie,
Qui eut un nombre étonnant
De maux, de soucis et d'amants—
Ou bien par sa bonté extrême
La Grande Elisabeth même
Sort quelquefois du Canevas
Pour demander comment l'on va,
(Celle qui régnant sur la terre
De sa Virginité fut fière
Et si l'on en croit ces temps là
A tort la Reine s'en piqua)

Ainsi quoique notre compagnie est brillante, elle est un peu ancienne car ces bonnes dames, ainsi que M^r Hobbes et la Comtesse de Shrewsbury

Sont aussi peu au fait des temps
Et savent aussi peu des modes
Que si Londres (et tous ses gens)
Fut transporté aux Antipodes—

Following the flag with the warlike Duchess we come to Plympton in Devonshire. The militia is encamped in the neighbourhood, and the fleet—with Jervis in command of the *Foudroyant*—rides at anchor in the Channel.

(Aug 14-16)

Tuesday 14.

. . . M^m Haviland is a civil well meaning Woman, but so overpow'rd with affection so very fine a Lady with Elbows out and set speeches that she quite gets the better of one, the General¹ is a very

¹ William Haviland (1718-84), who had been appointed lieutenant-general in 1772, was at this time in command of the western district, with headquarters at Plymouth. The lady mentioned is his second wife, Salusbury, daughter of Thomas Aston of Beaulieu, county Louth, by whom he had a son, Colonel Thomas Haviland.

DEVONSHIRE LETTERS

good kind of Old Woman, his son a ninny and his Daughter a disagreeable likeness of Clarinda Minchin. However I eat my words as to her for I have since heard she is a good kind of girl. . . .

Thursday 16.

We went this morning to pay a visit to a M^r and M^{rs} Bastard¹—he is the strangest Man I ever saw, when he came up to my Cousin and me he said to me ‘her grace of Devonshire I presume’—and then having asked me if I was not afraid in a carriage and I telling him not he said, ‘such beauty and such fortitude’—his place has two little arms of the sea encompassing it and is very pretty—

My cousin and I went at two a Clock to M^r Parkers² and into the sea, the tide did not serve before—but we behaved very well, for the maid who went in with us was not well so we only went in with y^e cord. . . .

(Aug. 16–19, 1781)

Saturday.

. . . My cousin and I went to Bathe, in our return we saw a chaise and Phaeton at M^r Parkers, and found it was M^r Fox and Lord Robert,³ we saw them, they came from Ivy bridge and have been a beautiful tour by Tinmouth and Torbay. We came home to Breakfast, but did not go out as we waited to see M^r Fox and Lord Robert who came here and likewise Miss Robinson, M^{rs} Haywood and her Daughter came too, and brought me some very fine flowers. . . .

Sunday.

I dont like to begin to write to you about to day—

When my actions are good, I can picture them well
But when they'r amiss, I had rather not tell—

In short, I heard the last bell for church when I was still considering what I should do about getting up—I am ashamed—*fouettez moi mais ne me boudez pas*—

The Duke went to Saltram (M^r Parkers) to Lord Robert and M^r Fox, and I took a long walk with my cousin and aunt about Plimpton and saw some as beautiful children in the village *almost* as I expect the little brat to be. . . .

¹ William Bastard, Esq., of Kitley. He died in 1782. He married Ann, daughter of Thomas Worsley, Esq., of Hovingham, co. York. William Bastard saved the arsenal of Plymouth, when it was threatened by the approach of the French fleet in August 1779, and was gazetted a baronet on the 4th September following; but the title was never assumed by himself or his heirs.

² John Parker, M.P. for co. Devon. He was created in 1784 Baron Boringdon of Boringdon. He died in 1788.

³ Third son of Charles (Spencer), third Duke of Marlborough.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

I was overpowered with M^r Havilands Eloquence—what do you think of a woman who talks of the suns *glancing* on the sea—You may put her on what subject you please her words never fail her, and indeed she had it all to herself had not Lady Corke's¹ shrill pipe assisted her now and then—they went away soon and the Duke drove my cousin and me to Saltram where I play'd a rubber at Whist in fear and trembling, M^r Fox and me against Lord Robert and M^r Parker, and M^r Fox betted M^r Parker 25 guineas against a horse—we won—and we returned home to my aunt & L' C.

(Aug^t 16-20, 1781)

Monday 20.

I have dated Monday (for method sake) but it is Tuesday—and oh Heavens what a bustling Day I had to tell you of—and such a hurrying life do I lead here (where I expected so much time) that I can only write by starts—M^r Parker who is our governor is the most hurrying man alive, I should die of living constantly with him—Yesterday or to day, which you will, but Monday I mean We got up very early and my cousin and I went into the Bath we then went to M^r Parkers green House where we were appointed to meet the rest of the company (except Lady Corke) but my cousin and I being delay'd by bathing had not time to eat any breakfast, we then went in chaises to a place where there was a haul of sea fish, but Lo and behold the Labours of many men produced in the net, only one fish—that indeed was a very curious one—it is call'd the Ink fish having a bag of ink in its inside and the bone called shuttle bone—we there embarked in a boat and had another haul on the opposite shore of that water—the sea here produc'd many curious fish—the mullets that are beautiful, the piper that is of a fine red with fins in the form of wings of many colours and the poor John Dory that groans when it is taken—likewise the sword or long nos'd fish—we had five or six hauls and were obliged to get in and out of the boat each time which was not pleasant, up to our knees in mud and water and jaded to death we staid from Ten till three and when we got to Saltram tho' we were beastly figures Parker hurryd us to death to go home to dress at Plympton and to be back again by four—we din'd there and play'd at whist in the Evening [with] M^r and M^m Bastard (whom Lord Robert persisted in calling Bustard)— . . .

(Aug. 21-27, 1781)

Tuesday the 21st of August.

My cousin and I went with the Duke at eight to ye Barracks, where he exercised the Regiment in preparation for the review on

¹ Anne, daughter of Kelland Courtenay, Esq., of Painsford, co. Devon. She was married in 1764 to Edmund (Boyle), seventh Earl of Corke, and the marriage was dissolved in 1782.

DEVONSHIRE LETTERS

Thursday—the Spot of ground chosen for the review is beautiful—it commands a view of Hamoës Dock, the Passage and Mount Edgecumbe—Before the field day was over Mr. Fox and Lord Robert,¹ my aunt and Lady Corke, arrived and we all with Lord George and the Duke went over to Mount Edgecumbe—the Gentleman walk'd with my Aunt Lady Corke and my cousin went in a carriage and as I have seen part of it and am to see it again I staid at home to rest myself with Lady E[dgcumbe].

Mr. Fox and Lord Robert were, as they must be, delighted with Mount Edgcumbe—I really long for you to see it as I think it is sans contredit the finest place I ever saw It makes other places look as little (always excepting Wimbledon) when compar'd to it, as the Duchess of Rutland does little beautys when she comes into the room.

We returned to Plimpton to Dinner, and Mr. Parker, Mr P² junior, Miss Robinson, Lord Robert and Charles Fox din'd with us—we play'd at Whist in the evening and they returned to Saltram. . . .

Wednesday [22nd August, 1781].

Oft dressing on my hand I write
Pen ink and paper, powder'd quite—
Sometimes whilst voices buzzing round
All Babel like, tumultuous sound—
Of Judges, circuits, camps and fleets
Of Balls, reviews and country seats
Of Edgcumbes Mount, of Parkers Place
Of Marystow's more placid Grace—
Of Gen'rals, Admirals, Shipsmasters,
Of Lady Corke and her disasters
But spite of all their noise and pother
Abusing one or praising t'other—
Whate'er the place, or how or when
My heart still dictates to my pen
Still keeps its favourite hope in view
Of vowing evry thought to you.

We went to Lord Berkeleys³ review as his regiment are in ye Barracks, it was on the same spot of Ground the Duke exercis'd his on Yesterday—Lord Berkeleys is one of the best regiments we have

¹ Lady Corke's sister. She was married to William Poyntz, brother of the Countess Spencer.

² John, who succeeded his father in 1788, and in 1815 was created Earl of Morley.

³ Frederick Augustus, fifth Earl of Berkeley (1745–1810). His regiment was the Gloucestershire militia.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

but he indulges himself too much in manoeuvring them out of his own head and not keeping to the exact order which in case of actual service must be productive of confusion.

. . . We din'd at Mr Parkers—General Haviland and his aide de camps din'd there, we walk'd after dinner and played at whist—and I had the ingenuity to lose the Duke 60 guineas he betted on me—

I am tann'd brown as a berry—*Il faut s'y faire on ne suit pas un soldat pour rien*—I believe the sea bathing tans me, by the bye we were in this morning—good night.

Thursday [23rd of August, 1781].

You know (or must know) that our cloathing—of the regiment I mean—was so long at sea that it could not do for the review—However to Day was the Derbyshire review, and I believe all Devonshire was there—the regiment looked wonderfully well, though they had not their new cloaths (which to make it more provoking came last night and so did Lord Berkeleys the day before his review) those they had are still very good—The Grenadiers are the finest company next to the Cheshire, I ever saw—they wore black and white feathers, the light infantry red and white and all the rest of the Regiment oak boughs in their Hats—our musics dress is very smart. The Duke and Lord George both saluted very well and the Duke gave the word which is unusual here for the Colonels are very Lazy—after the review the Duke gave a breakfast in a field next to that we were reviewed in under some tents, which from the number of people &c. was a very pretty sight—Lord Egremont¹ made his appearance at the reviews he came to Dock last night and goes this evening—He went to see Mount Edgecumbe after the review and Lord Robert and Charles Fox went up the Tamar. . . .

In the evening Mr Fox Lord Egremont and Lord Robert came and drank tea with us, the two Last went on to London and Mr Fox staid and play'd at Cribbage with my aunt and me and is to return to Mr. Parkers to night. . . .

Friday [Aug. 24].

We got up at 7 and were at Mr Parkers by eight we found Miss Heywood who went with us to the Eddystone had been there half an hour, and Mr. Fitzroy arriv'd at the same time as us in a great hurry for Lord George who had been Drunk the night before had told him if he was not at eight he should be left behind and Lo and behold we waited for Lord George, Mr Fox and Sir John Ramsden² till nine—Our party consisted of Miss Heywood, My

¹ The third Earl of Egremont (1751–1837).

² The fourth baronet (1755–1839). He was High Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1797.

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cousin and me, Sir John Ramsden, the Duke, Lord George, Mr Fox and Mr Fitzroy—we went in a rowing boat from Mr Parkers point to the commissioners Yacht (a vessel nearly as large as the Dover Packet Boats) which was Lying for us in the sound—The Eddy Stone is about 9 Leagues from Plymouth it is a Light House built on a Rock and so difficult of access that it is seldom one can land and we were soon told that the wind was too high for us to think of it—we went on however the ship pitching shockingly but what passed afterward I don't know—

Soon as the ship began to roll
away went all delight
Down to the Cabbins furthest hole
I shrunk from ev'ry sight. . . .

Here I was for six hours, Nor did they do much better above, Miss Heywood was very brave at first But a visit to me in the cabin did for her, my cousin Lord George and Mr. Fox were very sick and Sir John R without being quite so was unable to speak or move, the Duke was the only one who was not sick. . . .

We were very much amus'd with Augustus FitzRoy.¹ He is a fine lively Boy but his deafness prevents him from entering into everything—When he came to Saltram he saw Miss Heywood making tea very quietly (for none of Mr. Parkers family were up) and Mr. Fox without regimentals so he took it for granted they were Mr. and Mrs. Parker and called them so all day. . . .

Saturday [Aug. 25th].

I got up as you may imagine rather late, most of the company were dispers'd but my uncle Poynts, cousin and me went to the town Hall to see Sir Joshua Reynolds and Lord Edgecumbe's pictures—Mr Fox and Lord George came here. . . .

I must tell you a story my aunt told me, the Duchess of Chandos² had been upon a party somewhere and not having time to dress desir'd leave 'to Spencer it' which was to keep on a riding habit. . . .

Monday.

. . . On Saturday night we had an alarm that our fleet was driven in which is the truth and that the French might be here when

¹ Lord Augustus Fitzroy, fourth son of the third Duke of Grafton. He was born in 1773, became a captain in the navy, and died in 1799.

² George, third Baron Edgcumbe of Mount Edgcumbe (1720-95). He was Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth from 1765 to 1771. In 1781 he was created a Viscount, and in 1789 Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.

* The second wife of the third Duke of Chandos, to whom she was married in 1777.

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they chose—I dont suppose they will come but all the officers are order'd to join and those that are here to stay—

If they do, or if there are any more alarms I shall be frightened out of my sences but I vow I wont say so—

Monday, 27 August.

Mr Parker and Miss Robinson the D. and I set out at nine this morning in Mr Ps coach and Lord George and Mr Fox on Horseback for Torquay—we met my Uncle at Totness who came into the coach to us, Totness is a very neat town and the country about it very pretty—between Totness and Torbay we met 300 french prisoners that were conducted by 50 Cornish militia men to the Mill Prison at Plymouth. It was very painful to see them—most of them however seem'd of so low an order of beings that the being imprison'd had no effect of them, but evry now and then a man rather better drest who made a civil bow to the carriage touch'd me very much. . . .

The opening of Torbay is very fine—we arriv'd at a small village call'd Brixom where we met Cⁿ Jervis¹ of the Foudroyant and after paid our Hommage to a stone on which William the 3d is said to have step'd in Landing. We went in a little boat to the Royal George a 100 gun ship to dine with Sir John Lockhart Ross² the rear admiral—Torbay is a Beautiful Bay, very fine wood and rocks forming a perfect semicircle and the sea very smooth in general in it. The whole fleet of 21 sail of the line were in to Day and form'd in order of Battle in a crescent the first rates without, the 2d within. I never saw so fine a sight—it is rather a damper to the ideas it would naturally give one that this fine fleet and the once triumphant fleet of England has been oblig'd to sulk along the french coast to avoid even being seen by the combin'd fleet.

Sir John Ross receiv'd us at the port hole, he is reckon'd a very good officer and is a fine old Scotch man—he has lost his teeth and speaks very broad and his white Lapels were entirely scotch snuff. Captain Sawyer,³ Captain Jervis, Captain Bourmaster (C^a of the Royal George) and one or two more din'd with us, we had an excellent dinner and after dinner went into the C^m appartment which was very large and airy. Sir John was very gallant indeed to me especially as they were all very merry after dinner—when we set out the Royal George was mann'd for us—and gave us 3 cheers which we return'd and then they gave us 3 more, it was a very pretty sight, but C^a Jarvis made us row by the Foudroyant, which was when mann'd still prettier, for all his sailors are very smartly and

¹ John Jervis (1735–1823), the famous admiral, created in 1797 Earl of St. Vincent. He had been appointed to the *Foudroyant* in 1775.

² Sir John Lockhart Ross (1721–90) had been promoted to the rank of Rear-admiral in 1779.

³ Herbert Sawyer, Commander of the *Namur*. He died in 1798.

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uniformly drest, and his ship though not quite so large as the Royal George is very prettily painted. I forgot to tell Cⁿ Ourry came to see us on board the R. G. When we came to land, I was to go out of the boat first when one of the sailors gave way and I tumbled in with Captain Jarvis and 3 sailors after me—the alehouse at Brexom was so full I could not get any room to change myself and I was oblig'd to come quite wet to Totness—but sea water you know never gives cold and I got warm and comfortable things there. We did not get home till one. . . .

Wednesday [Aug. 29].

I kept Idle all this morning Mr Fox was here in his way to town—after dinner the Duke Drove Lady Charles¹ out and Lord Charles² Lady Corke—My cousin John Spencer³ and I took a short walk, my Uncle arriv'd from Torbay very ill from a fall he had had the very night I got mine, he had slept aboard the Foudroyant but was so sick he could enjoy nothing—my tumble is grown all about Devonshire into my having jump'd from the side of the Royal George and fallen into the sea nearly escaping drowning—so that in London I may be quite drown'd— . . .

Thursday [Aug. 30th].

First of all I must tell you that we have just received news of the French fleet being in the Channel; I assure you I dont like these reports at all, and here I will take the opportunity of justifying myself with regard to your saying I was too severe on Lady Corke. I really have the greatest pity for her, but her own manner is so overbearing and fine Ladyish that (though I would not to any body else) I could not help indulging myself to you—then there is one subject she quite provokes me about, when any news comes she (because she is L^d S's⁴ niece) holds it so cheap and cuts such foolish jokes about it that I could beat her, surely when a fleet of twice the number of ours is off the coast it is not a laughing subject, and though I dont suppose they will think of landing the idea of it is so dreadful, For though they might be sufferers in the end by an invasion, yet how our troops must be hack'd in repulsing them and what troops, fill'd with ones husbands brothers &c. I cannot help thinking that though they certainly will not, the very idea of its being in their power to land must not incline one to joke—when Lord Shuldham⁵ sent word to Lord Sandwich⁶ that the fleet were in

¹ Mary, daughter of Vere, Lord Vere.

² Second son of Charles (Spencer), third Duke of Marlborough.

³ John (1767–1831), son of Lord Charles Spencer.

⁴ Her mother was Lord Sandwich's sister.

⁵ Molyneux Shuldham, created in 1776 Baron Shuldham in the Peerage of Ireland. He became Admiral of the Blue in 1787.

⁶ John (Montagu), fourth Earl of Sandwich (1718–92). He was First Lord of the Admiralty from 1771 to 1782.

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the channel he sent him word that he was mistaken for it was ours— . . .

(Aug. 22—Sept. 5, 1781)

Friday.

The news is confirmed the Agamemnon and Protée are come in and left the combin'd fleet off Scilly. We had a visit to day from Mr and Mrs Bastard and Mrs John Bastard his sons wife who is I suppose twice as old as young Bastard, her name was Mrs Wymondesold¹ and a great fortune—My old friend Mr Bastard was still in a complimenting mood—he call'd the sea my element comparing me to Venus, and numberless other fine things. . . .

The following letter alludes to the birth (on the 31st Aug.) of her sister's first child, John William, who became the fourth Earl of Bessborough. He died in 1847 :

(Sept. 3-4, 1781)

Tuesday.

. . . I can write nothing but nonsense so I wont attempt anything else—When my sister talks to you tell her how I love her her and her little Dear child, how I long to be with her and how I envy Lucette Williams, Mrs. Wild and even brown Betty, I believe thaths the housemaids name. I am confin'd with a headach, I can not go to day as I was to have done, to have stood God mother to the Anson that is to be launch'd in dock. . . .

Tuesday [Sept. 4].

I was to have had the honour to day to have Christen'd the Anson, but I was not well enough to go—Mr Mudge the Apothecary at Plymouth and quite for this part of the world

“ Le sage Orgon l'oracle du Village ”

says I shall be very well if I will keep quiet for a day or two—my cousin Georgiana² staid at home with me in spite of all I did to make her go. The launch had many spectators and I am afraid a great many people did me the honour to come from a great way off to see me perform, Caroline Ouvry threw the wine—Lord Berkeley seems to admire her very much Lady Charles asked him If Miss O. was to be her cousin and he swore not—

Thursday [Sept. 6].

I am much better to day, Lord George and Augustus FitzRoy din'd here, You cant think how he entertains us especially with his sea language, he told Lord George his *larboard* stocking was loose

¹ Sarah, widow of Charles Wymondesold, Esq., of Lockinge, co. Berks.

² Daughter of Lord Charles Spencer.

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and he wanted very much to know how they *rigg'd* the D's curricle. . . .

I really (if my Duty of attending the Rd now the french are in the Channel did not keep me) should elope to see the bratt—he will be almost a man before I shall see him—*si je ne craignois le coup de fusil je deserterois sûrement.* . . .

Friday [Sept. 7].

. . . I set for my picture for the last time to day, it is remarkably like,—several of the officers Cⁿ Wright Cⁿ Bainbrigge and some subalterns, din'd here and Augustus FitzRoy—We carried him to Mr Parkers ; Lord George has made him believe Miss Robinson is Mrs. Robinson the actress and Mr. Parkers mistress. . . .

DR. MOORE¹ TO THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

I was yesterday at the House of Commons, there was a warm debate,² and some fine speeches, Lord Althorpes interested me most. The moment he appeared on his legs from a noisy confusion of Voices there was the most perfect silence, A Young Member making his first speech always creates attention, A Descendant of *the* Duke of Marlborough and a Brother of *the* Duchess of Devonshire could not fail to command it in the most eminent degree—a pin would have been heard to fall on the floor.

He began in a clear and distinct though in the most modest manner, what he said was sensible and persuasive—every body was delighted.—He stop'd and seemed at a loss,—he was overpowered with diffidence,—Everybody seemed concerned, for my part I could no longer look at him, I lost my breath with his voice, I never was more uneasy.—He recovered, and so did I, every body seemed happy, and he finished with the applause of the House.

His friends should encourage him to go on, when he has, by a little habit, conquered his timidity I am certain he will make a good Speaker, because his Manner, language, and sentiments are all good, and because he has perseverance to resist, and fortitude to overcome the confusion which too great sensibility sometimes produces.

I have not the honour of knowing Lord Althorpe, but your Grace will be at no loss to know what interests me in him. I thought an account of the impression which his first appearance in a Public

¹ John Moore, M.D. (1729–1802), physician, author of ‘Zeluco,’ and father of General Sir John Moore of Corunna.

² ‘On the usual motion for the house to go into a committee of supply, Mr. Thomas Pitt rose to object to the Speaker's leaving the chair. . . . On the division the motion was carried in the affirmative ; there being 172 ayes, and 77 noes.’—*Annual Register*, November 30, 1781.

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line made on me might give you some pleasure. This I hope will be sufficient apology for this trouble from

Your Graces most obed^t
and most obliged Servant

J. M.

Dec^r. 1, 1781.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE to the Countess SPENCER.

Monday the 29th of July, 1782.

PLYMPTON.

Tuesday.

... Miss Robinson, Mr Parker, his son, and Mr Dick Burke¹ came here before we were up, the Duke went to camp and we walk'd, I think he brought no other news from camp than that Colonel Gladwin is to have a command as soon as G^t Conway writes to settle the propriety of it—

We went this Evening to Mr Parkers. Lady Eliz.² was as I expected enchanted with the beauty of the place—we walk'd ourselves tir'd and I had the pleasure of finding Parker as dirty, as comical, and talking as bad english as ever, there certainly is a degree of humour about him that makes one laugh, he is short and always talking in a strain of Irony—He gave a very good account of G^t Burgoynes having lost him a rubber at Whist which he said convinc'd him of what he always thought that he was a puzzle headed fellow. . . .

Monday.

... We din'd at Parkers. . . . C^a Conway din'd there too— You cannot think how they praise the difference that navy matters are carried on in now—especially with regard to Ship building &c. Lord Howe is to be sure a great disciplinarian but I believe highly properly so—C^a Conway talked of him in the warmest and greatest way and said that though he was very severe he had rather serve under him than any body. . . .

Thursday.

We daudled this morning away and then set out to dine at G^t Greys and go to the Long room, My Sister and I were drest in white night gowns and hats and feathers,—Parker Miss Robinson and Lord³ and Lady Lincoln din'd at Mount Stone—Mrs. G. Ourry

¹ Brother of the great orator.

² Lady Elizabeth Foster, daughter of the fourth Earl of Bristol. She afterwards became Duchess of Devonshire.

³ Thomas (Pelham-Clinton), tenth Earl of Lincoln (1752-95). He succeeded in 1794 to the Dukedom of Newcastle. He married Anna Maria, fifth daughter of the second Earl of Harrington.

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and Caroline came after dinner—the long room was very full, I danc'd with Lord Charles and my sister with C^a Trowel and we were more admired than you can conceive, for they said we look'd and danc'd like twins—perhaps Mrs. Collingwood was thinking we might have been hers—But if the Universe was to present itself to our Choice we would not have any other Mother than what we have as she never was equal'd in times past, nor never can in times to come. . . .

Friday.

. . . Besides the drawing rage, I have the rage of reading history to such a degree, that I devour what I read and feel about it as one does about a novel—I should prefer Rapin to Cecilia¹ and I believe I should even delight in a long dissertation upon the feudal laws—It is my misfortune that every turn I take towards any thing like study is by such starts that it is no use to me—I am too eager at the moment and too easily disgusted, and you may observe I only succeed in what is to be obtained in a short time. . . .

We began to day by having the Dukes regiment out but unfortunately they do not get their smart cloaths till Tuesday—it ought to have been in honour of John—We put on some new riding habits call'd the Plymton Uniform and I had a surprise for my sister of a new pink gown which she knew nothing of till she put it on—in the evening the servants danc'd and we danc'd with them—and so to the best of our power we have kept Dear Johns birthday.

Sunday.

. . . Dr. Wynne is one of those men who would be very pleasant if they were not too anxious to please—he knows a little of evry thing, which he pours out all day long—he is of evry bodys opinion and never ventures a sentiment without a qualififer such as ‘I may be mistaken’ or ‘it may be better otherwise,’ and poor little man he is so officious that there is not any thing that he would not do, for evry body—He breaks our shins by setting chairs for us—he cuts ones pencil whether one will or no, and he rub'd out half a head my sister had drawn by way of helping her to correct a stroke. . . . He walks round and round to look at all our drawings and nothing comes out of his mouth but—‘exceedingly well, vastly well, just right, wonderful ease of manner, great freedom, astonishing neatness’—

With all this he is a very good natur'd man and draws charmingly. . . .

Tuesday.

We got up very early and went to see the regiment out in its new cloaths it look'd very brilliant—there is in the Worcester a

¹ ‘Cecilia’ had just been published by Miss Burney.

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C^l Walsh, who had the Electrical Eel—he entertains us very much with his pomposity—The first time he saw my sister he said I do not know who you are but I will make you a bow—and to day he told me he was glad I was come for he never saw so much martial pomp. . . .

Tuesday the 24th of Sept^r. 1782.

Thursday.

. . . We passed our evening deliciously with Johnsons Lives. . . .

Friay.

We went to the Light infantry review. The day was better than we have known for some time—the situation is on a rising ground washed by the sea—a glorious sea view and of Mt Edgecumbe—here is the only place where an enemy's landing could be effected—so the troops defended the coast, hid behind bushes—then forming close to the sea—starting up amongst the furzes—&c.—we walked with old Haviland and G^l Grey—the last was charming he was so eager—it was Lord Corke directed the manœuvres, and all at once G^l Grey call'd out, if they had shot, half those men would kill the other half. . . .

(Oct. 15, 1782)

Sunday.

. . . I send you n'ayant rien de mieux some fine anonymous verses I receiv'd tother day—it is so seldom that anonymous productions are so good natured that one must prize them when they are—I wish however he did not praise my singing as that rather denotes that all his other commendations may be as fictitious. . . .

. . . I send you likewise my anonymous friends seal which is I think a pretty one—Garrick looking at Shakespeare with 'quo me rapis tui plenum'—from Horace round it.

A Madame la Duchesse de Devonshire.

Enchanteresse que vous êtes,
Nymphe et Sylphyde tour-a-tour,
Dites-moi donc comment vous faites
Pour peindre & pour braver l'amour ?
Tout en vous l'annonce et l'inspire.
Ce Dieu que j'aime, que je hais,
S'entend avec vous pour me nuire :
Il vous révéla les Secrets,
Et vous arma de son sourire.

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Quand vous marchez, dans vos habits,
C'est lui qui murmure et se joue ;
Vos Rubans, c'est lui qui les noue ;
Il se cache dans tous leurs plis :
Il se compose un dais mobile
Avec se panache flottant,
De ses jeux Emblème fragile,
Qu'il embellit en l'agitant :
C'est là qu'à l'affut pour surprendre,
Il tend ses dangereux Filets
Où tant de Cœurs viennent se prendre ;
C'est là qu'il aiguise ses traits,
Dont vous avez su vous défendre.
Fier et jaloux de vous attraits,
Par tout on le voit sur vos traces,
Il y folatre avec les Graces,
Il y sourit à votre Succès.
Votre caprice est'il d'écrire ?
L'enfant est là, prêt à dicter,
Et dès qu'on vous entend chanter,
On croit que c'est lui qui soupire,
Il est dans vos yeux, à vos pieds :
Les Talens qu'en vous on admire
Sont des amours multipliés.

Deign, Madam, to accept the wretched Attempts of a very young Poet and young Soldier, who has no other Excuse to offer for his Impertinence than this—He has seen you.

HERTS, *the 8th Octo^r.*

(Oct. 16, 1782)

. . . We are vastly happy at our dear Mrs Siddonss success—I wish you could enough master your nerves to go and see her as I am sure she would please you very much. I should like vastly to see the model of Gibraltar as I feel very eager indeed about the siege. . . .

COUNTESS SPENCER *to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.*

Oct. 19, 1782.

. . . Mrs Siddons¹ goes on very successfully indeed, it is not Lord Frederick only but every Man who sees her is in Love with her. Craufurd is quite distracted, he says he never saw any thing but Garrick at all to compare to her, and that she is far beyond

¹ On March 7, 1783, Mrs. Hannah More writes: ‘Lady Spencer took the pains to come yesterday to ask me to go with her’ [to see Mrs. Siddons].

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the Clairon¹; he goes about all day long saying 'Oh Biron Biron'²—which are some words that he says are quite enchanting in her mouth. I am a little uneasy at all this success lest it should turn the poor woman's head—who I am assured has been hitherto perfectly virtuous. . . .

. . . I was at Court on Thursday but saw and heard nothing extraordinary. The P of W dresses his hair in a new way, flattish at top—frizzed out widish of each side, and three Curls at the bottom of this frizzing. . . .

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the Countess SPENCER.*

(Oct. 19-25, 1782)

Saturday October the 19th 1782.

Sunday.

I have a good reason for not having been at Church to day and I hope besides that my Blair will plead a little for me—my reason was that there is going to be a disagreeable Court martial—Lord Corke has been so pleas'd with his command that to extend it, he has been more severe than he need be, and was suspected by C^a Warren an officer of the Middlesex to use thicker lashes than was necessary in flogging, and C^a Warren ordered his men to carry knives to destroy the lashes—this is a heavy charge against C^a Warren as it was certainly encouraging a mutiny and it probably will go hard with him—C^a Warrens story is a touching one—three years ago he kill'd his friend in a Duel for having read a letter from a Lady of character to C^a Warren aloud at the mess and since that he has been very weak in his mind—all this adds to the common unpleasantness and confinement of a court martial, and Yesterday the Duke heard he was to be president—This was the reason of our going to Plymouth instead of Church that he might get off—but we found when we came there, that Lord Berkeley is the president. . . .

¹ Mlle. Clairon (1723-1803), the great actress, of whom Voltaire wrote in 1765 :

'Toi que forma Vénus, et que Minerve aime,
Toi qui ressuscitas sous mes rustiques toits
L'Électre de Sophocle aux accents de ta voix . . .
Toi qui peins la nature en osant l'embellir,
Souveraine d'un art que tu sus ennoblir,
Toi dont un geste, un mot, m'attendrit et m'enflamme,
Si j'aime tes talents, je respecte ton âme.'

² In Southerne's play 'The Fatal Marriage' :

'What have you done with him ? he was here but now ;
I saw him here. Oh Biron, Biron ! where,
Where have they hid thee from me ? he is gone——'

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(Oct. 24-25, 1782)

Thursday.

. . . As to the ‘*Liaisons*’¹ it was the noise the book made, that tempted me to read it—I plead guilty, but I am going to defend the reading of ‘*Mes Confessions*.’

I think that the private history of a Man like Rousseau in which one may trace the wonderful progress of his great and burning genius, may excuse some indecency which is of a kind that cannot hurt—and except in a very young unmarried person I really think it is a book to be read—if Rousseau had lived when a Horace or a Catullus did, no scruple would have been made to it. As for the tendency of the book the indecency is such as cannot hurt, and the odd principles of a Mad^{moiselle} de Warens can surprise, and strike one as odious and ridiculous but cannot entice or Mislead. In Rousseau who is of course the Character that interests one, one observes a romantick sincerity and candour in allowing every fault, and with the highest ideas of honour a horror at deviating from them yet a steadiness in confessing any deviation—In the second volume one finds a very useful and easily adopted course of study (for Rousseau’s erudition was not very deep) and the whole interspers’d with language and sentiments that enchant. All this therefore must render it an interesting and surely not an useless book.

Another reason for reading it, is that every body I saw was talking of it, the Duke especially who has read it with the greatest pleasure and mark’d it all through—but I am going to astonish you for I know of another who will read it whose authority will be best of all and that is *You*. Indeed I shall make you my Dst M. . . .

Friday.

We went this morning with the Duke in the coach to C^l Dixons and with him to see the new works &c. C^l Dixon has the command of the Artillery &c. here. The first fortification we saw was a redoute finished under Lord Amherst and Lord Townsend,² but that will not be gone on with now as the plan was to have had three of them. We then crossd the water to Mt Edgecumbe where we found our horses and rode up to the new works near Maker Tower. These were plan’d by the Duke of Richmond³ and begun the 1st of August and are now near finished—they are amazingly good and a noble plan, and must answer evry object of defence.—The D. of Richmond has done more C^l Dixon says in three months than he ever saw done before—in the mere article of the contract for horses for

¹ ‘*Les Liaisons dangereuses*,’ by Laclos. Both this book and Rousseau’s ‘*Confessions*’ appeared this year.

² George, fourth Viscount and first Marquis Townshend (1724-1807).

³ The third Duke of Richmond. He was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance in this year.

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the ordinance he has sav'd 23000£ a year to government—and he has cut off all emolument, from the Engineers and artillery officers but in return to equal the pay, he has doubled the salary from the lowest Cadet to the highest officer. . . .

We are delighted with your account of Mrs Siddons—pray protect her for besides her talents as an Actress she is vastly well spoke of.

SIR W. JONES *to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.*

CHILBOLTON 24 Oct. 1782.

MADAM—I have remarked in my little practice, that many privileges of great value have been lost for want of being used ; and, as no privilege can be so valuable to me as that of writing to your Grace, I should hold myself inexcusable, if I suffered it to pass from me by delaying too long to claim it. What length of time would be the cause of so terrible a forfeiture I cannot precisely fix ; but I should not easily part with the hope, that your Grace's indulgence would restore me, when you considered the course of life to which I have been so long condemned, and in which I am still obliged to tug the oar, resigning both liberty and comfort for myself, in hopes of procuring some degree of them for others. When I was, or wished to be, a poet, I gathered roses without thorns ; but, when I became a lawyer, I found that I must content myself with *thorns without roses*, and with a very distant prospect of fruit. Yet I find the use, even in my present unpoetical career, of those fine sentences and moral reflexions with which the works of the best poets abound, and cannot help applying to one or two of my friends in the political world those sweet lines of my favourite Petrarch,

Piacciavi porre giù l'odio e lo sdegno
Venti contrari alla vita serena.

It is even fortunate for me at this crisis, that the kind assistance of your Grace and of Lady Spencer, of which I shall ever retain the most grateful remembrance, did not put it wholly in my power to raise the standard of Whiggism at Oxford ; for my friendships and obligations are so various, that, like opposite forces in mechanicks, they would have compelled me, had I now been in parliament to remain inactive ; or, if my inviolable adherence to my own principles had at all prevailed, I might have been forced to take a part against those, whom I loved and venerated. *All is, therefore, for the best*, and this maxim, the truth of which I have so often experienced, is a real consolation to me *al passar questa valle*. Should I ever enjoy that *vita serena*, of which Petrarch speaks, unmolested by the vain wrangles and contentions of publick life, and blest (if the Giver of all good should so ordain) with domestick happiness, I will compose

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a poem, of which your Grace, who has so kindly reproved me for deserting Parnassus, and as kindly commanded me to lay before you the first fruits of my return to it will be in truth both the patroness and the Muse. I meditate nothing less than an epick poem, of which I conceived the design fourteen years ago, and in which I shall contrive to introduce amid some wild flights of imagination my own ideas of *government* in that state of perfection, to which our English constitution nearly approaches.—But I restrain myself, lest I should become tedious; and beg leave only to add, that I ever shall be, as I ever have been, with a veneration, which neither prose nor poetry can sufficiently express, Madam,

Your Grace's most obliged
and truly grateful Servant

W. JONES.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the Countess SPENCER.*

(Oct. 26-28, 1782)

Monday.

. . . The wind is wonderfully high to night—there is no freak of nature that ever fails having some effect upon my heart, and I can listen to her voice in wayward and moody minutes when every thing else fatigues and annoys me—When she is all calm and soft as in a summers evening, she melts me to tears, and tunes me to sensibility.—When she spreads herself on the surface of a smooth sea, she enlarges and opens all my ideas, in the dark recess of a wood she teaches me to be thoughtful and in a garden where she multiplys her gifts, to be happy—But a storm and the loud blowing of wind, carrys me away from myself and lifts me up to thoughts that I must indulge—I must whether I will or no trace a resemblance between the state of the Elements and of the human mind and lose myself in the comparison.

Sunday the 28th Oct. 1782.

. . . Lord Shuldham sent Bess just now a letter from Falmouth to his secretary with an account that as the Spaniards had dismantled Cadiz to send the guns on board the floating Batterys and that fearing Lord Howe should hear this and make an attack on Cadiz which was defenceless that the Combin'd fleet is gone in there and therefore leaves the relief of Gibraltar open and certain. I hope this is true.

SIR W. JONES *to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.*

CHILBOLTON, 30 Oct. 1782.

Your Grace's charming letter (allow me to give it its true epithet) found me last night in one of the happiest hours that I have yet passed in my life, and in the only happy time that I have spent

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for more than two years. The kind condescension, with which your Grace has always expressed and still expresses an interest in my prosperity, gives me a just hope, or rather a perfect assurance, that you will be pleased with the prospect of happiness, which is now opening and brightening upon me. That connubial felicity, on which I took the liberty to intimate that my serenity of mind, and consequently my 'return to poetry,' entirely depended, is not, I trust, very remote; and, what will greatly add to it, she, who will be the cause and source of it, has the delightful and flattering title of your Grace's friend. From the date of this letter, and from some words perhaps in my last, you might easily discover (even if you had received no other letter from Chilbolton) that I mean Miss Shipley; of whose amiable qualities, sweet disposition, excellent understanding, and virtues of every kind, it were superfluous to enlarge, as your Grace so perfectly knows them. How can I express a sense of my felicity? Silence is in some cases, as it will be in this, the most expressive eloquence, or at least more expressive than any eloquence. We have received letters from Lady Spencer, to which, as well as to the writer, I give no epithet, because my language sinks under my feelings, and I find none equal to my ideas. Be assured that no one shall see my poem sooner than your Grace: the ode on Lord Althorp's marriage I left of course in the *corbeille*, and the little song on the change of administration I sent as soon as possible to your Grace, and am sorry that, by some mistake, the copy of Dr. Blagden had the honour of reaching you before mine; for the future I will be more careful, and hope to be more fortunate. Your Grace's *Italian* is as flattering, as your *Greek* is legible, and your *English* elegant. I wish I could add as your *Persian* is intelligible to me; but the only sense that I can make of the words on the talisman 'Obedient to the will of Ali' is such as I can only offer by guess and not as a certainty, for one or two of the letters are obscure, and I cannot perfectly make out the first word, but will attempt a more certain explanation when I can compare it with some Persian writing.—

1. Nov. How shall I express my thanks to your Grace and the Duke for your kind congratulations? How shall I express my gratitude for the very obliging manner in which you condescend to speak of me, and in which you write of my dearest Anna? The felicity, which awaits me, is indeed a blessing of heaven, which I shall incessantly labour to render myself worthy of.—Your Grace's friendship will crown the happiness of, Madam,

Your ever grateful Servant,
W. JONES.

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DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE to the COUNTESS SPENCER.

(Nov. 12, 1782)

Tuesday the 12th.

. . . Lady Eliz. comes with us my Dst Mama, and poor little soul it is impossible it should be otherwise—but my Father need not mind her in the least—She is the quietest little thing in the world and will sit and draw in a corner of the room, or be sent out of the room or do whatever you please. . . .

Lady Hinton¹ is the oddest little Woman I ever saw—very young and so childish and vulgar that one is amaz'd every now and then to hear her come out with very clever things. She was a great fortune, she has a comical ugly face and her waist is longer than her legs—She rides 13 miles an hour always and dances at the same rate. She made me laugh by her accounts of Lady Westmoreland² her friend—she says Mrs Child only desired her not to do three things—Not to ride a tall Horse, not to go on the water, and not to marry Lord Westmoreland all which she did, I think the last was the most extraordinary taste of all—

Monday [Dec. 23, 1782].

. . . Mr. Fox found his way in he is grown very fat—he says evry body is grown fat even Mr Hare and that the people that are said to be thin are only call'd so because they have not increased with the rest of the world and are just as fat as they were—. . .

Wednesday night. New Years day 1783.

. . . This morning I had a visit from Mrs Siddons she looks thin and rather coarse off the stage, but was vastly well behav'd and really quite entertaining.—. . .

The drawing room was very full, the Duchess of Rutland looked very beautiful, better than she ever was seen to do—Lady Edward was not presented—I shall know more news to morrow as I shall see the P of Wales in the morning—. . .

(Jany. 11, 1783)

Saturday.

. . . They say Lady Lucan³ asked Mrs Siddons whether in learning her part she attended most to the foundation or super-

¹ Sophia, daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Pocock. She was married in 1782 to Viscount Hinton, who in 1788 succeeded to the Peerage as the fourth Earl Poulett.

² Sarah Anne, daughter of Robert Child, Esq. She was married to the tenth Earl of Westmorland in 1782.

³ Margaret, daughter of James Smith, Esq. She was married in 1760 to Sir Charles Bingham, who was created in 1776 Baron Lucan of Castlebar, and in 1795 Earl of Lucan.

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structure and Mrs Siddons thanked her Ladyship but really did not understand her.

I have some new fashioned bracelets like Dogs collars, with a gold plate with Devonshire House, and the Duke of Devonshire wrote upon them—they were laughing at me and saying if I was lost I must be advertiz'd. . . .

Thursday the 29th of May [1783].

. . . I send to Townsend that he may forward it to you if he has an opportunity Mr Crabbes new poem the Village¹—I think it good though not so good as the Library. . . .

The following letters allude to the birth (on the 12th July) of the Duchess's first child, Georgiana Dorothy, afterwards Countess of Carlisle :

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE to the LADY ELIZABETH FOSTER.

(July 1783)

. . . She is very much admired and has a number of visiter—her cradle, robes Baskets &c. are I am afraid foolishly magnificent—they are covered with the finest lace, the baskets Laylock and Brussels lace—I had been so extravagant about myself I could not bear not indulging on this occasion—she has a present coming from the Queen of France but I dont know what it is yet. . . .

WIMBLEDON, Tuesday the 12th [Sept. 1783].

. . . On Saturday we had the Christening. Drd Angelic Bess as I know you love a detail of all concerning us I will give you of this—

I had on an habit tuve, of Lace (all joining lace trim'd with Brussels) apron &c. to suit and all white, the little girls Christening suit was of one piece of Brussels lace made there on purpose and the finest I ever saw—Harriet and her boy were very fine too and dear little John in a frock Canis² gave him—he dear Dog was in a very pretty grey frock—

My Mother, Father, the Duchess of P[ortland] were Godfather and Godmothers to mine, who is calld Georgiana Dorothy. and I the D of D and Lord Bessboro' to my sisters who is call'd Frederick Cavendish.

The hall was set out with flowers and fruit—they were Christend in the room you dressed in—there was in it a Couch coverd with muslin trim'd with Broad Lace on Pink, and all the little girls finery in Baskets &c.

¹ Published this year.

The Duke of Devonshire.

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DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the Countess Spencer.*

(Oct. 19, 1783)

. . . To day was the commencement of my Charity in honour of Georgiana—You know I give 100 a year—to cloathe 10 boys and 10 girls and school them and the surplus is laid out with an attorney at Chesterfield who will always deliver it with 2 & $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest, and is to be employed in apprenticing or marrying them or fitting them for service.

They din'd here to day—my girls have dark blue jackets, long sleeves white aprons and handkerchiefs and black silk hats—the boys blue coats silver buttons and buff waistcoats and breeches and round hats.

The School Mistress is a very ingenious as well as industrious Woman for she understands fine needlework as well as plain—the schoolmaster is a vastly handsome young man but has lost an arm. They eat their roast beef and plum pudding very comfortably and walkd back in procession—the age in general is 9 or 10. . . .

COUNTESS SPENCER *to the Duchess of Devonshire.*

BATH, Oct. 24 1783.

. . . I am delighted with your school—the boys buff waistcoats and breeches will I fear soon get dirty perhaps all blue will hereafter be found better—and the Girls hats should have been the Leghorn or straw hats which are cheap strong and pretty, and if the Boys buff waistcoats are to continue would suit them better than black hats and make a little Correspondence between the dresses of the Boys' and the Girls.— . . .

This letter is undated ; but it is inserted here as William Jones was knighted and appointed to an Indian judgeship in 1783.

LORD THURLOW *to the Duchess of Devonshire.*

MADAM,—I think it very improbable, that I shall be consulted on the appointment of a Judge in India; without which it would be improper, in my situation, to interpose at all.

If I were called upon to recommend a fit Person, I can assure Your Grace, with much truth, and simplicity, that I know no opinion, upon which I shall rely more implicitly, for a just account of Sir William Jones's character. The pretensions, which relate more immediately and peculiarly to the office, I should not expect to find much the subject of your Graces observations. But of other parts

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of Character, which are also important qualifications, no Person is more capable to discern.

I lament the accidents, which hindered my going to Buxton, on no account more, than losing the opportunity of making my Bow to Your Grace at Chattersworth : which, en suite of Doctor Denman, I take to be the most wholesome, as well as agreeable part of Buxton. I mean ; when used temperately. For, if the greedy Patient, because He has been delighted all Day, is so bewitched with the Society, as to sit up all night also, Doctor Denman may prove in the right ; and even deserve the Ear of the Enchantress Herself.

I have the honour to be

Madam

with the sincerest respect

Your Graces

most faithful and obedient Servant,

THURLOW.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE to the Countess SPENCER.

the 2nd of January 1784.

Sunday.

. . . I must give you a trait of Lord Shelburne¹—some time ago Sir Robert Cotton² who is a Cheshire man had some money concerns with Mr Fitzmorice Lord Shelburne's Brother and Lord Shelburne was to pay for him—but as there was some difficulty in Lord S and Sir Roberts meeting—Lord Cholmondeley and Lord S who were then friends were to settle it—the papers ready Lord C sent an express to Lord Shelburne to desire him to come up to town and it found him at Lord Coventry's³ who was very desirous to know why he went up in such haste—upon which Lord Shelburne with great presence of mind said—' You know my poor friend Lord Cholmondeleys circumstances are far from good—and as it may be in my power to serve him I am going to town for a meeting for that purpose'—the consequence of this lie is that probably Lord Coventry thinks Lord Cholmondeley a monster of ingratitude in voting against Lord Shelburne. . . .

(Jany. 8-10, 1784)

Thursday the 8th 1784.

. . . Of Bath I know nothing for Sunshine or snow
I'm resolved not a step from the Crescent to go

¹ The second Earl of Shelburne (1737–1805), Prime Minister. In December of this year he was created Marquess of Lansdowne.

² Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton, M.P. for Cheshire.

³ The sixth Earl of Coventry (1722–1809).

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And I'm sure of the Crescent I only can write
It stands where it did, and its houses are white

Of our London fine people what can I impart
But that Cholmondeley is tall, and that Grenville is smart
That Grevilles a coxcomb, that Crawfurd is sleek
And that Politicks hurry them from us this week

With the names of th' inhabitants, much could I fill,
Mrs Grenville whose tongue not a moment is still
Wicked Mac is a Levite Illnatur'd and wild
Mrs North and her spouse and the musical child

Though no News or amusement my letters supply
If they answer their purpose contented am I,
To cheat the Sad hours till St Albans I view
And to offer a short occupation to you. . . .

(Jany. 17, 1784)

. . . I've read the Bath guide and you'l think me a ninny
I've read the adventures of what?—of a guinea¹—
Then Buchan² and then the East India debate³—
And a Book of Lord Fredericks—Letters of State—
With some Novels in French, too, my mind I've been feeding
Which with papers and play bills's the whole of my reading
But to make up for this on my word I declare
I have read evry Sunday a Sermon of Blair . . .

(Jan. 21-24, 1784)

Wednesday.

. . . Mrs Poyntz din'd here, she is really the best kind of Woman that ever was, and her only fault, *is not her fault*, I mean her being an old Maid—but this gives her a fidgetty spirit of tidyness and order that works me to death—*c'est une étrange conséquence de la Virginité*—it really is very odd that a little finical kind of neatness should be always attendant on a Maid . . .

Sunday.

. . . There is a wild Lady Wallace⁴ here Sister to the Duchess of Gordon—her Character I believe is not good—She was playing at Whist somewhere tother night and she heard some Ladys abusing her—her partner ask'd her if she had any honours—she staid some

¹ ‘Chrysal ; or, the Adventures of a Guinea,’ by Charles Johnson.

² This was probably ‘Domestic Medicine,’ by William Buchan, M.D.

³ ‘A complete and authentic detail of the several Debates in the House of Commons on the East India Bill, &c.’

⁴ Eglantine, daughter of Sir William Maxwell, Bart. She was married in 1772 to Sir Thomas Wallace, Bart.

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time without answering and then said in very broad Scotch—I was waiting to see if those Ladies would leave me any honour at all— . . .

(Jan. 25-31, 1784)

Wednesday.

Hear oh Hear a mournful ditty,
Hear oh Hear it, Lady Fair ;
Nigh to Bladuds famous city
Sallyd forth a coach and pair.

In it was the Duke and Dutchess
Plump and Healthy to the view,
Next a scrag, for Stepney¹ such is
And Sir William Milner² too.

At the Ice the Carriage waited
And Sir William slid with care
Then the Duke and Stepney skaited
And the Dutchess took a chair.

Duke and Stepney Glory meeting
Thought the partys fame to tell
When to shew them, honours fleeting
On her back the Dutchess fell. . . .

In January of this year Lady Clermont had written from Paris : 'They are all sure there will be a revolution, and that Fox will be king'; and in the following extract the favourite of Marie Antoinette speaks of Fox with that feeling of confidence and admiration which he never failed to inspire in the enemies of his country.

DUCHESSE DE POLIGNAC *to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.*

ce 24 Janvier 1784.

... Elle [Lady Clermont] m'a demandé qu'elle était mon opinion sur vos troubles en Angleterre et si j'étois d'un party, je lui ai dit que j'étois pour Mr Fox, d'abord parceque je scavois que vous l'aimiez, de plus parceque ses discours sont si bien écrits qu'il fait mon bonheur quand je lis le courier de l'Europe, effectivement je crois qu'il est impossible de parler avec plus d'esprit et d'éloquence. . . .

¹ This was probably Sir John Stepney, the eighth baronet, M.P. for Monmouth.

² Sir William Mordaunt Milner (1754-1811).

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DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the Countess Spencer.*

(Feb. 8, 1784)

I give you I think a little political lesson ev'ry day—here is one now. If Mr Pitt succeeds—he will have brought about an event that he himself as well as ev'ry Englishman will repent ever after—for if the K. and H. of Lords¹ conquer the H. of C. he will destroy the consequence of that house and make the government quite absolute, for a Majority in the H. of Lords is always in the Kings power by creating new peers—now there are people and (though we never hear them mentioned without horror) well meaning people perhaps, who are call'd Kings friends who from being shock'd at the personal violence that has been sometimes us'd against the K—and from having a Love of Kings and an awe at the idea of them—that would not think this absolute power a bad thing—but the proof that it is, and that the constitution we have hitherto enjoy'd is a good one, is, that spite of evry public Misfortune and of a ruinous War England is still a flourishing and glorious Country and bore her losses better than any other country could do—You see then that those who are interested in the Welfare of their country for I declare I believe the D of P² and Lord Fitz³ to be as honest and independent disinterested Men as ever breath'd—cannot without some degree of Warmth and disdain see a Young Man take upon him—and rest it upon its being his *opinion*, the entirely changing the happy constitution of his country—This is an odious subject and yet considering all things do what one will it is a subject one must think and feel about.

We are now in the exciting period of the Westminster election, the centre, so to speak, round which there has accumulated the popular tradition of Fox's Duchess.

Sunday, 1784.

. . .⁴ Yesterday was the Great Meeting at Westminster both parties are perfectly satisfied with it. C. Fox was Chaired and carried round Devonshire House Court or rather drawn round it for they took his Horses out of his Carriage. He alighted and harrangued them from the Portico they gave the Duchess three Cheers also. Notwithstanding all this I fear Sir C. W[ray]'s party was much larger.

¹ 'The House of Lords on February 4 passed resolutions by a majority of nearly two to one censuring the House of Commons for attempting of their own authority to suspend the law, and interfere with the royal prerogative in the appointment of ministers.'—Lecky, iv. 302.

² The third Duke of Portland.

³ The second Earl Fitzwilliam.

⁴ This is an extract from an unsigned letter. It is not addressed to the Duchess, and I have so far been unable to identify the handwriting.

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I was not at the meeting myself but I collected this information from both sides. There was a new play last night in which the *Back Stairs* was introduced it produced an Amazing riot and they would not allow them to proceed for a long time however we got the better at last.—The P. of W. has given several parties and means to continue them every week. I understand he has not asked me to any of them so that I can tell you very little of them the Duchess seemed to think they were rather formal and dull. . . .

(March 17-26, 1784)

Thursday, March 17th, 1784.

. . . I went to the Opera with Lady Jersey and my sister, the Reine de Golconde, it was very pretty and the March I compos'd in it. . . .

Saturday.

. . . Dear Mama, George Hanger has sent me a Black boy 11 years old and very honest—but the Duke dont like my having a Black—and yet I cannot bear the poor wretch being ill us'd, if you lik'd him instead of Michel I will send him to you, he will be a cheap servant, and you will make a christian of him and good boy (perhaps a Sancho) if you dont like him they say Lady Rockingham wants one and Mr Crewe, but I own my conscience would be easier if you have him. . . .

I have made D Adhema,¹ *tout Courtisan qu'il est* give me an opposition supper, Charles Fox, Grenville, D of Portland all my tribe. . . .

(March 20-24, 1784)

Saturday the 20th.

I was at the opera, it was very full and I had several good Political fights—Lady Sefton says this is a great *Aria* in the History of England—The Duchess of Rutland said D— Fox, upon which Colonel St. Leger with great difficulty spirited up Lady Maria Waldegrave² to say D— Pitt. We had quite an opposition supper at D Adhemars, much against the grain with him—there was Mr Fox Grenville Lord Malden Colonel St Leger all our men in short—we play'd a little after supper and I very moderately won a few guineas. . . .

Wednesday.

. . .³ The great seals were stole this Morning—the King

¹ Count d'Adhemar, the French Ambassador.

² Charlotte Maria, second daughter of the second Earl of Waldegrave.

³ 'Early this morning some thieves broke into the back part of the house inhabited by the Lord Chancellor [Thurlow], in Great Ormond Street; . . . they went up stairs, into a room adjoining the study, where they found the great seal of England; this they took from out the two bags, in which it is always kept, carrying away with them the plain seal only, or rather the two parts, which constitute the whole.'—*Annual Register*, 24 March 1784.

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declared he would dissolve the Parliament and it will be to-morrow—I hope the D will bring in another member—I am Dressing and the D of Portland and C Fox are writing in my room. . . .

DUCHESS OF PORTLAND *to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.*

(April 13, 1784)

MY DEAREST DUCHESS,—I am happy to tell you of Our Success to day for Westminster we beat them by forty five, which has put us into great spirits you may believe—Evry body is so anxious for your return that I do hope you will come to town at latest tomorrow Evening, for if we should lose this (at last they will think) it is owing to your absence.—Mr. Coke has given up Norfolk finding that his success was very doubtful. I hope you found Lady Spencer better

Yours most affec'

Tuesday.

D. P.

I do verily believe Mr Fox will succeed, everybody seems to be of that opinion if people will continue to assert themselves—I am worn out almost and must beg of you to Come tomorrow There are a great many Votes that you can command and No One else, and now if You only stop at peoples doors it will be quite sufficient, and really your presence is quite expected—so tomorrow morning Pray be here early.—

With this may fitly be compared a verse of one of the election songs :

'E'en cobblers she canvass'd, they would not refuse,
But huzza'd for Fox and "no wooden shoes."
She canvass'd the tailors, and ask'd for their votes,
They all gave her plumpers, and cried, "no turncoats."
Then let each of us say,
May the D——l take Wray,
And Charley and Liberty carry the day.'

DUKE OF PORTLAND *to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.*

LONDON, Wednesday Even : 14 April 1784.

MY DEAR DUCHESS,—As I believe you to be just as incapable of superstition as of anger I am under no apprehension of incurring the latter by denying my assent to Your account of your own Character and the State of the Poll for these last two days is a better argument than any other I can give for refusing to concur in Your opinion of Yourself. Every one is convinced that Your

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exertions have produced the very material alteration which has happened in Fox's favor, and will continue to preserve and improve it into a decisive Majority, but be assured that if it could be imagined that Your absence was imputable to any other Cause than Your affection to Lady Spencer and Your anxiety, (I hope perfectly unnecessary) for the State of Her health, and that a suspicion should arise of Your having withdrawn Yourself from the Election, a general Languor would prevail, Despondency would succeed, and the Triumph of the Court would be the inevitable Consequence. However it may seem, depend upon it, that this Representation is not exaggerated; and if You will give me Credit in this respect, which I *seriously* assure You is due to me, I think We shall have the pleasure of seeing You in the course of tomorrow.

I have done all I can by writing with Plumer, and perhaps as much as I could do by Conversation, but I think it unfortunate that I missed seeing him yesterday by dining out and going to Mr. Kemble's benefit, as it is hardly probable that I shall meet Him before the Election. He is extremely timid and somewhat jealous perhaps of maintaining his former Rank upon the Poll, and by what I hear not a little alarmed by an hint he had given Him from Hitchin of the effect of his Support of Ossory and St John on the minds of the Dissenters at that place wherever I have had an opportunity of assisting Halsey I have done it with Zeal, and have considered it to be my Duty, but I despair of getting Plumer to cooperate with me, and my good Wishes to Halsey will not blind me so far as not to look upon Plumer's Safety as the first and principal object of my View in Herts. Plumer certainly has a difficult game to play, and it is almost impossible for a Bystander to decide for Him, as much must depend upon Circumstances which can and ought only to be known by very few. From what You tell me of Northampton You can judge how little Common Report is to be trusted, and how little Reliance can be placed on the Gratitude and Attachment of Voters of any description the Necessity of withholding confidence, and what is worse but I fear as true that of distrusting those with whom We are obliged to act, is a miserable and mortifying Reflection.

I will not trespass longer upon Your time as I hope to see You so *very soon*.

My dear Duchess
Ever most sincerely Yours &c.
PORTLAND.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE to the Countess SPENCER.

As I felt tired and heated I dont go out but my Sister is gone to the opera quite well to sport her Cockade. D Adhemar before he

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got my letter boasted last night that he had des sures and I believe he said bonnes nouvelles that we should be beat and so did Lady Essex—That our triumph was compleat as the news came there.

Charles Fox is last on the Poll, but we hope to get forward on Monday at all Events St Albans is a great comfort. Other Elections go on ill—but Let Northampton Westminster and York succeed we shall not be disgrac'd. . . .

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE to the Countess SPENCER.

I would give the world to be with you for I am unhappy beyond measure here and abus'd for nothing Yet as it is begun I must go on with it—they will not give it up and they insist upon our all continuing to canvass—in short they say having begun and not going on would do a deal of harm. I shall go to church to day, but I am really so vex'd (though I dont say so) at the abuse in the newspapers that I have no heart left—it is very hard they should single me out when all the women of my side do as much. . . .

Fox was elected on the 17th May. In honour of the event there was a procession to Devonshire House, 'closed by the coaches and six of the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland with numerous attendants' (*Annual Register*, p. 192), while as a tribute to the exertions of the Duchess in the cause, a flag was displayed with the legend 'Sacred to Female Patriotism' (Wraxall, *l.c.* p. 348).

(June 16-18, 1784)

Thursday.

. . . The reform bill¹ was lost last night by 50—Pitt and Fox for it. Great simptoms of Rigbys changing—! he has had it is suppos'd Mr Robinson² to Dinner—The Conways too are suppos'd to be veering—Bob Conway³ said that It would break Lord Hertfords heart if they were much longer in opposition—This morning I went to Lady Walpole, to my Aunt to Lady Melbourne—nobody din'd with us and I began dressing for Dadhemars ball—I had a white gauze pettycoat an apron bound with black, my sash with the Queen of Frances pearl buckle under my gown and a Robe turke of white gauze clouded with black and a kind of Spanish gauze hat with feathers hanging down a gauze puffing handkerchief bound with

¹ 'A motion was made that a Committee be appointed to take into consideration the present state of the Representation of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament.'—'Journals of the House of Commons.'

² John Robinson (1727-1802), Secretary of the Treasury from 1770 to 1782, Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests from 1787. He was the recognised medium of ministerial corruption, and those whom he managed to bring over from the Opposition were known as 'Robinson's Rats.'

³ Lord Robert Seymour Conway, M.P., third son of the first Earl of Hertford.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

black and a great nosegay of Corn flowers—my Sister was in a grey gown, plain black hat at the back of her head and look'd vastly well—We went first to Lady Georges¹ where I saw Lady Digby² and Mrs. Walpole. We then went to the ball, where there was only married women except Miss Gunnings and Miss Hudson—the room was decorated with sprigs and wreaths and lamps—very pretty but hot. I danc'd with the Prince, with Lord Strathhaven and Lord St Asaph³—this last is good natur'd and looks sensible, Gentlemanlike and Ghastly.—I play'd a little to cool before I came home and won tout soit peu—My S^r danc'd a little and look'd charmingly. . . .

(June 17, 1784)

Thursday.

. . . The Duchess of Portland has mortify'd me by her humility in saying that though Dear Georgiana was a very pretty child she was afraid she had too Cavendish a face to be a handsome woman.

. . .

(June 18-23, 1784)

Tuesday.

I could not stir all day—in the Evening I had a few people and the Prince came in with Ned Bouverie,⁴ to tell me that George FitzRoy⁵ is just gone off with Laura Keppel—Lord Southampton would not consent. . . .

(June 23-25, 1784)

. . . On Wednesday Morning C Fox Fitzpatrick and Lord Robert happened to meet by Lord Shelburne's gate, Sheridan and Hare came up and the Prince of Wales rode by when they saw they were watch'd from Lord Chathams and they directly made Fitzpatrick go and enquire after his nephews &c at Shelburne House to make y^m believe there was a treaty, there certainly is not with the ministers and Malagrida.⁶ . . .

¹ Elizabeth, daughter of the seventh Earl of Northampton. She was married in 1782 to Lord George Cavendish.

² Mary, the second wife of the seventh Baron Digby, who was subsequently (1790) created Earl Digby.

³ George, second son and heir of the second Earl of Ashburnham.

⁴ Edward, second son of the first Viscount Folkestone.

⁵ George Ferdinand Fitzroy (1761-1810), eldest son of Lord Southampton, married this year Laura, daughter of Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter.

⁶ 'His [Lord Shelburne's] adversaries accused him of systematic duplicity and insincerity. They even asserted that . . . his very countenance and features eloquently indicated falsehood. In order to fix upon him so injurious an imputation, they gave him the epithet of Malagrida, from the name of a Portuguese Jesuit well known in the modern history of that kingdom.'—Wraxall's 'Memoirs,' ii. 63.

DEVONSHIRE LETTERS

(Aug. 19-23, 1784)

[CHATSWORTH] *Sunday.*

We dawdled about to day—we drove out—Lady Eliz rode—and when we returned home we wetted Charles Wyndham at the Copper tree and the Cascade house . . .

COUNTESS SPENCER *to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.*

Augt. 26, 1784.

. . . Your dresses were very pretty—Why did not you rather dance with some of the Gentlemen of the County than with Mr Wyndham the second night. . . .

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the COUNTESS SPENCER.*

(Sept. 7-10, 1784)

Saturday.

We rode to the top of Calton and sat down on the heath to see George and Jack Townsend shoot—the Duke made us laugh very much by teasing Colonel Crawfurd who is very lazy in trying to make him run up the hill. Colonel Crawfurd is you know very gallant and had been saying all manner of fine things to Lady Eliz, so the Duke threw her whip down the steepest part of the hill that he might fetch it, but his gallantry did not reach so far for he would not go. . . .

Monday.

We did not come down till late and at about one Dr Johnson and his friend Dr Taylor arriv'd—he look'd ill but they say is wonderfully recover'd He was in great good humour and vastly entertaining though his first debut was dry—he said upon young Burkes asking him if he was quite well—Sir I am not half well, no nor a quarter well—and he talk'd in too high a strain about new friendships and Aristotle but when he got more at his ease the Duke took him under the Lime trees and he was wonderfully agreeable indeed. We set him on the subject of Topham Beauclerk—he said he had mind that had it not been perverted was capable of anything but that as his wine was strong and high so was his vinegar sour—he talk'd of his temper and said he seldom spoke but with a design of hurting, but added he I told him that he faild in hurting me when he attempted it, by the force of anything he said ; he only hurt me by the design.

Dr J was likewise very entertaining about Sir William Jones learning—in short Lady Eliz and me were very sorry to leave him for the public day—he din'd here and does not shine quite so much in eating as in conversing, for he eat much and nastily.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Dr. Johnson, writing to Sir Joshua on September 9, mentions his visit: 'At Chatsworth I met young Mr. Burke, who led me very commodiously into conversation with the D. and Duchess. We had a very good morning. The dinner was public.'—Boswell's 'Johnson,' ed. B. Hill, iv. 367.

COUNTESS SPENCER *to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.*

Sept. 16, 1784.

. . . Your account of Doctor Johnson is delightful—he must be an high entertainment to the Duke who knows how to value wit and knowledge like his when conveyed in pure and forcible language though sometimes perhaps a little affected. Doctor Johnson's Judgment as a Critic is often prejudiced and his Manners are unpolished and even brutal, but upon the whole he is one of the first Genius's we have—is possessed of great taste and extensive learning has the strongest principles of Religion founded on the firmest Conviction of the truths of Christianity which he never fails to assert, with the highest sense of all Moral Virtues these last qualifications so rarely to be found in Men of superior Talents, or at least so seldom avowed by them—has always made me respect and honour him, as one of the great supports of Piety and Virtue which are seldom—the former especially so much as thought of by the general run of our modern wits and witlings—but Addison and Johnson will outlive all their Rubbish. . . .

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the COUNTESS SPENCER.*

(Sept. 23-26, 1784)

Friday.

. . . Sir William has succeeded Lord Jersey in being a Lover of Lady Eliz.—he is quite desperate—I tell her she is like Susannah tempted by the Elders.

Monday.

. . . Some of the man got extremely Drunk¹ and both Miss Lloyd and Lady Eliz if they had not made a sudden retreat would have been the victims of a Drunken Clergyman who very nearly fell upon them. . . .

(Feb. 14, 1785)

. . . There is a ball to night at Lady Beauchamps² Tuesday Lady Lucans (I go upon PARTICULAR invitation) Wednesday Princes—Thursday D Adhemars—Friday Mrs Poole (who was Miss Forbes) Saturday the Prince and Monday the survivors Dance Scotch reels at the Duchess of Gordons. . . .

¹ At the public dinner.

² Mary, wife of the second Baronet, Sir Thomas Beauchamp.

DEVONSHIRE LETTERS

(Feb. 18, 1785)

Tuesday Night.

The Duchess of Gordon made a great riot at the opera—Lord William persuaded her it was a mark of respect to the blood royal of France to kiss them when introduced which accordingly she very cordially did the Duc de Chartres¹— Lady Lucans was a very pretty ball—Nannette and Miss Moleswood were in very pretty white dresses with puce velvet bodys,— Nannettes dancing is vastly pretty but my Sister is without question the best—I sup'd and was home about 3—

Wednesday.

I was too tired to write—my Sister and I were very smart for Carlton House, our gowns were night gowns of my invention—the body and sleeves black velvet bound with pink and fasten'd with silver buttons The petticoat light pink, and the skirt apron and handkerchief crape bound with light pink and large chip hats with feathers and pinks—My shape look'd very decent—my Sister look'd vastly pretty— the Palace will be one of the finest in the world when finish'd—they danc'd last night in the petit appartement—the Dancing room white and Gold the outward room Lailoch and jonquil Scaghola highly polish'd and gilt—the supper rooms the Library and a small music room, beautiful white and gold and light blue furniture—the Duchess of Gordon was drest in the princes uniform—blue and buff and his buttons—they ² her by pinning foxes tails to her back—

I forgot telling you yet they danc'd a scotch reel at Lady Lucans the prettiest thing I ever saw the D, the Duchess of Gordon Lord Strathavon³ and Miss North. . . .

(June 6, 1785)

. . . Though tir'd I am quite delighted at the musick where I have been I went with Lady George and Lady Horatia and my Sister with D of Devonshire for we were in separate places—it was glorious—I wonder how ye King can stand the Coronation Anthem it would make me cry my Eyes out. . . .

(Oct. 23, 1785)

Sunday Night the 23d.

. . . D Adhemar was forbid Lord Parkers⁴ house for having put

¹ Louis Philippe Joseph d'Orléans (1747–93), better known as Philippe Egalité.
² Illegible.

³ Son of the Earl of Aboyne, whom he succeeded in the peerage in 1794. In 1836, on the death of his cousin the fifth Duke of Gordon, he became Marquess of Huntly. In the course of his long career 'he danced with Marie Antoinette, Princess Charlotte and Queen Victoria.'

⁴ George, Viscount Parker, who in 1795 succeeded to the peerage as the fourth Earl of Macclesfield. He married Mary Frances, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Drake.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

his leg on Lady Ps lap—when it was once there as he had ye palsey in it he could not get it back again and when she was in a passion about it he said c'est que je voulez m'allonger. . . .

(Oct. 31, 1785)

BULSTRODE,¹ Monday.

. . . The Place is beautiful, the walks round puts me often in mind of Richmond gardens The House when it is warmer will be very comfortable— There are some very good portraits and a few good pictures besides, a Claude and a Landscape by Bett and one great delight is ye number of readable books in my room— the Old reading Closet is vastly pretty and there seems to be a collection of french books a little like yours—out of this room is a pretty little oratoire with fine painted windows—and a china closet— The Chapel is very fine, and very good paintings by Richer² I think they said, but he has put his own figure in a full bottom'd wig and his mistresses peeping through ye door at ye Lords Supper.

Monday we went this morning to ye Menagerie, where I saw the porcupine ; it is frightful and alarm'd me very much when it came out of its house, there are numbers of gold and silver pheasants and a fine crown bird. . . .

(Dec. 25 [1785])

Sunday Eve^r.

. . . Mr Selwyn met Mr Dutens,³ who told [him] he was in possession of a tooth of Scipio Africanus's, that he had long waited for a vacancy and having luckily lost a tooth should put Scipios in its place—Mr Selwyn said to him he believ'd it was the first time *such a thing had come into any ones head.* . . .

COUNTESS SPENCER to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Monday, Feb. 6, 1786.

. . . The Duke has gone out a hunting, he told me this morning that the Pr: of Wales asked yesterday when you went to Newmarket and said he should go there to you— What will you do about going to the opera with Mrs Fitzherbert. I wish it could be avoided—for it is certainly very plain that both he and she mean to shew they are not upon the same footing they were—She cannot be his wife what then is she?— Why does a private Gentlewoman take every subscription in her box at the Opera to herself, why does she change from a very prudent behaviour about him to a very imprudent one—suffering him to sit and talk to her all the opera to

¹ The Duke of Portland's house, afterwards sold to the Duke of Somerset.

² Ricci.

³ Louis Dutens (1730–1812), editor of Leibnitz, and historiographer to the king. He was the author of a tract, ‘Sur l'arbre généalogique des Scipions.’

DEVONSHIRE LETTERS

carry her picture (or her Eye) which is the same thing about and shew it to people, letting his Carriage be constantly seen at her door especially in a Morning to carry him home—all these things put it past a doubt that they are Married, but in what light do you mean to appear will you go about with his Mistress or do you mean to countenance and support such a Marriage—at all events how much better will it be for you to stay out of Town till people are grown more accustom'd to the thing, and till some respectable people, if any such will do it, have set you an example—the Duchess of Portland has ask'd the Duke what she must say if the Pr : was to make her any request about it and he has charged her at all events to decline and if that will not do to refuse it, as she can upon no grounds, countenance and support such a connection. As yet no body but Lady Beauchamp and Lady Broughton¹ have been with her and these cannot be examples to follow. . . .

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the Countess Spencer.*

(Feb. 7, 1786)

. . . Indeed you have taken a wrong alarm in ye first place, I know him well enough to be certain he will not come to Newmarket.

As to Mrs. F. I never will go to the opera with her, I never did and never will and she knows it—What I mean to do is this—I knew that her intentions once were perfectly honourable and prudent—seeing another turn had taken place, I strongly disuaded him from his ideas and I declare I do not know that any thing has taken place—She encourages him you say in public and she receives his visits—I search into nothing and only wish to keep entirely out of it—I shall leave my name with her and if I have a large assembly ask her, because Mrs F an unmarried woman suffering ye visits of an unmarried man is no reason for not being civil to her—but this is all I will do and I will avoid the assembly if you like it and indeed from my own choice I shall not have one and only mention'd the possibility of carrying my utmost civility so far. . . .

DUKE OF DORSET *to the Duchess of Devonshire.*

PARIS, March 2nd, 1786.

. . . I must tell you the Baccelli² will soon be in London I dont wish you to do anything for her *openly* but I hope que quand il s'agit

¹ Mary, wife of the sixth Baronet, the Rev. Sir Thomas Broughton.

² The Duke of Dorset was now Ambassador in Paris. ‘He had been from early youth a devotee to pleasure. The celebrated Nancy Parsons . . . was one of his mistresses. She made way for the Countess of Derby, who in her turn was eclipsed by the Baccelli, one of the most attractive dancers of our time.’—Wraxall, iii. 204.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

de ses talens you will commend her I assure you she is une bonne fille very clever and *un excellent coeur* her dancing is really wonderful Gardel thinks her the best here and that without flattering her for he tells everybody the same thing you know sa petite jalouse qui dans le fait etoit assez simple je ne lui connois que ce defaut la si c'en est un. . . .

PARIS, March 16th, 1786.

. . . D'Asté Grammont younger Brother to the Duc de Guiche sets out this week for London, you will like him *very well*, il est assez aimable, he dances comme un ange but dont much like dancing at Balls, he prefers stage dancing and if the Baccelli had staid, there was to have been a little fête at Choisy, where he, Coigny and Baccelli were to have danced un pas de trois. *parlez lui de moi.*

PARIS, April 6th, 1786.

. . . Remember you told me you were now Seven and Twenty years old *consider what an age* that is, in France you would be reckoned an elderly woman as we marry our young folks at 12 and 14. . . .

We all dined with Mrs B¹ dans le hameau dans le jardin de Trianon we were thirty in all, the chief amusement after dinner consisted in throwing each others hats into the pièce d'Eau, and Lord George was the only one who could punt a boat so that he was deputed to fish them out again. . . .

PARIS, April the 8th, 1786.

. . . The notables² are adjourned till Wednesday, their proceedings put the King a good deal out of humour and I should not be surprised to see them suddenly dismissed. . . .

PARIS, June 1st, 1786.

. . . The Cardinal's³ affair was decided in his favour, by 26 against 22 to the great joy of most people. I am amazingly curious to see Mrs. B. we had a great deal of talk about this business the other day, and I happened to say, that if the Parliament was just, the Cardinal must be acquitted, she was of another opinion, and thought him censurable, her prejudice against him has always been kept up by the Baron de Breteuil, who Mrs. B. has been led by, in the whole of the affair ; now her eyes are opened, I hope to God

¹ Mr. and Mrs. B. are the King and Queen of France.

² The Notables were convened by the advice of Calonne.

³ Louis René Edouard, Cardinal Prince de Rohan (1734-1803). The affair of the diamond necklace is alluded to. 'On that 31st of May 1786, a miserable Cardinal Grand-Almoner Rohan, on issuing from his Bastille, is escorted by hurrahing crowds : unloved he, and worthy of no love ; but important since the Court and Queen are his enemies.'—Carlyle.

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she will renvoyer le Baron, with the contempt he deserves, you have no notion how *Mrs B* has hurt herself in the opinion of the public, by supporting such a tyrannical haughty, and silent minister ; the little *Po*¹ and her friends are all against ce Diable de Baron ; next week I hope to acquaint you with *his exile*, and that he may be sent to occupy the Cardinals apartment in the Bastile. Mde. de la Motte is to be fouettée et marquée and imprison'd for life son associé, aux Galeres pour la vie. Cagliostro his wife and Mde. Oliva, set at liberty. the Diamonds to be paid for by the Cardinal. Adieu my dearest Duchess.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE to the Countess SPENCER.

(Oct. 16-18, 1786)

Monday the 16.

. . . We dind late. Sheridan won the wager of the Duke and Hare and Lord Duncannon has been Drunk with spirits about it—we play'd at Cribbage in the evening and Miss Lloyd came out and play'd—I can remember no jokes except Hares saying if he betted to kill a hare he not only would fire at it sitting but have it tied first too and there was a grand dispute between Sheridan and Fitz² about their verses and who was the best poet. . . .

(Oct. 17, 1786)

Tuesday 17.

. . . Sheridan is very cross indeed—and Mrs S quite dreads going to Crewe for the mistress of that house from her perpetual blunders and folly gets her all day long into scrapes. . . .

(Oct. 19-25, 1786)

Friday.

We went out of riding this beautiful day—Hare made us laugh, he said to Bess—I wish you would fall in love with me, and then he said tell me because I must be in town the 29.—he says Lord Dun, seems to take such sly revenge on the cards, giving y^m a bounce unawares and y^t at Brookes, he says after having swore in a violent way, in the meekest voice to the waiter I'll thank you for a cup of weak tea! . . .

Wednesday, 25 Oct. 1786.

We played at whist as usual. Bess and the Duke ag^t ye Bishop [of Peterborough] and Dr. M. and she improves apace. *I teach.*

. . . The Duke is improv'd, though not much I confess And instructed by me, a dab soon will be, Bess;

¹ The Duchesse de Polignac.

² Fitzpatrick.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

To the Doctor the Bishop, oft angrily said,
God bless me *good Sir*, such a card neer was playd.
And the Doctor *gude Mon*, who for speech has a thirst
Had incurred a new fault, eer he'd softend ye first.

. . . I must tell you a conversation I had with the Doctor—he was running down Fitzpatrick and Sheridan—not in regard to their cleverness for he allowed them to be very clever, but for their making all Dutys cheap and calling Y^m prejudices—he said especially Duty to Parents—good God said he, if I had evry personal ambition gratifyd and one of my sons or daughter was to be ungrateful I'm sure I should die.—and Do you think that your Mother Lady Spencer admired and lov'd and happy as she is would be a moment easy if you your Brother and sister did not love her—

He then told me the following story of Dr Johnson—he heard it himself—a gentleman in Parliament, was asked in company with Johnstone—why he had not been at the House of Commons some day—he said because there was only Erskine and some Lawyers pleading—and pray Sir says Johnstone why is that a reason—because replied the member how can one care for the *argument* of a Lawyer who is pleading for *pay* and whose argument is perhaps against his opinion—Sir says Johnson, what does that signify—*argument* is still argument whoever be the Speaker—Argument Sir is like a bullet from a gun, that flys with equal force, whether the trigger be drawn by the hands of a child or of a giant—but Sir Assertion is another thing—Assertion you are to despise or credit according to the person who asserts—assertion Sir is like an arrow, whose swiftness depends upon the strength of sinew of the Arm that shoots it from the bow. Dr. Moore quite delighted, said something to Johnson, expressive of the pleasure the Illustration gave him, upon which Dr Johnson shook him by the hand and said Dr Moore it is none of mine, it is Lord Bacons. . . .

(Dec. 23, 1786)

BUXTON, the 23, 1786.

. . . I am quite enchanted with Pascals lettres Provinciales—their Eloquence is wonderful and the unmasking the Jesuits a most interesting and amusing narrative—Boileau it is said read them as the most entertaining book he knew to the Marechal de Turenne, at Chantilly.—I have brought pensée de Pascale with me—I think I shall not turn Jansenite, yet he is so much in favour with me now that I must not answer.

We have all been reading mad—Bess and I, Mad^{me} de Maintenon and the Duke evry thing belonging to Ceasar, Hooker, Vertots revolution romaine, Plutarch—

I am going to hunt through M^{me} de Sévigné for her praise of my new favourite Pascal.

DEVONSHIRE LETTERS

In praising Pascal to you, I am doing perhaps like La Fontaine, who it is said by chance looking into the Apocrypha saw something that pleas'd him very much in Baruch and went about telling evry body Oh le grand poete que Baruch L'avez vous Lue?—But I should have thought letters upon a dispute of monks must have been dull—they say all Arnaud wrote against the Jesuits was so but the moment Pascal took the pen his book grew the favourite of the town and never was answered—. . .

(Dec. 29, 1786)

. . . Magnetism goes on at a great rate and *transporting* which is seeing any absent person by gathering a rose—quelles folies. . . .

1st Jan^r 1787.

My mind can no comfort or happiness fix
On seventeen hundred and eighty and six ;
For Sorrow and Folly delighted to mix
With seventeen hundred and eighty and six ;
Abounding alone in unpromising tricks
Was seventeen hundred and eighty and six ;
And none was eer worse I can swear by ye Styx
Than seventeen hundred and eighty and six.

Be smooth in your course as the waters of Leven
Oh seventeen hundred and eighty and seven ;
May each day with improvement be full as eleven
Oh seventeen hundred and eighty and seven ;
But were you as rough as the Mountains of Cevenne
Oh seventeen hundred and eighty and seven
Compar'd to last year you would still be a heaven
Oh seventeen hundred and eighty and seven. . . .

DUKE OF DORSET to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

PARIS, March 8th, 1787.

. . . All the French are aimable si vous voulez but they are capricious and inconstant, especially the women—even the little Po who today vous comblera d'amitié et de tendresse et puis le jour après pourvû qu'elle trouve à jouer elle vous plante là et ne vous parle de la journée—in short I have really no friend here but Mrs B and then I see her so seldom that I forget half what I want to say to her. The frenchmen are all jealous and treacherous for they tell everything to one another so that between the capriciousness of the fair sex and the want I have of confidence in the other je me sens vraiment malheureux, I assure you my dearest Duchess this is a

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

true picture of my feelings, mon ambassade m'ennuie I feel there is very little pleasant in serving an ungrateful minister, no answer as yet to Eden's¹ letter. Mrs B asks me every day about it, I have secured Monmorin and he is to repeat to the busy body the same as old Vergennes did, I suppose you will hear talk of my ball it has made a great noise at Paris and the more so as there has not been one given this year, you may see que les sociétés des agré ables et des élégantes n'aiment pas à distribuer leur argent. Another thing too, I am spending at the rate of near eleven thousand pounds a year (though I was promised three years ago that something should be done about an increase of salary) for to do honour to those who have never shewn me the smallest mark of attention or civility—all this is really provoking this is paying very dear to partake of *Mr Pitt's gate of wind*. L'Assemblée de Notables is suspended for a few days the disputes and discussions have been violent, I will just transcribe to you part of my official letter which will give you the best idea of what is going on. 'the three last days of the meetings have been past in the discussion of the Impôt Territoriel (or Tythe of Lands) whether it should be received in kind or in money, the result has been humbly to represent to the King that it was impossible to come to any resolution upon the subject until an exact state of the deficiency of the revenues shall have been laid before them, and until the Comptroller General's accounts shall have been inspected. In consequence of this step taken by the several boards the King has suspended all deliberation till further orders.' the King will certainly not consent to lay the accounts before them, so how it will end nobody knows. The current expenses of the last year amounted to no less a sum than 113 millions of livres tournois extraordinary *that is* the expenses exceeded the receipts that sum which is quite astonishing. . . .

PARIS, April 19th, 1787.

. . . You will have heard of Necker, and Calonne's banishment, what a horrid government (between friends) this is, the latter was within a hairs breadth of being Maitre de la destinée de la France and in 24 heures il est renvoyé en exile comme un malheureux; jugés quel empire qu'a Mrs B sur l'esprit de son mari, she felt her power and influence in danger and got rid of her rival dans un clin d'œil. Voila ce qui s'appelle partout avoir du caractère. Adieu my dear Duchess. I shal expect particulars when the little Po arrives.

¹ Afterwards Lord Auckland. The Envoy Extraordinary who negotiated the commercial treaty with France.

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DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE *to the Countess Spencer.*

(May 7, 1787)

(Oct. 14, 1787)

Wednesday.

. . . Sheridan goes tomorrow ; we kept him to day by main force, absolutely. He is amazingly entertaining. He is going to Weirstay to shoot for a silver arrow he is such a boy. . . .

DUKE OF DORSET *to the Duchess of Devonshire.*

PARIS, July 12th, 1787.

. . . La comtesse Diane has obtained four hundred thousand livres from the King to pay her debts, in consideration of her extraordinary expences during her stay at Fontainebleau pendant deux ou trois voiajes where she kept open house for the Queen when you write to the *Po* dont mention this circumstance. Mrs. B. goes to Trianon on the 25th of this month it will be dull for me then as I can only go there in a morning. A company of Italian buffos are arrived and next week they begin to perform au théâtre de la ville de Versailles, there is a subscription for them for 3 months at 15 Louis each subscriber, I have paid mine which I shall resign to the Roman in case I go to England, he arrives to day or to morrow pour les causes de l'ambassadrice de Suède and is to hold the Child at the Christening for the King who is to be godfather. Adieu my dearest Duchess and believe me always most truly, sincerely, and affectionately your à jamais. . . .

PARIS, July 25th, 1787.

. . . The D of Richmond's news was not absolutely true but the *rebellion is in Holland* instead of the Low Countries the devil take the Dutch say I we shall know a great deal in a very few days, the last letter from the Court to England will convince our ministers the french dont desire to go to War, and it will be the height of folly if we do pour cette bête de Stathouder, the King of Prussia is also peaceably inclined though he was amazingly exasperated at the treatment of his sister. Voila assez de politique, parlons de nos affaires the dear little *Po* wrote to you last week and I gave her letter to Lord Sackville to give to you, she told me she had not acquainted you with any news but she had left that *little task* to me, sçachez donc that the Duc de Polignac¹ has resigned his office of Joint-postmaster at the *particular request of the Queen*, he (as you may easily imagine) behaved in the most handsome manner possible

¹ 'Duke de Polignac demonstrates, to the complete silencing of ministerial logic, that his place cannot be abolished ; then gallantly, turning to the Queen, surrenders it, since her Majesty so wishes.'—Carlyle.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

upon the occasion but what do you think of asking it of him ; the pretext is that his place is to be reformed and sink into that of the Baron d'Ogny's who has the department des lettres, the little *Po* dans son *petit coeur* is in the deepest affliction at this event but talks of it to *very few*, she sees *Mrs. B.* is led away by two *devilish* priests who by degrees will soon get the better of her and make her afraid of acting des mouvements de son coeur, it is not l'intérêt de la place qui touche la petite *Po* but it is le réfroidissement de sentiment de la part de *Mrs B* qui lui fait une peine qu'elle ne peut pas perdre. She thinks of nothing but of her retraite de la cour dans deux ans, when the Duc de Normande¹ passera aux hommes. She is determined then to go to England to which country she is attached from the many happy days she spent there poor little soul dont you pity her, with all this *Mrs. B.* l'accable des bontés, mais elle dit, la confiance n'est plus en moi mon coeur me le dit et les attentions n'adoucissent point mes peines. You would be surprised with all this dans l'esprit, how gay she appears to be, par l'amour de dieu dont let this even pass your lips *but to Bess* when *Mrs. B.* loses the little *Po* she may bid adieu to all happiness, at her time of life she will never meet with another real friend when you write to the *Po* dont let her know I have *said so much.* . . .

LE CHEV. DE FALGUIERES-TROUPEL to the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

(Londres, le 10 Décembre, 1787)

. . . A l'époque où Louis Seize manda à Versailles le parlement de Bourgogne, quelques officiers de cette province m'offrirent de lui faire prendre les armes Si l'Angleterre voulois m'accorder trois cents hommes nécessaires pour l'emparer de la ville et de l'arsenal d'Auxône; je fis part de leur proposition à M. Pitt en tachant de lui démontrer que Si le roi, en Sa qualité d'électeur d'Hannovre, me chargeoit de lever une légion dans les villes d'Allemagne frontières de la Suisse, j'aurois l'air de déserter avec ce corps et par là l'objet seroit rempli sans compromettre que moi. Ce ministre trouva ou voulut trouver la chose impracticable. . . .

¹ The second son, afterwards Louis XVII. The Duchesse de Polignac was gouvernante des enfants de France.

A POET'S PRAYER BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS



HAT I have felt the rushing wind of
Thee;
That I have run before thy blast to sea;
That my one moment of transcendent
strife
Is more than many years of listless life;
Beautiful Power, I praise Thee: yet I send
A prayer that sudden strength be not the end.
Desert me not when from my flagging sails
Thy breathing dies away, and virtue fails:
When Thou hast spent the glory of that gust,
Remember still the body of this dust.
Not then when I am boundless, without bars,
When I am rapt in hurry to the stars;
When I anticipate an endless bliss,
And feel before my time the final kiss,
Not then I need Thee: for delight is wise,
I err not in the freedom of the skies;
I fear not joy, so joy might ever be,
And rapture finish in felicity.
But when Thy joy is past; then comes the test,
To front the life that lingers after zest:
To live in mere negation of thy light,
A more than blindness after more than sight.
'Tis not in flesh so swiftly to descend,
And sudden from the spheres with earth to blend;
And I, from splendour thrown, and dashed from dream,
Into the flare pursue the former gleam.
Sustain me in that hour with Thy left hand,
And aid me, when I cease to soar, to stand;
Make me Thy athlete even in my bed,
Thy girded runner though the course be sped;
Still to refrain that I may more bestow,
From sternness to a larger sweetness grow.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

I ask not that false calm which many feign,
And call that peace which is a dearth of pain.
True calm doth quiver like the calmest star;
It is that white where all the colours are;
And for its very vestibule doth own
The tree of Jesus and the pyre of Joan.
Thither I press: but O do Thou meanwhile
Support me in privations of Thy smile.
Spaces Thou hast ordained the stars between,
And silences where melody hath been:
Teach me those absences of fire to face,
And Thee no less in silence to embrace,
Else shall Thy dreadful gift still people Hell,
And men not measure from what height I fell.

SOME REALITIES OF THE 'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.' BY JAMES F. FASHAM



LTHOUGH Bunyan in his immortal allegory testified to having 'dreamed a dream,' there is every probability that the vision was intensified by certain scenes with which the writer was personally acquainted, and by the local associations of his own early years.

That the personal experiences of Bunyan at the siege of Leicester plainly find some indication in the allegory of the 'Holy War' has been pointed out more than once. It is somewhat curious that no corresponding endeavour appears to have been made to localise the scenes in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The task is worth attempting. To one who knows the neighbourhood of Bedford and Elstow, it is not very difficult to fix on the exact site of the 'Slough of Despond,' the 'Narrow Way,' 'By-path Meadow,' the 'Shining Gate,' the 'Celestial City,' the 'Delectable Mountains,' and other places mentioned in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

Elstow was to Bunyan a spot inseparable from memory, and upon it much of his great work was focused. There his boyhood and youth were spent at tip-cat and other games until he left to join the army—probably that of the Parliament—and presently returned to indulge in such 'wiles of the devil' as 'bell ringing and dancing.'

Upon Elstow Green a fair was held annually, not only in the days of Bunyan, but even generations before he was born, and both by repute as to the past and in the immortal tinker's own time it was somewhat of an orgie, all the more deeply associated with wickedness in the mind of the converted blasphemer.

The description of Vanity Fair is said by commentators on Bunyan and his works to apply to the world. But what a little world was that known by the man who may be said to have divided his days between Bedford and Elstow—a mile apart! In describing Vanity Fair as a place 'for all sorts of merchandise, juggling, cheats, games, thefts,' and other evil associations, the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' indulged in no stronger imagery than he probably had heard from his co-religionists when denouncing Elstow Fair.

Bedford was, doubtless, looked upon by Bunyan as an extreme contrast to Elstow; for whereas the latter was mainly to be remembered as the scene of his wrongdoing, and the devilry more than mere revelry of its fair, Bedford was closely associated with religious life. It was there that he made his lot with a 'strict' sect of the Baptists, and the town, in his moods of spiritual exaltation, may well have seemed to him like the Celestial City.

On a mind so imaginative as that of Bunyan's, contrasts must have made a lasting impression, and well might the Priory, a part of which remains, almost adjoining the fine old tower in which Bunyan so often rang the bells, appear, in comparison with the tinker's humble

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cottage, as the House Beautiful, and the fine entrance way, yet standing, as the Shining Gate.

Taking Elstow Green, where a fair is still held, as the site of the 'City of Destruction,' it may be noted that there is immediately 'on the left-hand side of the road a meadow and a stile to go over it,' and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. How many thousands of lovers of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' have taken the 'by-path' leading from the 'narrow way' (as the road from Elstow Green to Bedford was, and still partly is) to the 'broad road' (from Ampthill to Bedford). Not only is the thoroughfare from Elstow to Bedford 'narrow,' except where it was widened during the present century, but also 'straight,' its present trending to the right before the railway is reached being clearly a deviation from the original alignment in order to facilitate the making of the London and North-Western station.

By making a pleasant detour at Elstow Green, through By-path Meadow, the broad road can, as before stated, be reached, and the Slough of Despond site avoided; but nevertheless the Ouse has to be crossed at the same spot as if the narrow and straight road had been taken.

To Bunyan's imaginative mind what inferences must have arisen respecting the two ways so familiar to his locality? The road from his own cottage to Elstow Green, which is doubtless the average width of the way throughout to Bedford before the alteration in its course was carried out, is not more than twenty feet in breadth, while the road running parallel is nearly eighty feet from hedge to hedge.

It was open to the traveller to choose his own way to the city—just as the saint and the sinner, so distinctly present to Bunyan's acute religious consciousness, travel through life by such widely different paths, and yet meet before the end of each pilgrimage—by the respective roads to Bedford. In the allegorical journey through life there must be an arrival at the river, with the result, in a spiritual sense, that all who take the broad road have to meet the cold waters of death, while those, enduring to the end the dangers and hardships of the straight and narrow way, in triumph cross 'the River of the Water of life' to receive 'that crown of glory which fadeth not away.'

There is no place more frequently referred to in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' than 'the Slough of Despond'; and such a spot as would be likely to give inspiration for the symbol of mire and wretchedness can clearly be traced as nearly as possible half way between Elstow and Bedford.

Although a culvert now prevents the sluggish old watercourse, which it crosses, from again becoming a 'slough' to vehicular traffic and pedestrians, such an undrained low-lying spot, with its willows suggestive of damp soil, must, particularly in wet weather,

REALITIES OF 'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS'

have been a veritable quagmire, all the worse after the trampling therein of the many 'fair' cattle, to say nothing of the people who, passing and repassing, would yet make the slough yet wider and deeper by churning up the mud and filth.

Not only were there few bridges made over such places in the Seventeenth Century, but rural road-making, and the same applies to mending, never was in any way properly carried out, and Bunyan lets in no little light upon the subject when 'the old gentleman' who addressed Christiana at the 'slough' upon the deplorable condition of the spot, said 'many there be who pretend to be the King's labourers and say that they are for mending the King's highway, that bring dirt and dung instead of stones and so mar instead of mend.'

Doubtless the way-warden of the Elstow district, who must have been well known to Bunyan, was no exception to the usual run of those having charge of the King's highway, and very likely the condition of the 'Slough of Despond' was one of the results of his remissness.

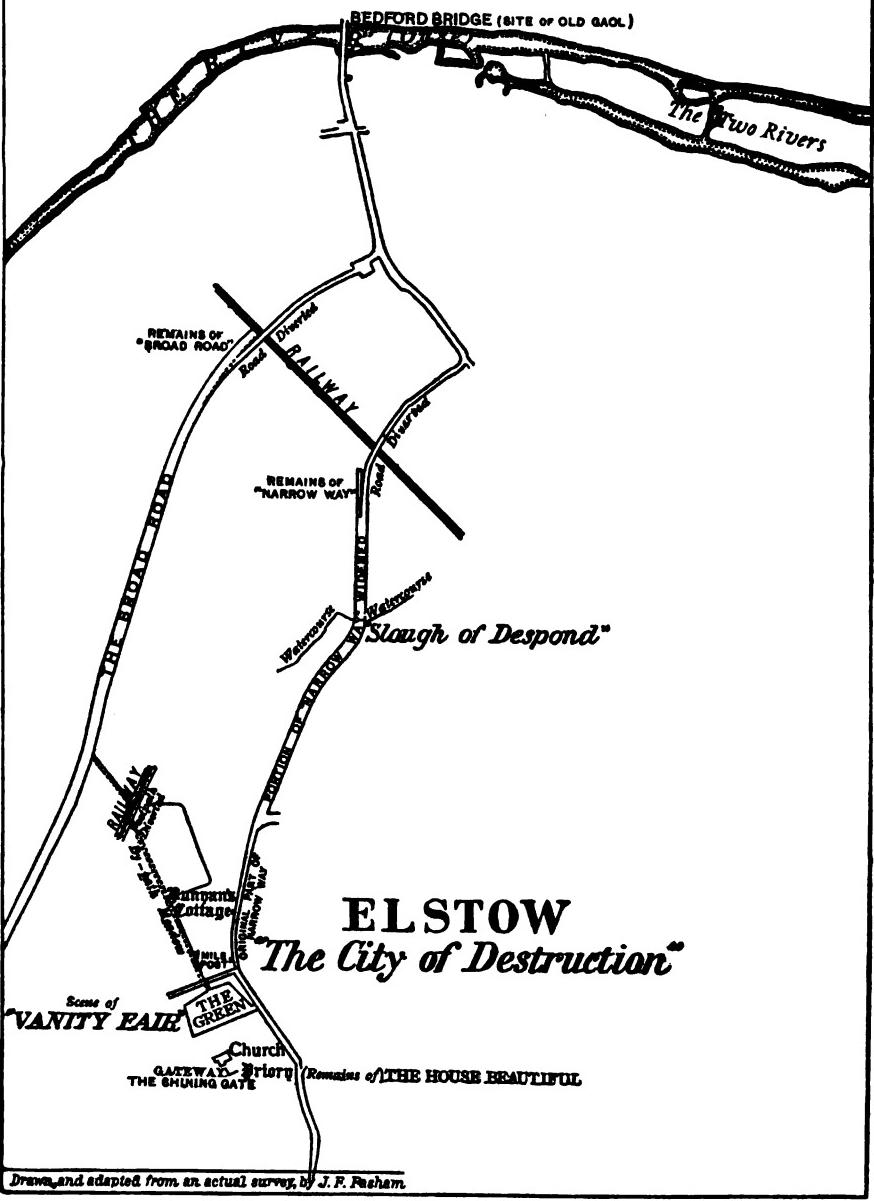
Though only the Ouse is crossed in journeying from Elstow to Bedford, Bunyan mentions two rivers—the one that of 'the water of life,' and the other 'the river of death.' It is worth noting that a little below the old bridge the Ouse divides, there being actually two rivers running parallel for some little distance—certainly a mile—and of one it can well be said 'there is a meadow on either side green all the year long.' The upper stream, though apparently a continuation of the Ouse as it runs past the 'city,' is but a kind of backwater to the actual course of the river, and it might in Bunyan's mind have been typical of death, while the ever-flowing stream symbolised life.

Of the 'Delectable Mountains' the fact might be noted that Bedford, which itself lies very low, is surrounded by districts rising in places to three hundred and even four hundred feet. There is a clear rise of more than a hundred feet in the land behind the town, and to a poor, weary pilgrim, with recollections of the slough's mire, such rising slopes, dressed in living green, and bright in all the glory of an unclouded summer sun, might well be looked upon as veritable mountains of delight.

While inordinately tall men, like fat women, may doubtless have been exhibited at Elstow fair, we need not suppose that either Bunyan's 'giants' or his 'lions' were derived from such a source. Their origin is to be sought elsewhere. Among the few books which the author of 'Pilgrim's Progress' possessed was a copy of 'Sir Bevis of Southampton,' which is full of giants and fighting. Moreover, a couple of lions figure most prominently in the story, and so enabled Bunyan to yet further amplify his 'dream' when there were no scenes or objects of local interest to enable him to do so.

BEDFORD

"The Beautiful City"



REALITIES OF 'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS'

When the young tinker was on the turning-point of his career he was intimately acquainted with an elderly villager who displayed a good deal of zeal for religion, only, however, to become a very extreme freethinker, or 'ranter,' as the Antinomians were then called, and he, in all probability, was the 'Atheist' of the allegory.

That Elstow was the 'City of Destruction' in Bunyan's mind, does not seem doubtful; for even apart from such suggestions as have already been given, it may be observed that Christiana and her '*four children*' were 'a mile away' from where the dream was dreamed (the 'den' or gaol), and Bunyan's wife and *four children* were living a mile and, to be exact, two hundred and fifty yards from Bedford Bridge.

It is not a little remarkable that, doubtless owing to an error by 'the King's surveyors' before Bunyan's time, the mile post (one still marks the spot) was erected immediately opposite Elstow Green, and so impressed the distance so definitely on the author's mind in writing 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

Many readers of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' must have thought that Christian hardly played the manly part in hurrying on his journey to everlasting bliss and leaving Christiana with her children behind to share in the downfall of the City of Destruction; but something must be allowed for Bunyan's actual experience with his first wife, and his frame of mind at the time.

Mrs. Bunyan, it is certain, lost a good deal of patience with her husband, who had become so convicted of his enormous transgressions, as they appeared to him, that he had, in the opinion of his wife, 'some frenzied distemper,' and went on 'worse and worse.'

And so Bunyan's wife and little ones, it is recorded, 'began to be hardened—sometimes deride, sometimes quite neglect him.' He would walk solitary in the fields; and for days he spent his time reading, and crying, 'What shall I do to be saved?'

Certainly with the Dissenters of those days there was a very literal interpretation of Divine injunctions; and Bunyan no doubt found it quite natural to make his immortal Pilgrim depart from Christiana for conscience' sake, and so as to carry out to the letter the law of Christ, and escape the condemnation that 'he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he that doth not take his cross and follow Me is not worthy of Me.'

Christian addressing Atheist said, 'You dwell in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born'—thus localising it; and 'the whole world,' as usually represented, could scarcely have been in Bunyan's mind. Christian was born in the 'City of Destruction,' which was the Elstow of fact, and Bunyan was born in Elstow, the City of Destruction in the 'dream.'

The process might be carried further; but I have said enough

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to indicate the local basis on which the great allegory was built up. It is curious to reflect how many thousands of readers, beyond the seas of Britain, beyond the Atlantic and the Pacific, have hung enraptured over the geography of the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ all unconscious that the map and road-book of Christian’s unforgettable journey are to be found to this day in a quiet town of rural England and its sleepy neighbour villages.

LA BRUYÈRE BY THE EARL OF CREWE



N all ages and in all countries, whether in Israel of old, in Greece, in Rome, or in modern Europe, different moral teachers have sought to drive their precepts home into the minds of men by appeal to the various and opposing emotions to which those minds are subject. To persuade mankind to refuse the evil and choose the good, weapons of menace, of promise, of satire, and of good-humoured stimulus have in turn been advanced, according as any particular preacher or writer has believed that he could best attain his ends by exciting a sentiment of terror, of devotion, of shame, or of a reasonable carefulness.

So it was in the seventeenth century, in France, with the remarkable men who, working in all unlikeness of outward circumstance and even of temper and purpose, have left us a body of ethical teaching which, though not great in actual bulk, includes one or two of the most famous books in the world.

Pascal, the mighty antagonist of the Jesuits, tried, as the subject of this notice¹ puts it, ‘to place metaphysic at the service of religion . . . and to make mankind Christian by the methods of geometry.’ So poor is man’s estate here, he argued, so utterly is he at the mercy of trivial chances, so fast is he bound in misery and iron, that surely there must be something beyond, some better lot for him to earn here and enjoy elsewhere. It did not need the sudden disappearance of a familiar figure at a striking moment to remind Pascal ‘what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.’ Every event in history, every transaction of the day, brought closer to him the truth as he understood it; and to prove his thesis he employed such an armoury of high thinking, playful irony, and gentle pleading as no religious philosopher had held at command since Saint Augustine wrote. Pascal’s appeal, then, in the ‘Pensées,’ was to the self-pity and to the discontent of man; but it was strangely fortified by a fearless submission of the whole case to man’s reasoning faculty.

Rochefoucauld came as a moralist in different guise. A soldier who had seen service and a kindly man of the world, himself a highly favourable specimen of the race which he is accused of maligning, he based his theory of morals on a very narrow foundation. As Voltaire observes,² ‘though there is scarcely more than one truth in the book, that self-love is the mainspring of everything, yet this thought is presented in so many differing aspects that it is nearly always interesting.’ It is more than interesting, it is almost inhumanly brilliant; but here it need only be remarked that it was by arousing the sense of shame in men’s minds that Rochefoucauld

¹ ‘Discours sur Théophraste.’

² ‘Siècle de Louis XIV.’ XIII.—Les Beaux Arts.

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sought to influence them. This, in his view, offered the best chance of improving them into something nearer his ideal of the *honnête homme*.

On the other hand, the great preachers—Bossuet, Massillon, and Bourdaloue—masters of such eloquence as the pulpit has scarcely known before or since, naturally struck another note. Not only in their funeral orations over dead grandees, but everywhere, they dwelt on the mutability of human affairs, the shortness of life, the dreadful gulf yawning at the end of the primrose path. At Court Louis XIV., setting all fashions, set at last the fashion of piety; and the distinguished circle sat and gave ear—some, like Saint-Simon, sincerely if superstitiously moved, others, perhaps, trembling after the manner of Felix, and postponing conversion to a more convenient season. It was upon man's innate sense of devotion, but even more upon his terror of the unseen, that the Catholic Church worked in the seventeenth century through the splendid oratory of her sons.

There was room, then, for appeal of another sort, less morbid than Pascal's, less scathing than Rochefoucauld's, less dismaying than that of the Church. For in the delicate chemistry of the mind many different agents may be applied to any given intelligence before the required reaction is produced. There was room in a world of average people for some new writer, moving not on the very highest plane, not a preacher, nor a prophet, nor yet a profound philosopher. Such a man might help the ordinary minds of his day, and of other days, to winnow the wheat from the chaff and to sift the false from the true in the every-day commerce of life. By setting before society in a pleasant form the results of carefully checked observations taken under the most favourable conditions possible, he might help his generation to walk in wisdom rather than in folly, and thus add a stone, if not a corner-stone, to the pile at which moralists have been toiling since society has existed at all. Such a writer was La Bruyère, author of 'Des Caractères ou Les Mœurs de ce Siècle.'

Jean de La Bruyère (strictly, perhaps, Delabruyère, on the analogy of Dubois and Duval) was born in 1645. Late in life he made allusion to some supposed crusading ancestors, a jest which some critics have thought fit to take seriously. His more immediate forbears, prosperous burgesses of Paris, became involved to their cost in the struggles of the League, and were obliged to fly the country; a generation or two later we find Louis de la Bruyère, the writer's father, filling a modest official post under the shadow of Notre-Dame.

La Bruyère received as a matter of course a religious education, at the strict hands of the Oratorian Fathers, but the story that he actually trod the earlier steps of the sacred profession seems to be untrue. He was taught, however, five languages besides his own—

LA BRUYÈRE

and English, sad to say, was not one of them. When it came to the choice of a career, the Law and Medicine, no less than the Church, seemed for one reason or another to be unpalatable. But, as he observed years afterwards,¹ ‘In France’—and one might add everywhere else—‘it needs no small strength and breadth of mind to decline office and employment, and to decide to stay at home and do nothing. Hardly anybody possesses enough character to act thus with dignity, or enough depth to fill up his spare hours without recourse to what is vulgarly called business. The wise man’s idleness, however, lacks only a better name, and the application of the term “work” to his occupation of thinking, talking, reading, and being quiet.’

Such was the profession, if profession it could be called, which La Bruyère set himself to follow. He gave up to reading the years of his early manhood, and as an earnest follower of Descartes, holding contemplation and the study of mankind to be things better than money-making, he may have seemed but a poor creature to the comfortable *bourgeois* circle in which his family moved. In 1671 he came into a small income by the death of his uncle Jean de la Bruyère, and in 1674 his resources were further increased by appointment to a post of fair emolument, the treasurership of France at Caen, one of the twenty-three *généralités* into which the country was divided. La Bruyère had lived in the country, as is supposed, and his writings always show sympathy with the peasant’s dreary lot; but he was a child of Paris, and the last man to say

Rome n'est plus dans Rome, elle est toute ou je suis.²

He arranged, according to the happy custom of those days, for the doing of his duty by deputy so far as possible, and returned to Paris and his books.

The turning-point in his life came through his friendship with Bossuet, the origin of which has not been recorded. Bossuet, besides being very much more, had been tutor to the Dauphin, and his advice was supreme in the choice of men to fill a like post in the Royal households. ‘There are no persons,’ said the King to Monseigneur in his delightful way, ‘to whom we owe a greater debt than those who have had the honour, and at the same time the trouble, of forming our minds and characters.’

This honour (and trouble) was now to be La Bruyère’s. In 1684 he became preceptor to the Duke of Bourbon, grandson of the Prince of Condé and heir-presumptive to that illustrious name.³

¹ Chapter II. ‘Du Mérite Personnel.’

² Corneille. ‘Sertorius,’ III. I.

³ The annals of English men of letters do not show so many famous figures among Royal instructors as do the French; but Hobbes at Chatsworth and Prior at Burleigh—to mention but two names—form a link between literature and the tuition of our great families.

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Assuredly if La Bruyère desired to enlarge his area of moral observation, and to supplement his home studies by actual contact with great affairs, he could have found no better starting-point than Chantilly or the Hôtel de Condé. The head of the house was at this time beyond question the first subject in France, a position not likely to be disputed by timid and easy-going 'Monsieur,' the King's brother. Fourth in descent from the founder of the family—who was uncle to Henri Quatre—and thus in reality a somewhat distant relation to the King, he held the title of First Prince of the Blood and First Peer of France, until that distinction came to the House of Orléans. But his pre-eminence was personal as well; the great Condé, the hero of Rocroy and countless other fights, had a place of his own in the hearts of the people. He was the most warlike of a warlike house,¹ and in his time the fortunes of his family reached their zenith. 'They who take the sword shall perish by the sword.' The first Condé was murdered, when wounded and a prisoner, on the field of Jarnac; the final hope of the family, the Duke of Enghien, was assassinated in the ditch of Vincennes in 1804, and some six and twenty years later the last bearer of the name perished under circumstances of sinister and criminal mystery.

In the circumstances of the family as La Bruyère found it there was plenty to enthrall a student of morals and manners: Condé himself, 'M. le Prince,' living mainly at splendid Chantilly and troubling himself little with the Court, careless in his person, modestly haughty, and though aged and tired, still appreciating the best of lettered company; Madame la Princesse, not present because under lock and key miles away at Châteauroux, by no means as another Sophia Dorothea, but found hopelessly incompatible by her strange husband, and thus in her absence offering large scope for psychological study; the heir of the great house, 'M. le Duc,' charming, lax, polished, clever, a skilled mechanic and a man of taste, but also, according to Saint-Simon,² 'an unnatural son, a harsh father, a

¹ It is a somewhat curious fact that ever since the establishment of regular armies, Sovereigns and members of Royal Families have shown military skill, not to say military genius, out of all proportion to their number. Certainly they have had the best chances; but that they have very often used those chances capably is not less clear. To take a few names at random: Gustavus Adolphus, Rupert, Condé, William III., Charles XII., Peter the Great, Eugène, Frederick the Great, the Archduke Charles—military history would indeed look bare without them. In our own day the Franco-German War produced two commanders of the first class, in the present King of Saxony and the late Prince Frederick Charles. Whether the Emperor Frederick added to the courage of his house and a thorough knowledge of his profession some touch of military genius must be left for expert critics to decide. On the main question it seems necessary to conclude either that inheritance of the habit of early command is of greater value to a general than would appear at first sight, or that the science of war is less difficult than we have always imagined it to be.

² Ed. of 1856. Vol. vii. p. 139.

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tyrannical husband, an odious master, a hateful neighbour, without friendship and without friends,' and thus a choice subject for moral dissection ; 'Madame la Duchesse,' daughter of the famous Princess Palatine, plain, serious, amiable even when her husband was violent, charitable, and unusually well read ; his pupil, the Duke of Bourbon, fifteen years old, vain, good-natured, difficult to influence, disinclined to learn.

Such was the portrait gallery into which the quiet student was introduced at Chantilly. No full record has been preserved of his life there or at Versailles for the next few years. All that is known has been set down by M. Etienne Allaire,¹ who has ingeniously if sometimes rather boldly filled up gaps by means of inferences founded on passages from the 'Caractères' themselves.

In 1685 the Duke of Bourbon married Mademoiselle de Nantes, daughter of Louise XIV. and Madame de Montespan, the bridegroom being in his seventeenth year, the bride in her thirteenth. La Bruyère, however, did not lose his pupil, but gained a second in the Duchess, and the youthful pair 'did their lessons' side by side to their mutual satisfaction and that of their teacher, the young lady being the quicker learner of the two. As time went on La Bruyère turned his attention to political as well as moral science, guided apparently to some extent by inclination, but also by the necessity of his position ; but the politics taught in the precincts of Versailles can have included no very audacious propositions. His own public creed was simple enough.² 'When a man surveys all systems of government without bias in favour of his own country, it is impossible to know which to adopt ; in all there is something more or less good and bad. The most reasonable and the safest course is to consider the system of our native land the best, and to submit to it.'

It was undoubtedly the safest course, for, so far as submission was concerned, the Most Christian King and Louvois were leaving little choice to one part of the nation, senselessly depriving themselves of a million useful citizens by the '*dragonnades*', and finally by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in this same year 1685.

Two years later La Bruyère had finished in its first form the book which is his title to fame. He had some time before translated, but not published, the 'Characters' of Theophrastus, and he now submitted both works to several competent critics, including Boileau himself. The verdict was friendly, if not enthusiastic, and early in 1688 the book appeared under the title 'Les Caractères de Théophraste traduits du Grec. Avec les Caractères ou les Mœurs de ce Siècle.' Its success was immediate and undisputed ; it found equal favour with pious Catholics at home and exiled Reformers abroad.

¹ 'La Bruyère dans la Maison de Condé.' Paris, 1886. M. Allaire was tutor to the last heir of Chantilly, the Duke of Guise, who died in 1872.

² Chapter X. 'Du Souverain ou de la République.'

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The effect upon its author's fortunes was not specially marked, except that it earned him an increase of consideration at Chantilly, where a new order was established, for the great Condé had died in 1686, and M. le Duc reigned in his stead. At Court, too, he became a more conspicuous if not entirely a popular figure. ‘It is a book,’ one of his friends had told him, ‘to arouse many readers and many enemies.’ But the enemies were not noisy or formidable, and there were many others ready to welcome the quiet gentleman-in-waiting both as a new force in the world of letters and as a valuable addition to the small number of those whose every-day opinion was worth having. Such hostility as there was, however, found vent in the year 1691–2, when the Academy, which he desired to enter, closed its doors in his face, though three elections took place during those months. The Academy, comprising some clever heads and not a few dull ones, had, as a whole, taken offence at one or two of La Bruyère's sketches. Matters were not made better by the publication of a number of fictitious keys to the fanciful names used by the writer, which, as often in such cases, probably concealed the identity of several ‘single gentlemen rolled into one,’ rather than of any particular individual. Harmless people, therefore, conceiving themselves to be gibbeted by a merciless satirist, sulked and grumbled; and consequently the bearers of three long-forgotten names were adorned with the palms in preference to the writer of the ‘Caractères.’ In 1693 his chance came, and he was elected, when his Reception Address, which has come down to us, made a deep sensation by its courage and novelty of treatment. He devoted part of it to elaborate and doubtless sincere praise of his five famous colleagues—La Fontaine, Racine, Boileau, Bossuet, and Fénélon. To praise Racine, however, was to excite the partisans of old Corneille,¹ and they, in concert with some who thought themselves aggrieved by the ‘Caractères,’ set themselves to belittle the performance. It was tedious, it was flippant; it was, worst of all, unprecedented; it was only to be expected of a mere pamphleteer; the panegyric of Bossuet and the others was excessive, and therefore offensive in its irony; and so on, with the customary yelping of the baser sort of critics. The story runs that the Academicians had found before the election the following lines on their table:²

Quand pour s'unir à vous Alcipe se présente,
Pourquoy tant crier haro?
Dans le nombre de quarante
Ne fault-il pas un zéro?

This ingenious epigram has lived, as it well deserved. But it is

¹ Died 1684.

² In the usual version, La Bruyère's name is given in place of the pseudonym, but the form in the text seems to be correct. It has been pointed out that the candidate's Norman office made the use of the word *haro* appropriate.

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one of those cases where the barb remains fast in the hide of its author, not of its intended object.

Three years later came the end. La Bruyère died of apoplexy at Versailles on June 11th, 1696. M. le Prince, who could appreciate merits of which he was himself destitute, headed the list of mourners at Court : better worth having was the regret of Bossuet, who wrote, in the following July, from Paris : ‘I returned yesterday from Versailles, to assist at the reception of the Abbé Fleury at the Academy. He takes the place of our poor friend, whom I miss more and more every day.’ Nobody could desire a worthier epitaph than such testimony from such a hand.

There is no authentic portrait of La Bruyère ; but a print published soon after his death depicts a rather full face, with straight and somewhat broad nose, a high forehead horizontally lined, which, with the humorously set mouth, gives a whimsical expression to the whole countenance.

As a rule his manners were quiet and polished ; but it is said that he sometimes broke out into fits of unprovoked merriment, dancing and singing—without any voice to speak of, it is added. These lapses from philosophic gravity took place during the picnics and routs of Chantilly, and seeing that the united ages of the Royal pupil and his bride did not amount to thirty years, the story throws a distinctly agreeable light upon the habits of the moralist.

The historian of the Academy¹ thus sums up his character : ‘He has been described to me,’ says the Abbé d’Olivet, writing in the following reign, ‘as a philosopher whose only thought it was to live peacefully with his friends and his books ; making a good choice of both ; neither seeking nor shunning amusement ; always ready for rational pleasure, and skilful in providing it ; polished in manners and wise in conversation ; dreading ambition of all sorts, even that of displaying cleverness.’

The quality which enabled La Bruyère not merely to exist, but to expand and burgeon, in the vitiated atmosphere of the Court, was that which he himself² tells us is rarely found there—contentment. ‘The Court does not make a man happy : it prevents him from being happy anywhere else :’ and again,³ ‘The slave has but one master, the ambitious man as many as there are people who can help him to get on.’ La Bruyère’s wise ideal was rather that of the poet :⁴

I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom ;
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

¹ ‘Histoire de l’Academie Française.’ Pellisson et d’Olivet. Paris, 1858.
Vol. ii. p. 317.

² Chapter viii. ‘De la Cour.’

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Tennyson. ‘Amphion.’

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‘La Bruyère’s book,’¹ says Sainte-Beuve, ‘belongs to the small class which will never cease to be à l’ordre du jour. It is a book taken directly from life, one of the most closely thought out and most strongly written in existence.’ As we have it, it is by no means in the shape in which it first saw the day in 1688. The first edition, a duodecimo of 360 pages, with large print and wide margins, averaging only from four to six words a line, begins with the Characters of Theophrastus, preceded by an excellent preface, and modestly followed by the author’s own ‘Caractères,’ which occupy rather more than half the volume.

During La Bruyère’s lifetime no fewer than eight other editions appeared, each containing much new matter, though with no change in arrangement. The fourth edition is about double the size of the first, and the eighth double of the fourth. Similarly Rochefoucauld’s ‘Maxims’ increased in number from 317 in the first edition to 504 in the fourth. In La Bruyère’s case, however, it seems that the fresh pages did not merely denote the amplifications of a writer who has fallen in love with his subject, but were the outcome of an advancing boldness tempered by discretion. The ground was often delicate, and each edition marked a few further steps in plain speaking. It was not until the appearance of the fifth that the book assumed something of its present shape and dimensions.

Theophrastus, the pupil of Aristotle, had confined himself to cataloguing with much skill and liveliness the outward habits and mannerisms which indicate the presence of certain qualities within. Such sketches as those of the Loquacious Man, the Tactless Man, and the Enthusiastic or Gushing Man, can still be read with the satisfaction which we naturally feel on finding that our modern follies and foibles are thousands of years old. La Bruyère, however, goes deeper. After describing his work as ‘less lofty than Pascal’s and less subtle than Rochefoucauld’s,’ and giving a sketch of the method of Theophrastus,² he goes on to say: ‘The new Characters, on the contrary, first unravelling the thoughts, opinions, and motives of men, lay bare the principle of their ill-conduct and their weakness, making it easy to anticipate all they can possibly do or say, and putting an end to amazement at the thousand vicious or frivolous actions of which their lives are made up.’ He sought to reach his goal ‘by simple and common paths, examining men’s nature impartially,—without close attention to method, according as the various chapters proceed,—by differences of age, sex, and condition.’

The book, accordingly, is not continuous; and Sainte-Beuve properly indicates the use to be made of this ‘substantial and concentrated’ piece of work.³ ‘Everybody should have it,’ he says,

¹ ‘Nouveaux Lundis.’ October 28, 1861.

² ‘Discours sur Théophraste.’

³ ‘Nouveaux Lundis.’ October 28, 1861.

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‘by his bedside night and morning. Little at a time and often. Follow the prescription and you will find it an excellent régime for the mind.’

It is no doubt true that by adopting this proverbial and parapgraphic form La Bruyère evaded, as Boileau told him, the prime difficulty of composition, that of transition from one branch of a subject to another. As has been more recently observed,¹ ‘every man as he walks through the streets may contrive to jot down an independent thought—a shorthand memorandum of a great truth. . . The labour of composition begins when you have to put your separate threads of thought into a loom.’

Yet amid the apparent disorder of the ‘Caractères’ there does run a distinct thread of systematised thinking. Sainte-Beuve makes this clear in a passage too long to quote here.² He shows how at one point the types are classified upwards from the World of Finance, through the Town, to the Court, thence to the Grandees at the foot of the throne, up to the climax of the Throne itself, in the adroit and profound essay ‘Sovereign or Republic.’ Thence by an abrupt transition the writer passes to the consideration of Man viewed in the abstract, and after dealing with one or two minor divisions he turns to the Great Question, first by an article on the Pulpit, and finally by one on Unbelief,³ which, in fact, contained the full expression of his religious faith.

Perhaps no observer has ever drawn sketches of character so elaborately, yet with so much discretion, as La Bruyère. Mr. John Morley, in his masterly appreciation of Vauvenargues,⁴ alludes to that writer’s comparison of La Bruyère with Molière. Says Vauvenargues,⁵ ‘Molière seems to me to blame for having chosen subjects of too mean a sort. La Bruyère, animated with nearly the same genius, painted the crookedness of men with as much truth and as much force as Molière; but I believe that there is more eloquence and more elevation to be found in La Bruyère’s images.’

As Mr. Morley justly says, this is an incredible piece of criticism, though he gives full credit to La Bruyère as being one of the acutest and finest of writers. But the firmest adherents of the author of the ‘Caractères’ will cheerfully but decidedly refuse to pit him against the first humorous genius of all time, without abating one jot of their affectionate regard for him. As regards Vauvenargues himself, however, the case differs. He, too, wrote what he modestly termed his ‘Essai sur quelques Caractères,’ and in his preface he states the nature of his debt both to La Bruyère and to Theophrastus,

¹ See De Quincey, ‘Essay on Style.’ ‘Selections Grave and Gay,’ vol. xi. p. 214.

² ‘Nouveaux Lundis.’ October 28, 1861.

³ ‘Des Esprits Forts.’

⁴ ‘Critical Miscellanies.’ First Series.

⁵ ‘Réflexions Critiques sur quelques Poètes. Molière.’

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with much praise and some slight criticism of both. Apparently Mr. Morley¹ considers these sketches to be at least equal if not superior to those of La Bruyère. That is largely a question of individual preference, and it is impossible to fall short in sympathy with the martial and melancholy figure of Vauvenargues, than which there is none more admirable in the long gallery of men of letters. Nothing can be said in disparagement *tam cari capitis*; but so far as this special kind of art is concerned, it is allowable to doubt whether he quite possessed the full qualifications of his forerunner. His ethical standard may have been even higher than La Bruyère's, for the gold of his character had been tried in the fire of poverty, sickness, and privation; he took, too, a large and tolerant view of humanity, its faults and failings. But although he wrote from the heart and from personal experience, he never had La Bruyère's chance of watching the play of human passions on a wide and crowded stage, under the most stirringly vivid conditions. Hence his 'Caractères,' truthful and interesting though they be, may be thought a little faint in tone and vague in outline beside those of La Bruyère. Still, it is only right to add that they form but one relatively small chapter in the literary output of Vauvenargues' brief life of thirty-two years.

Excerpts from the 'Caractères' of La Bruyère are easily made, owing to the irregular structure of the book; but its peculiar charm does not attach to the singularly brilliant and even over-chiselled portraits which lend themselves most naturally to quotation. It is to be found rather in the thumbnail sketches, in the 'sudden remarks, the sharp and vivid strokes, the penetrating darts of observation which he has lodged everywhere, and which emerge from every corner of his work.'²

Here are one or two specimens of his finished manner. First, the confidential man of business.³

Troilus is useful to those who have too much money; he frees them from the embarrassment of superfluity; he saves them the trouble of piling up money, of making contracts, of locking strong-boxes, of carrying about the keys, and the dread of a domestic robbery; he helps them with their pleasures, and becomes of use to them in their vices; soon he governs them and directs their behaviour. He is the oracle of the house, the man whose decisions are awaited—no, foreseen and divined: of one slave he says 'he must be punished,' and the slave is whipped; of another, 'he should be freed,' and freed he is; it is observed that some parasite does not make him laugh; perhaps Troilus dislikes him, so he is dismissed; the master of the house is lucky if Troilus leaves him his wife and children.

If Troilus is at dinner, and pronounces some dish to be good, the master and his guests, who were eating it without remark, discover how good it is, and cannot have enough of it; if on the other hand he says of another dish that it is insipid,

¹ 'Critical Miscellanies,' First Series, pp. 15 and 29.

² Sainte-Beuve.

³ 'De la Société et de la Conversation.'

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those who have begun it dare not even swallow the piece they are eating, but throw it away. All eyes are fixed on him in order to observe his air and expression before giving any opinion on the wine or the eatables.

Never think to find him anywhere but in the house of the rich man whose ruler he is ; it is there that he eats, sleeps, takes his digestive nap, that he abuses his servant, receives his workpeople, and kicks out his creditors ; he is regent and lord and master in his own quarters ; there he receives the attention and the homage of those who, cleverer than their neighbours, will not approach the great man except through Troilus.

Again, Narcissus,¹ the Parisian.

Narcissus rises in the morning in order to go to bed again at night ; he has his hours of dressing like a woman ; he goes regularly every day to the fashionable mass at St. Bernard's or the Minimes ; he plays a good hand at commerce, and he is counted on in — Street as a third or a fifth at ombre or reversi ; there he sits, at Ariccia's, for four hours on end, and risks every evening five gold pistoles. He carefully peruses the *Gazette de Hollande*,² the *Mercure Galant*,³ he has read *Cyrano de Bergerac*,⁴ *Saint-Sorlin*,⁵ *Lesclache*,⁶ the tales of Barbin, and some collections of verse. He walks with ladies in the Park or on the Drive, and is religiously punctual in the matter of visits. He will do to-morrow what he has been doing to-day and what he did yesterday ; and he will die doing the same, when he has done with living.

Once more, in a passage which has, not inaptly, been compared to Tacitus, but which has, perhaps, rather a flavour of Swift, the Court of France being of course intended.

They tell of a country where the old are gallant, polished, and civilised ; the young, on the contrary, hard, fierce, without manners or politeness. . . . These people in addition have a God, and a King ; the great folk of the nation assemble every day at a fixed hour in a temple, which they call a church. At the further end of this temple is an altar, consecrated to their God, where a priest celebrates mysteries which they describe as holy, sacred, and awful. The great folk form a large circle at the foot of this altar, and stand upright, with their backs directly turned on the priests and the holy mysteries, and their faces raised towards their Prince, who is observed to be kneeling on a raised dais, and upon whom their whole heart and soul seems to be bent. It is easy to discern in this custom a species of devotion ; for this people seem to worship the Prince, and the Prince worships God. The inhabitants of the country call the place Versailles ; it is some forty-eight degrees from the Pole, and is divided by more than eleven hundred leagues of sea from the Iroquois and the Hurons.⁷

La Bruyère's treatment of the thorny subject, 'La Femme,' is less open to criticism than that of many writers of his time. Instead of adopting the conventional pose of the epigrammatist, who ascribes to women all the meaner vices and smaller follies, and from the vantage-ground of his masculine superiority shoots his little poisoned darts at the sex, La Bruyère gives a serious, and on the

¹ 'De la Ville.'

² Famed for its incorrectness and false news.

³ The fashionable newspaper.

⁴ The *Etats de la Lune*, familiar to readers of M. Rostand's fine play.

⁵ A minor satirist.

⁶ A second-class writer on philosophic subjects.

⁷ 'De la Cour.'

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whole a pleasant, appreciation of woman as he has found her. Of course, it was an artificial age, and some of the women were not the least artificial things in it ; but in the main our writer recognises the humanity of his sisters with a better grace than do most of his contemporaries and imitators.

One or two specimens will suffice to indicate the aphoristic quality of some of the shorter sentences scattered throughout the 'Caractères.'

When anything you read elevates the mind and inspires you with high and brave ideas, seek no other canon of criticism : the book is good, and comes from a workman's hand.¹

We should work in order to fit ourselves thoroughly for some employment : the rest does not concern us, but others.²

We confide our secrets in friendship ; in love they escape us.³

Every disclosure of a secret is the fault of the person who confided it.⁴

Some people have a certain mediocrity of mind which contributes towards making them sensible.⁵

Our hatreds are so long-lived and so obstinate, that the surest sign of coming death in a sick man is reconciliation.⁶

Such was La Bruyère, not one of the sacred band of greatest writers, but a Senior Optime, and a high one, in the class-list of letters.

It is difficult to say whether he is now greatly read, though the editions in his own country are counted in hundreds, and he has been often translated. But is anybody greatly read now ? We live in a very busy age, and when we do read we are so attracted by the books written about the Great Writers, and the reviews of the books about the Great Writers, and the column of newspaper notices of those reviews, that the Great Writers themselves run but a poor chance of receiving attention.

Be this as it may, in the whole galaxy there is no sounder, saner, more human or more wholesome author than La Bruyère. It is his credit to have maintained a singularly high level in a class of work in which it is fatally easy to fall short of the highest, and in which anything far short of the highest is intolerable.

¹ 'Des Ouvrages de l'Esprit.'

² 'Du Mérite Personnel.'

³ 'Du Cœur.'

⁴ 'De la Société et de la Conversation.'

⁵ 'De l'Homme.' ⁶ *Ibid.*

ON CAMEOS, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE MARLBOROUGH GEMS BY CYRIL DAVENPORT



THE earliest instances of minute designs cut in stone are probably to be found among the scarabs and cylinders engraved and used as seals by the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians. These were usually cut in red or green jasper, steatite, or carnelian, the designs being probably scratched laboriously upon them by means of a diamond splinter. In the case of the scarab, here is also the germ of the cameo, that is to say a small piece of sculpture in low relief.

Intaglios have a long and well-understood history, but, except so far as they are about the same size and are also cut in stone, have no direct bearing upon cameos until the Greeks engraved designs upon transparent stones, jacinth, amethyst, emerald, or the like, from the fourth, fifth, or even the sixth century B.C. onwards.

These intaglios were intended, at all events in later times, to be viewed as transparencies, when all their delicate lines and modellings become apparent. But a curious effect can be noticed if one of these gems be looked at steadily for a moment or two—it loses its quality of intaglio and appears in relief, and it is possible that such an appearance may have suggested the idea of actually cutting a similar design in relief on a flat ground. From the beginning of cameos existing by themselves—I mean not being simply the back of a seal, like a scarab—they must have been made as beautiful as possible, since they were of no use. The seal stone had the greatest value imaginable: it could render treasures comparatively safe—for to break a seal was in olden days a very serious affair indeed—and was also valued as a talisman—but the cameo had none of these advantages: it could only be treasured for its beauty and rarity. A beautiful cameo possesses in an eminent degree the three great qualities of all true art—durability, beauty of form, and beauty of colour. Moreover, it has the preciousness of being complete in itself. The term cameo appears to be of comparatively modern origin; and, taken in its widest sense, it means a small sculpture in low relief cut in any material. But as a special term it is more popularly associated with designs cut on stones or shells consisting of differently coloured layers, so treated that the design is shown in different tints, more or less successfully according to the skill of the artist, and his choice of a stone.

The principle of cutting small ornamental designs in low relief is very old, and when it occurs on stones it is usually as an accessory, or further ornamentation, on the back of an intaglio. Such instances occur as early as the 'Mycenæ' period, perhaps about 1000 B.C., one of these being cut ornamenteally in amethyst and representing a



George, Prince of Wales, and
his eldest son, George, Duke of Cambridge.
From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ON CAMPOS, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE MARLBOROUGH GEMS
BY CYRIL DAVENPORT



THE earliest instances of minute designs cut in stone and probably to be found among the scarabs and cylinder seals carved and used as seals by the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians. These were usually cut in red Jasper, or jasper, steatite, or carnelian, the designs being probably scratched laboriously upon them by means of a diamond sphyner. In the case of the scarab, here is also the germ of the cameo, that is to say a small piece of sculpture in low relief.

Intaglios have a long and well-understood history, but, except so far as they are about the same size and are also cut in stone, have no direct bearing upon cameos until the Greeks engraved designs upon transparent stones, jacinth, amethyst, emerald, or the like, from the fourth, fifth, or even the sixth century B.C. onwards.

These intaglios were intended, at all events in later times, to be worn as transparencies when all their delicate lines and modellings could be seen through them. A curious effect can be noticed if one of these stones is held up for a moment or two—it loses its quality of relief, and it is possible that such an effect suggested the idea of actually cutting a similar ground. From the beginning of cameos, however, I mean not being simply the back of a seal, the reverse side must have been made as beautiful as possible, since it was often in use. The reverse had the greatest value, inasmuch as it could render treasures comparatively safe—for to break a seal in those golden days a very serious affair indeed—and was also valuable as a talisman—but the cameo had the greatest value because it only be treasured for its beauty and rarity. A beautiful cameo possesses in an eminent degree the three great qualities of all true art—durability, beauty of form, and beauty of colour. Moreover, it has the preciousness of being complete in itself. The term cameo is of Latin origin; and, taken in its widest sense, means a stone in low relief cut in any material. It is more popularly associated with designs consisting of differently coloured layers, so arranged in different tints, more or less skilfully, by the artist, and his choice of

The use of small ornamental designs in low relief occurs on stones it is usually as an accessory, or further on, on the back of an intaglio. Such instances occur in the 'Mycenæ' period, perhaps about 1000 B.C., one of them being cut ornamenteally in amethyst and representing a



Swan Electric Engraving Co.
George Spencer, fourth Duke of Marlborough, K.G.
and his Eldest son George, Marquess of Blandford.
From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. at Blenheim Palace

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lion couchant. Isolated specimens of the same treatment for the back of intaglios are found from the fourth century onwards among Greek gems.

Here and there an early intaglio is cut upon an onyx showing a transverse band of different colour, and also sometimes cut horizontally. Thus the essential elements of a coloured cameo have existed from very early times, but they were not brought together regularly until about the beginning of the Christian era, when the riches and luxurious tastes prevalent during the Roman Empire attracted the Greek gem-cutters; and made it possible for them to employ their skill profitably away from home.

From the first century until the third there was a large production of cameos cut on stones of all kinds, but the majority of them were on onyx variously coloured. Like the intaglios, the general shape is that known as scaraboid, that is to say, resembling the impression which would be made by the engraved face of an Egyptian scarab. The Greeks did not possess the same feeling for the scarabeus that the Egyptians did, so they soon left off cutting the backs of their gems into the shape of a beetle, and thus these backs became lower and lower until they were quite flat. In the Paris collection there is one very curious early Greek scarab cut in a sardonyx of four layers, and on the face, instead of the usual intaglio, is a cameo of a sphinx cut in archaic style. (Fig. 1.) M. Ernest Babelon, in the introduction to his catalogue of gems in the Bibliothèque Nationale, refers this gem to the fifth century B.C. and considers it to be the earliest cameo cut on a sardonyx, but there is a small roundish one in the British Museum which may well be about the same date. This has an intaglio on the other side.

Although the fine antique cameos and intaglios of the Augustan period are generally called Roman, they appear to have been the work of Greek artists, and while, I believe, few antique cameos are signed, numbers of intaglios are, the name occurring on them being invariably in Greek characters.

The first three centuries of the Christian era may be considered the period during which the finest ancient cameos were produced. In other words, this period is often said to have commenced with the reign of Augustus and ended with that of the Antonines, and gems, both intaglio and in cameo, made at this time are generally known as 'antiques.'

'Ætheldred, King of the English, and father of St. Edward,' gave a large cameo to the Abbey of St. Albans. This stone, a sardonyx of fine colour, is figured and described by Matthew Paris in a list he made of the jewels belonging to the Abbey in the thirteenth century. The drawing shows a full length figure



FIG. 1.

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in Roman costume holding a staff with a snake coiled round it in his right hand, and a small figure with a shield in his left. At his feet is an eagle. The gem was credited with medicinal powers, and its reputation was so great that on one occasion it was carried away by a lady who had the strongest reason to believe in its virtues and wished to test them again. On her deathbed this lady repented of her theft, and sending for the abbot confessed her fault and begged him to replace the jewel. He did so, but omitted to state whence he had obtained it, thereby taking to himself the credit of a valuable gift!

After the third century a diminution in the demand for gems of all kinds commenced, and, with few exceptions, continued until the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their production, however, though it lessened, did not entirely cease, as probably most of the existing Byzantine cameos, usually cut in opaque stones, steatite or jasper, and with religious designs, were made between these dates; and in Italy also a few fine gems were made, particularly during the fourteenth century. But, for large and continuous output, the two great periods of cameo-work are roughly the antique—the Augustan age, and the cinque-cento—the renaissance, or the Medicean age. Of these two periods the more ancient is the finer.

Among the most beautiful of the cameos produced during the first century of the Roman Empire must certainly be considered the celebrated 'Portland' vase, which was found near Rome and once formed part of the Barberini collection. It afterwards became the property successively of Sir William Hamilton and the Duchess of Portland, and was deposited in the British Museum by the fourth Duke of Portland in 1810. It is a cameo truly cut in white opaque glass on a dark blue ground. The method of its production has, however, been differently estimated by at least two presumably competent judges. The antiquary Montfaucon considered it to be a real stone, and Sir William Smith in his dictionary of Greek and Roman antiquities describes it as being of blue glass, with figures in white 'moulded separately and afterwards fixed to the blue surface by a partial fusion.'

Much beautiful original work was produced during the renaissance; but a large proportion of the gems cut at that time were copies of antiques, so well executed as almost to defy detection. After the renaissance, some time later, another period ensued, a time of almost universal imitation, antiques and renaissance gems themselves being unscrupulously copied and the fabrications being put forward as originals.

These imitations were largely made in Italy, or by the Italians, about the end of the last century, and they are abundant still. Their existence makes it of paramount importance to know the history of any gem purporting to be an antique, because there are

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few men living who can positively tell the age of a cameo from its appearance alone, so skilled have the imitators been.

There is no absolute rule by which to judge whether a gem is antique or renaissance—a lifelong experience among authentic pieces alone can give any valuable critical faculties in this direction. Generally, an antique cameo cutter arranged his design so as to come as nearly up the edge of the stone as he could, leaving as little background as possible. The renaissance workman on the other hand, having more powerful tools at his disposal, did not so much object to spacious backgrounds. But, unfortunately, this will not help us as to forgeries, because a forger will make himself well acquainted with this as with other peculiarities. If, however, there be two cameos in which the design itself is of such a character that it might belong to either period—for instance, a quite simple head—if the margin or background be freely allowed, it is probably renaissance work; if it be cramped, *ceteris paribus*, it is probably antique.

There is no technical difference between a cameo cut by Pistrucci in the present century and one cut for Augustus in the first. They were most likely both made and polished in the same way, only the antique took longer and was more difficult to cut.

The question of the stones on which cameos are cut is one concerning which there is also much difference of opinion. It is said that stones cannot now be procured of so fine a quality as those used formerly. I am inclined to think that this apparent scarcity is largely due to absence of demand. There is now little traffic in fine modern stone cameos; not long ago one of the very skilled Italian artists in this line could scarcely make a living,¹ and as it was with him, so doubtless with others of less skill. The shell cameos, infinitely easier and cheaper to produce, have for a long time been quite sufficient to satisfy the popular taste for this kind of art, and, indeed, neither the stone nor the shell cameos are, to my thinking, very suitable for jewellery, or any other use whatever. They are only fit for the cabinets of museums or private collectors. If they were wanted I believe stones could be found quite as fine as any that have already been used. Many of the old stones are of oriental origin and have perforations in them. This is usually considered to be a proof of antiquity, and such perforation, partial or complete, exists commonly in Eastern gems of all kinds; but I cannot think that it is any proof of age in itself, as nothing would be easier for any cameo-cutter than to imitate such piercing exactly.

Cameos, even when they were most in demand, were always very costly: the labour of making the smallest of them must have been immense, and consequently they were soon imitated in glass. These imitations are called ‘Pastes,’ and although they never can for a moment have competed with stone cameos or

¹ Isler.

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intaglios, they were undoubtedly very popular among the less wealthy Romans. They are usually replicas of favourite classical designs. In the latter half of the last century James Tassie, a native of Glasgow, reintroduced the art of making paste gems with great success.

Pastes are certainly not very satisfactory. They do not last well, their surfaces are easily roughened, and small imperfections in the glass are very noticeable. Even in Tassie's modern work the glass is not good, and the exquisite sharpness of line which is so beautiful in the gems they copy is entirely absent.

This industry of imitation-gems in glass, and even in stone itself, was a very lucrative one even in the time of the Roman Empire, as mentioned by Pliny (*Nat. Hist.*, Book XXXVII. c. 12), who says there 'to discern a fine and true stone from a false and counterfeit is very difficult.' And a little further on in the same chapter he says that in his hands are certain books 'wherein is deciphered how to sophisticate transparent gems, and to say the truth there is not any fraud or deceit in the world which turneth to greater profit than this.'

Cameos among themselves may be considered as forming two classes, one in which the stone on which they are cut is all one colour—as the amethyst—and the other in which it is in layers of different colours, as the agate. Agate is chalcedonic silica, and onyx is a form of agate : silica is simply flint, but in the case of onyxes it is formed in a particular way.

Hollows, occurring especially in trap-rock, are frequently found filled with onyx ; this has been deposited in the interior of the hollow by intermittent infiltration of siliceous water. (Fig. 2.)



FIG. 2.

The intermittent character of this infiltration causes the differently coloured layers of the onyx or agate. Chalcedony is sometimes deposited by water laden with siliceous particles in a non-crystalline, or amorphous form,

when if not further coloured by metallic oxides it has something of the colour and semi-transparency of a finger-nail (*ονύξ*), hence the word onyx. Besides these transparent layers there are, however, others of a more or less opaque appearance ; these occur whenever the silica held in solution in the water has found circumstances favourable for crystallisation. The white or opaque layers are actually composed of small transparent crystals, which by reason of their power of reflecting the rays of light appear white—as in the case of snow. Moreover, these crystalline layers are not porous, but the transparent

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layers are, and have in consequence often been coloured by the absorption of metallic oxides or carbonates. When this colour is yellowish or ranging from pale reddish yellow to dark brown, the stone is called 'sardonyx,' a name apparently derived from the Persian word 'Zard,' meaning yellow. If the amorphous chalcedony is coloured by absorption of particles of carbon, it becomes dark ; and if also the whiter layers are not very thick and opaque the stone is known as a 'nicolo,' a word abbreviated from 'onycolo.' If the layers become so strongly impregnated with foreign matter as to be opaque, the stone is called a jasper onyx.

One form of chalcedony is green and known as 'Plasma,' the colouring matter being perhaps chromium or iron. Although several fine cameos are cut in this stone it is rarely satisfactory. It is not clear as is its counterpart, emerald, but is apt to be spotty. It has, however, the great advantage of occurring in conjunction with white layers.

True natural sards are found in the hills of Malwa, a province of Central India ; they come also from the Indus and the Nile. But the rarity and value of the beautifully coloured onyxes at an early date set lapidaries thinking, and endeavouring to supply by artificial means the colour which would turn a common pale onyx into a valuable sardonyx or nicolo. Indian, Burmese, and Arabian lapidaries have been for ages expert in the artificial colouring of chalcedony, and Pliny says (*Nat. Hist., Book XXXVII. c. 12*) that in his time it was known that the ancients improved the colour of their gems by heating them in honey. This process, as far as we know, would have darkened the stone. Carbon is absorbed by amorphous chalcedony steeped in sugar, oil, or honey ; and if afterwards treated with sulphuric acid, or heat, the carbon will be visibly deposited within the stone, causing it to appear black. Some lapidaries go so far as to declare that no naturally black onyx exists ; but that all such stones have been artificially darkened. Some flints are, however, undoubtedly very dark even if not quite black. The method of artificially producing a sardonyx from a colourless onyx consists of soaking it in a solution of oxide of iron and afterwards treating it with sulphuric acid, or heat, either of which will cause the absorbed particles of iron-rust to show, colouring the stone in such tints as its nature will admit of, from pale yellow to dark reddish brown. Whether this method of colouring was known to the ancients is uncertain, but I think it likely that they may accidentally have discovered that it was often worth while to heat their gems, as such a process might presumably develop latent colour.

The white crystalline layers of chalcedony cannot be stained like the amorphous layers, the only changes that can be produced in them is a certain degree of superficial whitening by heat or sulphuric acid, or also reddening on the surface by painting with iron dissolved

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in aquafortis, and dried by heat. No contact with earth, for however long, will really darken the white layers of an onyx : marks thus made can always be removed by soap and water. The application of nitric acid will pale a sardonyx or a black onyx, and will also remove the iron stains on the surface of the white layers of a cameo. These iron stains are not uncommonly seen, and they are usually considered proofs of great age.

In Europe the head quarters of the onyx industry have been for a long time at Oberstein in Oldenburg, where onyxes are found in great numbers, and to this town stones were, and still are, sent from all parts of the world, especially of late years from Brazil, to be prepared for engraving. Here also the several processes for colouring and improving the natural stones are carried to great perfection. It is very doubtful indeed whether the best judges can positively say whether a stone is naturally or artificially coloured, and this can easily be understood because the artificial process is really the same as the natural one, only it is done more quickly, and the necessary chemicals are supplied under the most favourable conditions.

The ancient workmen appear to have made imitation stones for cameos in another way, resembling that in which Wedgwood produced his white designs on a coloured ground. In Book XXXVII. chapter 12, of his Natural History, Pliny says that 'in truth men have devised to make Sardonyches by setting and glueing together the gems called "Ceraunia," and that so artificially that it is impossible to see man's hand therein, so handsomely are they couched together, the black taken from this, the white from that, and the vermillion from another.' I should think this kind of glued-up stone could be easily detected, and I do not think any ancient specimens of such work exist, so we may conclude that either they were not made in quantities or that they have come 'unglued' to puzzle antiquaries still more.

Dr. A. Billing, in his excellent treatise on the science of gems, published in London in 1875, gives a curious page of technical instructions to gem-cutters how best to make forgeries, what marks to be careful about, and what peculiarities to observe and avoid. Probably no art has suffered more from forgeries than that of intaglio and cameo-cutting on stone.

The methods used in cutting gems, omitting the very early ones (which were in all probability laboriously scraped away by means of a diamond, obsidian, or corundum point), are such as to facilitate forgery. Roughness and faulty workmanship themselves will often be considered proofs of antiquity.

Chalcedony, which is extremely hard, can only be easily cut by means of a small lathe, or drill, fitted with iron cutters; these are made to revolve with great velocity and are 'fed' with diamond powder and oil. It is really the diamond dust which does the cutting

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as the pressure against the hard silica presses the minute particles of diamond into the iron cutter, practically turning it into a small diamond file. The cutters are of different sizes and shapes, made according to the necessity of the workman, and they generally vary from circular saws, about the size of a threepenny piece, used for slicing out backgrounds, to small round knobs like the head of a pin. The stone to be cut is cemented on to the ends of a short stick, usually held by the left hand against the cutting point. Onyxes are now prepared by lapidaries for the engraver, so he only has to do the art work upon them and cut away the ground.

When the cutting is done the gem is carefully polished. This is effected in the same manner as the cutting, but with softer tools. Instead of iron points, others are used made of ivory, wood, pewter, or copper, and these may be fed with very fine diamond powder, charcoal, rouge (oxide of copper), putty powder (oxide of tin), or rotten stone. This polishing process is responsible for a good deal of damage, as it often happens that it has been injudiciously practised on antique gems with the result of frequently making it doubtful whether they be not cinque-cento, small but important indications having been obliterated.

It is often said that there is no hand work on a cameo, but I think in many cases of very fine antique and cinque-cento work, finishing touches have been frequently given by hand with the diamond point. Giovanni Pichler, a celebrated gem-cutter of the last century, proved that it was possible to make an entire cameo by hand and diamond point alone, as he is known to have made at least one in this way.

Benedetto Pistrucci, the last of the great Italian gem engravers, was a Roman by birth, who came over to England and in 1817 was appointed chief engraver to the Royal Mint in London. There were many disputes and troubles at the time about this appointment, but Pistrucci amply justified his position by his obvious superiority over all his contemporaries in the art of designing coins or medals. He designed the beautiful group of St. George slaying the dragon which adorns our gold coins to-day. He made a celebrated double cameo portrait of Queen Victoria, a young head as Princess on one side and another as Queen on the other. The stone in this case was an onyx in three layers, a dark one between two light ones. There was in the Marlborough collection a gem of a similar kind, beautiful antique and cinque-cento work, a head of Hercules on one side and that of Omphale on the other. It is one of the few acquired for the British Museum.¹

Pistrucci has left an autobiography, and in it he tells a curious story, the substance of which is as follows. He cut a small sardonyx of three layers, the centre white one being unusually thick, into a

¹ No. 316.

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girl's head with a wreath of flowers round it. (Fig. 3.) He sold this head to a dealer, Angiolo Bonelli, for twenty Roman crowns, something under £5.



FIG. 3.

Some time afterwards Pistrucci was engaged at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, working at a wax model for his portrait, when Mr. Richard Payne-Knight, a well-known connoisseur and collector of small works of art, came in. Mr. Payne-Knight triumphantly produced a cameo for which he had just paid Bonelli five hundred

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to one or other of our great museums, and that their beauties may be in future studied by hundreds of appreciative eyes which, under the former conditions, could hardly ever have been aware of their existence.

Rare qualifications are necessary for a successful collector of gems. Such a man should be a judge of stones, he should have had to some extent the training of a sculptor and be at least conversant with the different schools of design as they existed at the time of the commencement of the Christian era and during the renaissance. He must moreover have leisure necessary for travel and research; and the very long purse which nowadays is essential for the acquisition of any fine gem which may come into the market.

Most of these qualifications were undoubtedly possessed by George, third Duke of Marlborough, who, during the latter half of the last century, brought together one of the finest collections of gems, intaglios and cameos, ever made in England. His collection really consisted of three parts—the Arundel and Bessborough collections, which he purchased entire, and his own, which he acquired piece by piece, according to his own taste and judgment.

The Duke evidently desired that posterity should always know him best in his character of a collector of gems, as in the large family group painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, now at Blenheim (*see Plate at beginning of this article*), he caused himself to be shown holding in his hand his favourite sardonyx with a cameo head of Augustus.¹ Near him Lord Blandford holds one of the ten red jewel cases in which the collection was kept. Beside this picture the Duke caused a fine catalogue in two volumes to be made in 1780, containing descriptions in Latin and French, and engravings by Bartolozzi from drawings by Cipriani of the most select gems he possessed. Although several of the finest antique gems are among those specially collected by the third Duke of Marlborough himself, he also brought together several modern works, including fine pieces by Sirletti, especially a Laocoön in amethyst² and examples of other well-known artists, Natter, Pichler, and Burch particularly.

Many of the gems have been reset, and it is quite possible that these settings, many of which are very elaborate, have improved their appearance from a popular point of view. There are delicate gold traceries studded with jewels, and small leaves and flowers cunningly wrought and brightly enamelled in great variety. Beautiful as many of these settings undoubtedly are in themselves, it may as a rule be said that a fine cameo calls for a plain setting rather than an elaborate one.

Cameos generally are small, but a few large ones exist, the largest being, I believe, at Paris and Vienna, measuring respectively 13 by 11 and 9 by 7½ inches, the subjects of these gems being

¹ No. 390. £2350.

² No. 349.

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Tiberius and Livia receiving Germanicus, and the crowning of Augustus.

A splendid specimen of an unusually large size, however, was among those collected by the Duke of Marlborough (*see Plate at end of this article*). It measures $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by 6 in height, and at the sale of the Marlborough gems in June last it was acquired by the British Museum.¹

Until the acquisition of this gem, the largest cameos possessed by the Museum were the beautiful Strozzi Augustus (about 5 by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches) and the portrait of Julia, daughter of Augustus, formerly in the Carlisle collection. This is about the size of the Augustus, but it has had the background restored, so it is not safe to say what was its original size.

The present cameo is cut in a semi-oval sardonyx of three layers: it has been broken into four pieces, and some of it has disappeared, and it is all held together and partially restored in a silver-gilt mount. There are two imperial heads in the character of Jupiter Ammon and Isis, facing each other, the names of 'Didius Julianus Augustus' and 'Manlia Scantilla Augusta' being given in two circular escutcheons in the upper corners of the setting. It seems, however, unlikely that the portraits are really these personages. Mr. Nevil Story-Maskelyne, in the introduction to his catalogue of the Marlborough gems, inclines to the belief that the heads are portraits of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and the Empress Faustina the Elder, but he also considers that the head of Jupiter might perhaps be a young portrait of Antoninus Pius. There are portrait busts of all these at the British Museum, and I think that of Marcus Aurelius certainly bears a strong resemblance to the head on the cameo.

At any rate the gem was probably cut about the end of the first century A.D. The first impression given by this cameo is, I think, its curious flatness. This is of course due to the necessities of the stone itself, and something of the same effect may be seen in almost all cameos except those on a very small scale. The coloured layers in the onyx stone are seldom thick, and the larger the cameo the thinner the layers are in proportion.

On the Emperor's brow is a ram's horn, a divine attribute, and round his head is an oak wreath with acorns. The *Ægis*, as well as the 'Paludamentum,' or mantle which he wears, is largely restored, and the treatment throughout closely resembles that on a large intaglio at St. Petersburg representing Marcus Aurelius and Faustina the Elder, whose daughter he married. The Empress wears an ilex wreath with wheat ears, pomegranates, and poppy heads, and on her forehead is a small tiara; she also wears a necklace and earrings.

The Emperor's hair, eyebrows, beard and mantle, and the

¹ No. 482. £3300.

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Empress's hair, eyebrows, earrings, necklace, and part of the dress, are cut in the upper yellow brown layer of the stone, dark or pale as it is left thick or thin. The flesh is creamy white and the background a dark grey. The workmanship throughout is admirable, the delicate skill with which the accessories are all cut is remarkable, and the modelling of the faces is learned and technically excellent.

At the back of the setting is an inscription which reads, 'Ingens anaglyphicum opus olim Saunesiorum ducum nunc vero pretio acquisitum in Fontesiano cimelio asservatum.' This Marquis de Fuentes was known as a gem collector in the earlier half of the last century. He was at one time Ambassador from Portugal to Rome, and it is likely that this gem passed directly from his possession to that of the Duke of Marlborough. The Arundel collection, which was the earlier of the two already formed collections incorporated with the Marlborough collection, was formed by Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, who died in 1646, so that any gem known to have belonged to him is certain to be genuine so far as that it cannot be one of the innumerable and wonderfully executed forgeries made so successfully during the last century. In this collection, the art of the renaissance was largely represented at its best, as well as the more ancient art of the early Roman Empire. At one time this cabinet of gems was the property of Lady Betty Germain, for whom a catalogue was made which went doubtless with the gems to Blenheim; a copy is now kept at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries.

This catalogue was afterwards incorporated with the catalogue of the Bessborough gems made by Laurent Natter, to which was supposed to be added a list of the gems brought together by the Duke himself, but this completion was never actually carried out.

An excellent catalogue was, however, made in 1870 of the three collections, so far as they then existed, by Mr. Nevil Story-Maskelyne, and in the introduction to this catalogue will be found a very carefully traced history of the various changes of ownership of the different collections, and parts of collections, brought together under the one head. It contains descriptions of 739 gems, of which 288 are cameos. Such numbers as are quoted in this paper in the descriptions of separate gems refer to Mr. Maskelyne's catalogue. The Arundel gems have been largely repolished, especially the older ones. The time that this was done does not seem to be known, and it is possible enough that it was before they became the property of the Duke.

Among the separate pieces of especial interest in this collection are some cinque-cento shell cameos, interesting not only because of their own beauty, but as specimens of the side art which has since practically killed the art of cameo-cutting in pietra-dura. There

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are many very fine antique portrait cameos, and the celebrated renaissance sardonyx cameo representing the marriage of Eros and Psyche.¹ (Fig. 4.)



FIG. 4.

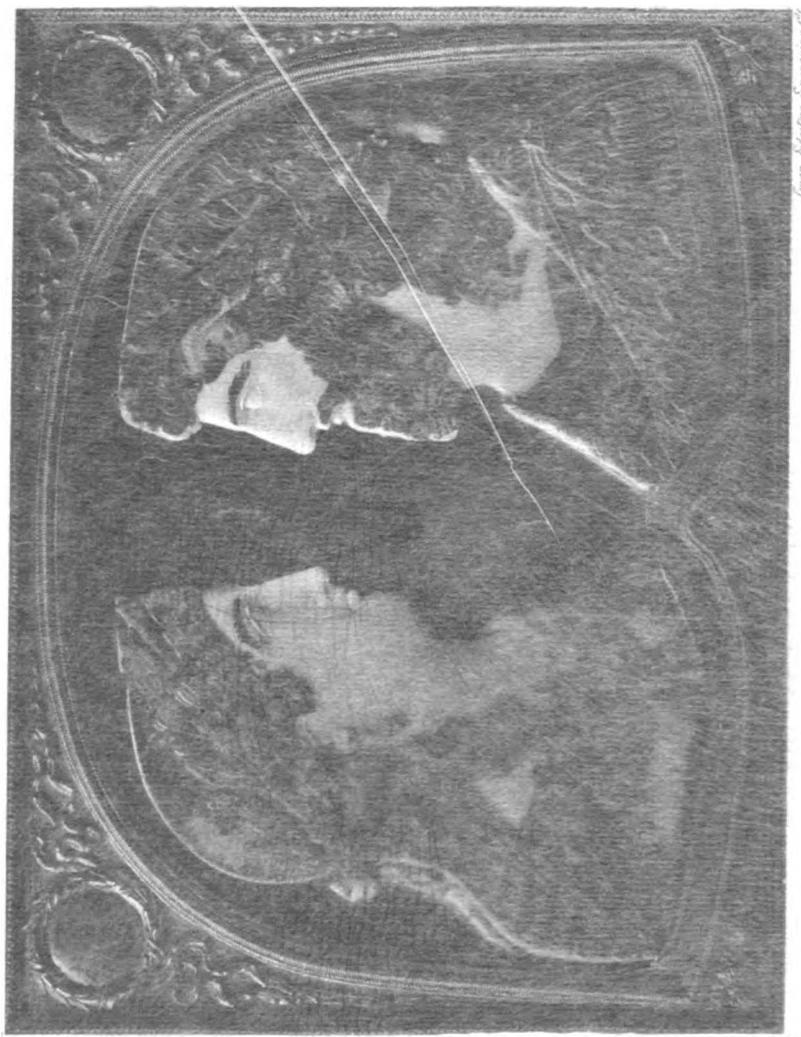
another figure, with very curly wings, holds a basket of fruit over their heads. Yet another figure in front is covering a couch with a cloth. On the background are cut the words 'TPYΦΩΝ ΕΠΟΙΕΙ,' in imitation of an ancient lettering. The layer in which the figures are cut is a pale coffee-colour, the background is very dark.

The second collection included in the Marlborough gems was that made by William, second Earl of Bessborough, and third Viscount Duncannon, and probably not added to after 1739.

A catalogue in French was made of the Bessborough gems in 1761, by Laurent Natter, himself a famous gem-engraver, but an unreliable antiquary. He not only made the catalogue but several of the gems to put in it. The collection of Medina, a Jew of Leghorn, was mostly acquired by Lord Bessborough, although it was considered to contain many Italian fabrications among its undoubtedly genuine antiques. The most generally interesting piece in this collection was the large head of Medusa² cut in sardonyx. It is a small sculpture in high relief, and is one of a set of 'Phaleræ,' or ornaments worn by Emperors or persons of high degree on state occasions. These phaleræ are made of various metals, including gold, and were generally used as decorations for harness, but the finer ones were also worn on the front of corslets, or state dresses, possibly as marks of military rank. This Medusa is curiously pierced in several places at the back; some of the piercings were intended as improvements to the appearance and lustre of the stone, and penetrate towards the nose and lip, others are for convenience of attachment. Although the phaleræ are sometimes sculptured in the round, they are usually classed as cameos. The Medusa is probably work of the second century A.D.

¹ No. 160. £2000. [†] For America.

² No. 100. £1850.



From *Clarke's Encyclopedia*

John Jacob Astor
Born New York City, April 10, 1790
Died New York City, March 29, 1848
Age 58 years

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Besides the large cameo already described, the British Museum enriched its already very fine collection by the acquisition of a few more chosen specimens from the Marlborough collection.

Among these may well be noted a beautiful antique bust of Agrippina the Elder, cut in sardonyx, the hair and laurel wreath cut in a fine brown layer, the face blueish white on a brown ground¹; and a cameo bust of Claudius, with oak wreath²; both of these were Arundel gems.

From the Medina-Bessborough collection came the remarkable antique perforated double-nicolo with a head of Omphale on one side, and a renaissance bust of Hercules on the other. This gem was presented by Charles V. to Pope Clement VII., in the sixteenth century. It is mounted in a broad gold filagree edge, set with eight diamonds and rubies arranged alternately, the outer edge being a twist of vine branches and leaves in black enamel on gold.³

Other Bessborough acquisitions are a beautiful small sculpture in chalcedony 3 inches in height, supposed to represent the Empress Marciana in apotheosis⁴; and a small renaissance cameo beautifully set in gold, enamel, and diamonds, the head being probably a portrait of Lucius Verus.⁵

A beautiful cinque-cento onyx cameo cut by Alessandro Cesari is one of the gems brought together by the Duke of Marlborough himself.⁶ It measures nearly two inches by one and a half, the head being very skilfully cut in an unusually opaque white layer. It is elaborately mounted in a gold setting wrought into delicate floral sprays and enriched with enamels.

These gems are all of the first importance, and it is a matter of much satisfaction that the best advantage has been taken of the fortunate opportunity of acquiring them for the country.

¹ No. 416. £370.

² No. 423. £100.

³ No. 316. £483.

⁴ No. 457. £600.

⁵ No. 478. £700.

⁶ No. 538. £300.

THE ORIENTAL CHARACTER

BY J. L. GORST



N one of Lord Cromer's reports a story is told of the professor of mathematics at the El Azhar University—the principal seat of Mohammedan learning in Egypt—who, on being asked whether he taught his pupils that the sun went round the earth or the earth round the sun, replied, after considerable hesitation, that he was not quite sure, but that in any case it was not a matter of great importance. The learned sheikh's answer, which was doubtless made in entire good faith, is a typical illustration of the inherent difference between Eastern and Western modes of thought. According to his view, the principal aim of the El Azhar teachers was to cram the students' minds with a certain quantity of matter, and whether that matter were true or false was altogether a secondary consideration.

An account of some of the more striking peculiarities of the Oriental character, as judged by the standard evolved among the nations of Europe, is of especial interest to-day when so much of the power of England is being directed to improving the condition of Oriental peoples. The present writer's experience of the East has been almost entirely confined to Egypt, but in no other country of its size can such a varied collection of all sorts and conditions of men be found gathered together. Besides the different races that make up the Egyptians, properly so called, the dweller in Egypt is brought into contact with Turks, Syrians, Persians, Armenians, Indians from most parts of our Empire, Arabs from the Hedjaz, and numerous other species of what may be termed the Oriental group of the human race. A long residence in the country, combined with exceptional facilities for studying the Oriental character under the most diverse conditions, has afforded an opportunity of penetrating the mysteries of that character somewhat more closely than is possible for most Europeans. It must not be forgotten that in Egypt, as in other countries, national characteristics are not to be sought either at the top or the bottom of the social scale. There are, of course, Orientals and Orientals. Amongst the educated classes in Egypt there are high-minded and intelligent gentlemen, many of whom the writer has the privilege to count as valued friends, who compare with Europeans on equal terms as regards education, character, and habits of thought. The following rough generalisations are based upon the more striking characteristics of the typical or average Egyptian, untainted with imported ideas. By comparing him with other Orientals and eliminating such features as may be considered local or temporary in their nature, it is endeavoured to bring into prominence some of the distinctive peculiarities of the peoples of the East.

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No quality of the Oriental is better known or has been the subject of more wonder than his capacity for passive endurance. Under circumstances far more unfavourable than Hamlet could have conceived, he has long ago made up his mind that it is better 'to bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.' Whether this characteristic should be considered a virtue or a vice must be left to the individual taste of the reader. On the one hand, an attitude of philosophic calm is undoubtedly an excellent antidote to the trials and sorrows of this wicked world, and should not be disturbed unless sufficient compensation can be given in other directions. On the other hand, there is no more serious obstacle to material progress. An eminent Liberal Unionist statesman—whose superior wisdom often enlightens a refractory House of Commons—once asked the writer what attempt had been made under the English occupation to instil 'divine discontent' into the Egyptian mind, and seemed somewhat disappointed at the reply that the country was hardly ripe for this latest blessing of an advanced civilisation. It is undoubtedly true that the misgovernment under which most Oriental peoples have groaned for centuries is in a great measure due to their patient submission to oppression.

Obedience is the first quality in the soldier, and, as might therefore have been expected, there is in general no better raw material for fighting purposes than can be found among the Oriental races. The Egyptians, however, in whom centuries of oppression had developed this martial virtue in an eminent degree, were, perhaps from the same cause, lacking in what may be called the second quality of the soldier, namely, physical courage. Recent events have shown that, under the direction of English officers, this weak spot is capable of eradication. The physical endurance of the Oriental is no less remarkable than the moral. No European troops could support the hardships and privations which Turkish or Egyptian soldiers can endure without a murmur. Their insensibility to pain is well known. It is the main reason of their careless treatment of animals, which causes a natural but erroneous impression amongst those who observe their conduct superficially that they are cruel. Such is not the case. The Oriental races are in general extremely humane, only their humanity is mitigated by great ignorance, which frequently produces effects the reverse of what is intended.

It would be interesting to analyse the causes which have produced this universal characteristic in the Eastern peoples, but any such endeavour would go outside the limits of the present article. The first causes must have been physical—means of subsistence easily procurable in a climate enervating to body and mind. The temperament thereby produced would impress itself on their religions and governments. These would react again on the national character, and so turning round and round in a vicious circle, a great wall of stolid

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indifference and apathy is built up against which the resources of modern civilisation often beat in vain.

The conservative instinct is strictly implanted in every branch of the human race, and cannot, therefore, be claimed as a special attribute of the Oriental. No peoples, however, display this characteristic in so marked a degree. Change of any kind is hateful to their nature. Even in the most advanced countries it is curious with what difficulty a new idea takes root, and what long preparation of public sentiment is required before it is generally received. In the East it may be laid down with confidence that no change or reform is ever desired, and that it will be resisted long after its advantages have become apparent. In fact, change is never popular until, by lapse of time, it has ceased to be change, and has become part of the existing order of things. It is this peculiarity that renders the task of improving the condition of Oriental peoples an especially delicate one. The zeal of an earnest reformer may do far more harm than good unless it be directed with abundance of tact. Many instances might be given of the refusal of the Oriental races to accept even the most elementary and obvious changes in their mode of life. One amongst others will suffice. It is well known that the Egyptians, when they write, usually hold the paper against the palm of the hand. This is manifestly a very inconvenient practice, and frequently results in the manuscript being illegible. Many years ago, even before the advent of the British occupation, some ingenious person had the brilliant idea of supplying the Government offices with writing-desks. After due deliberation this important reform was carried into effect. The tables were distributed to the clerks, and arranged very neatly before each one's place, but the clerks continued to sit cross-legged on their divans and to write their correspondence on the palms of their hands. Even at the present time, many an old-fashioned clerk continues to write after the manner of his ancestors, and to regard his writing-table as an unnecessary luxury, and no doubt feels a contemptuous pity for those weaker brethren who have fallen away and adopted the innovation. In curious contradiction with their prevailing sentiments in such matters is the rapidity with which the Egyptians take to certain useful inventions, such as railways and telegraphs. When these were first introduced into Europe, it was a long time before the general mass of the population became accustomed to their use. In Egypt, on the contrary, they were immediately utilised by all classes. The fact is singular, and shows that it is not wise to dogmatise on what the Oriental will do under any given set of circumstances.

To understand the Eastern and to 'place' him properly—to use a popular expression—it is indispensable to consider the circumstances that make up his domestic existence. Family life, as understood in Europe, does not exist in the East. This is, of course, due to the

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subordinate position—if it can be called a position at all—occupied by women. The harem system practically reduces women to the level of animals. A whole side of human existence—and the best side—is entirely wanting. The evil results of such a state of affairs are very far-reaching, and have been more the cause than anything else of the backward condition of the Oriental races. At the most critical period of existence the child is bereft of the training that can only be given by a mother. No amount of subsequent teaching in school or college can ever compensate for this want. In later life, also, the man, deprived of the advantages of congenial female society, does not know those softening influences which play so considerable a part—more considerable than many of us suspect—in our modern life. It is difficult to see how any permanent regeneration of these races can be expected so long as one half of the population remains in a state of perpetual servitude. There are faint signs of some improvement in this direction, though any alteration of a social custom so ingrained in the habits of the people must, of necessity, be very slow. In any case the impulse must come from within and not from without. Premature interference with the feelings of a race in such matters would do far more harm than good.

It may not be altogether out of place to point out that the same evils, though due to entirely different causes, may ultimately threaten some of the most advanced modern civilisations. The tendency of what is called the ‘new woman’ seems to be to transfer her activities from the home to what she considers a more useful and interesting sphere outside. If she should succeed in dragging with her a sufficient number of her sisters, family life may gradually decay and perish, and the example of the East can instruct us in good time as to what that would mean. It may be doubted whether the conversion of woman, now in so many ways man’s better half, into an inferior man would be a sufficient compensation.

To return to the subject in hand, viz., the position of women in the East, their principal utility is considered to be the reproduction of their species, and this is doubtless a very useful and necessary occupation. The barren woman is a by-word in the East, and the offence is considered a sufficient cause for divorce. The Oriental would thoroughly appreciate Napoleon’s predilection for the lady with the largest family. Boys also reflect more credit on the mother than girls, though no actual scale of equivalence has been drawn up. An old servant of the writer’s, who had some days previously announced with pride the advent of a son and heir, arrived one morning with his hand bound up. He explained that he had injured himself in inflicting castigation on his wife. Further inquiry revealed the lady’s offence, which was that her new-born child was a girl and not a boy. She and her mamma had concealed the painful fact from the master of the household as long as was

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feasible, but in due course the crime came to light, with the above-mentioned result. On another occasion, the same man was plunged in woe on account of the serious illness of one of his children. The child grew worse, and his woe grew correspondingly deeper. Finally, one day he arrived a changed man, beaming all over. On being asked whether the child was now out of danger, he replied cheerfully that it was dead, and demanded an advance of wages and a holiday to arrange the funeral festivities. It would be difficult to enter more thoroughly into the spirit of the true philosopher.

In the social relations between man and man the great peculiarity of the East is that class distinctions, as understood in Europe, do not exist. The populations are, of course, divided into as many classes as elsewhere as regards wealth, position, and education, but between these different classes there is little or no feeling of social superiority or inferiority. To take the simplest and best defined instance, namely, the relations between master and servant : the latter will converse freely and on equal terms with his master on all matters outside his service. Nor does this attitude in any way impair his usefulness. Orientals make the best servants in the world, both as regards docility and adaptability, and doubtless one of the principal reasons is that they have no feeling of humiliation or inferiority in accomplishing the services for which they are paid. Under these conditions the great majority of these people are mercifully preserved from that craving for social advancement which in the present century has become almost a disease in the West. It is sad to have to confess that this happy state of affairs shows a tendency to disappear when brought into contact with European ideas. In Egypt, amongst those who have received a modern education, social distinctions are beginning to play a considerable part. The ambitious, whose aim was formerly directed to the solid substance of wealth and power, now too often pursue the empty shadow of titles and decorations. The Effendi wishes to be a Bey, the Bey to be a Pasha. The man who has no decoration strives to get one. The man who has one wants a higher class. These desires are foreign to the real Oriental character. They have been imported with railways and telegraphs. The awakening process has necessarily introduced the vices as well as the virtues of civilisation.

Up to the present the barbaric virtue of hospitality still remains, but that also will be undermined in time. In the East the host still continues to think himself honoured by entertaining his guest. He has not yet acquired the modern material view that he is providing him with food and lodging gratis. Oriental hospitality has, however, its inconvenient side. It is almost impossible to satisfy one's host without doing a permanent injury to one's interior economy. True politeness requires that the guest should stuff himself to repletion to show his satisfaction with the fare provided, and the most approved

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method of testifying that this happy consummation has been attained would cause considerable sensation if practised at a London dinner table. Orientals in general, and especially Mohammedans, are also extremely charitable to the poor. This applies not merely to the rich, but to those in the humblest walks of life. In Egypt there is no official organisation for providing relief for the destitute, and the few private institutions that exist are mainly concerned with foreign nationalities. Yet it may be asserted that, except through some accidental circumstance, no single individual need ever go to bed hungry. The number of persons, many of them by no means near relatives, supported by an Oriental in service, or occupying some small government post, would seem almost incredible to those who have had no opportunities of personally verifying the facts.

In spite of these altruistic qualities, the East is a most unfavourable soil for the cultivation of social pleasures and amusements. In modern countries the indispensable elements for their attainment in their highest form are wealth and a leisured class. In the commercial and industrial towns of Europe and America, the want of a leisured class has prevented the formation of societies such as exist in European capitals. Both these elements are to be found in Oriental countries, but, nevertheless, social intercourse does not flourish. A reason, quite sufficient in itself, is the absence of the female element. Without the association of the two sexes the chief attraction of a society is lost. In the second place, the Oriental is singularly devoid of any capacity for enjoyment. The Englishman is accused, perhaps unjustly, of taking his pleasures sadly. The Oriental may be said not to take them at all. He is rarely amused, and even then would not condescend to display his emotion by any such vulgar outward manifestation as laughter. Under these circumstances, a social gathering in a household where modern notions have not penetrated is apt to be monotonous, and is usually confined to a circle of men solemnly smoking in silence, and occasionally uttering ejaculations, presumably of satisfaction.

From another point of view the Oriental shows in a much less amiable light in his dealings with his brother man. He is extremely vindictive in the case of any real or fancied injury to himself or his family. Among the rural population there are regular family vendettas, which cause considerable trouble to the police. They are especially sensitive to any lapses from the path of virtue on the part of their women folk, and much given to take the law into their own hands on such occasions. The most prevalent crime in Egypt is murder, and nine times out of ten it is a case of *cherchez la femme*. Forgiveness is not a virtue much practised in the East, and the patience and ingenuity with which an injury is avenged are often worthy of a better cause. False accusations are among the most popular weapons employed for this end, and are certainly those that

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cause the most embarrassment to those in authority. In many cases of this sort it is necessary to go into the whole family history of all the parties concerned, before even an approximation to the truth can be attained. Even then the straight-minded Englishman must often feel an uncomfortable suspicion that the subtle wiles of the Oriental have been too much for him.

The above is only one of the minor difficulties which the Oriental character opposes to those desirous of providing these peoples with good government. The Eastern races are easy enough to govern in the sense of maintaining outward order and obedience. All that is necessary is the display of sufficient physical force. But to ensure a just government that will materially increase their happiness is a very different matter. Their past history, their natural disposition, even those qualities which we admire, all conspire to render this a most difficult task. There is a story told of the Khedive Ismail, who, at a moment when he was anxious to conciliate public opinion in Europe, thought it expedient to introduce representative institutions into his country. A constitution was drawn up, representatives of the people were elected, and in due course the members were assembled for their first sitting. The Khedive, who presided, explained the general system on which parliaments were conducted—how there was a government party and an opposition party, who sat on opposite sides of the house—and invited the newly elected representatives to take their seats on either side according to their respective views. With one accord the entire assembly immediately rushed to the government side, and sat down hurriedly for fear of being suspected of any hostility to the ruling powers. The sentiment that actuated these members is strongly implanted in the heart of every Oriental. Whatever his private feelings may be, he can never be brought to openly criticise or condemn the acts of his rulers. It follows that in the East, except under very special circumstances, there is no such thing as public opinion. There exist, of course, ingrained habits and deep-rooted prejudices, mostly religious in their origin, which must be scrupulously respected by the ruler, if trouble is to be avoided. Outside these, an Oriental population will submit with resignation, if not with pleasure, to almost any experiments which it may please the authorities to introduce. From a superficial point of view, it might be thought that this permanent conspiracy of silence on the part of the public would be an unmixed good, provided that those at the head of affairs were wisely selected, and were devoted to the interests of good government. More especially might this appear to be the case when, as in the East, no outward manifestation of violence need be apprehended if certain elementary precautions be taken. Most English statesmen would certainly be very thankful if the injunction not to speak to the man at the wheel could be extended to those engaged in steering the ship of State. In reality, it is a great disadvantage to

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a ruler not to be able to feel the pulse of the ruled through the free expression of public opinion. The best rulers are only human and often make mistakes. In such cases the voice of the public may help them back to the right track before they have gone too far astray. However that may be, no such voice is to be heard in the East, and the powers that be have to get on without it as best they can. It may be objected to the above views, that the press is nowhere more violent in attacking the Government than in some Oriental countries. This does not affect the argument. The majority of these organs are conducted by Europeans, and though the views expressed may occasionally create a spurious superficial opinion, they have no pretension to represent real native feeling.

Though, as we have seen, the great mass of these populations are, in general, indifferent to the proceedings of their rulers, the case is quite different when individual interests are involved. In matters of this nature the parties concerned will display extraordinary ingenuity and perseverance to attain their ends. The unfortunate administrator, upon whose decision the question rests, will be bombarded with petitions and deputations. If he personally is considered above suspicion, his subordinates, down to the doorkeeper who keeps the importunate from his door, will be approached in various illicit ways. In administrative matters the Oriental is firmly convinced that nothing is ever really decided by the apparent head. There is always some underling who pulls the strings, and can make his chief do what he likes. More especially does he hold this view when the chief is a foreigner, imperfectly acquainted with the language of the country and working through interpreters. He is also convinced that it is possible to get round every one if proper treatment is applied. In the selection of this treatment he is extremely ingenious, and displays a very profound knowledge of the lower motives which work the human machine. In a word, when an Oriental wants something definite done, he does not waste time by demonstrating its practical advantages, or by appealing to those at the top of the tree whose approval is apparently necessary. He sets to work to find out, firstly, by what obscure person the question will really be decided, and, secondly, by what means that person can best be approached. Perhaps one of the reasons of the unpopularity of the English with certain classes of Orientals has been the upsetting of this time-honoured method of tempering the decrees of an autocratic government.

It is not surprising that an agitation based on the premisses set forth above is extraordinarily persistent and clamorous so long as the subject-matter is under consideration. The moment a decision has been taken either in one sense or the other by the highest authority, the inherent resignation of the Oriental at once reasserts itself and the agitation completely and instantly dies a natural death. This is entirely different to what takes place in the West under

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similar circumstances. There, a genuine agitation grows with resistance and is by no means appeased by an adverse decision against which there is no appeal. There is another species of agitation with which it is much more difficult to deal, namely, that founded on what is considered a genuine grievance. The laws and regulations of the most civilised states are but imperfect approximations to pure justice, and in their operation often cause individual hardship. The European has learned to submit to these with a patient shrug and to console himself with the feeling that he suffers for the general good. Not so the Oriental. When the most careful application of the law results in some individual injustice, the sufferer cannot be made to understand that there is no remedy. If he has trust in the good intentions of the ruling power, he will continue for years to put forward his grievance with a pathetic confidence that in the end equity will prevail. It is cases of this kind that cause the European reformer to occasionally sigh for the laxer methods of Oriental administration.

As an official, the main characteristic of the Oriental is his extreme dread of responsibility. In Egypt this is an inheritance from former times, when it was always usual to offer up a victim if anything went wrong. Consequently the main object of every official was to leave a loophole by which, in case of necessity, the blame could be shuffled off on his subordinate. The minister took refuge behind the head of the department, the head of the department behind the chief of the section, and so on, until some small clerk at the bottom of the scale was reached, whose participation had perhaps been limited to copying out the order or document which was the cause of complaint. Whatever the particular business might be, the great aim of all concerned was to avoid being mixed up in it. Orders were generally written in such obscure language that they could be interpreted either way. From the point of view of sound administration the system was hardly satisfactory, but it often saved the skins of those interested. Nowadays all this is changed. When mistakes are made, there is generally some Englishman upon whom the blame can be fastened and whose broad back is capable of bearing vicarious responsibility without any undue effort. Still the old habit prevails, and even now it requires constant encouragement and the certainty of protection to persuade the Eastern to show initiative and undertake responsibility in matters of any importance.

No examination, however superficial, of the national characteristics of any race would be complete without some reference to the effect produced by religious beliefs. In the case of the Oriental races this subject is surrounded with difficulties, and it is impossible to lay down any very definite conclusions. Not only are the various nations under the influence of different religions, embodying different

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tendencies, but the same religion seems to produce different effects according to the localities where it is practised. The best example of this is the Mahomedan religion, which, if not numerically the most important in the East, exercises a preponderating influence in more distinct countries, containing populations of entirely unlike origin, than any other religion. Between the Indian and the Egyptian Mahomedans the points of difference are enormous, so much so that the one is absolutely out of touch with the other on most religious questions. This is usually accounted for by the fact that in India Islamism has lived side by side with Hindooism and has been greatly affected by the teaching of the latter. However that may be, compare in this respect the Turk and the Egyptian. Both these peoples have practised the Mahomedan religion from its beginning and have kept as closely as possible to the primitive doctrine as laid down by its founder. The intimate political and religious connection that existed between the two countries has prevented any distinctions either of dogma or practice. Yet in certain respects the influence of the religion on the national character has not been the same. It is a common belief that the Mahomedan is extremely fanatical, in the sense of feeling an instinctive hatred and contempt for all who are outside the pale of Islam. This is certainly the case in Turkey, but not at all either in Egypt or India. The Egyptian Mahomedan is the least intolerant of all races who are sincerely attached to their religion. Some years ago a new mosque, erected by the late Khedive Tewfik, was opened at Korosko in the then frontier province of Egypt. The Khedive, being unable to assist, deputed the governor of the province, an English officer, to conduct the ceremony. The writer was present on the occasion, and was an eye-witness of the curious spectacle of a Mahomedan mosque being opened with great pomp by a Christian amidst the rejoicings and enthusiasm of an entirely Mahomedan population. It may be doubted whether any other of the established religions of the world would display a similar amount of toleration.

It must not be assumed that this tolerant attitude towards other religions implies an entire absence of fanatical feeling amongst the Egyptians. Fanaticism, meaning thereby the temporary loss of reason under the influence of some dominant passion, is by no means the monopoly of the Oriental. Even in modern times there have been numerous instances of such explosions among the most advanced nations. It is obvious, however, that ignorant and uneducated peoples are much more prone to indulge in these outbursts. Among the docile and, in general, easily governed populations of the East, fanaticism is more a question of administration than anything else. The Turkish Mahomedan is fanatical because he is constantly encouraged from above to develop that quality. On the other hand, the Egyptian Mahomedan, whose potential impulses in this direction

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are just as strong, is like the Indian Mahomedan, perfectly satisfied to be ruled by a Christian Power. A very few years of European control in Turkey would produce the same result. There is, however, a point on which all Mahomedans in all countries, and, indeed, all the Eastern peoples, are extremely sensitive, and that is any attempt at proselytism. This feeling is the most serious obstacle which a European Power has to encounter in dealing with Oriental races. When once confidence has been inspired that there will be no interference with religion, the rest is comparatively easy, inasmuch as the East has no great desire for self-government so long as it is decently governed. To acquire that confidence is, however, a work of time and patience. Even when acquired, it will easily and quickly be shaken by a few injudicious proceedings. There is no subject as to which the Oriental is so suspicious or so constantly on the alert. It has been of enormous assistance to the English race in their relations with these peoples, that they have inherited from their past history so clean a record in this respect, and it is of the first importance to do nothing to impair that record in the future.

The Oriental has now been considered as a man, as the head of a family, as a social unit, as a citizen, and as a religious believer. The hardest task of all remains, namely, to diagnose his peculiarities as a thinking and reasoning animal. It is very evident that the mental machine of the Oriental is not constructed like our own. Consequently, we are deprived of the usual resource of the psychologist to arrive at an understanding of the working of the human mind by an introspective examination of the processes of his own. On the other hand, we cannot pull the machine to pieces to see how it works. All that can be hoped is, by a careful observation of cause and effect, to arrive at a few general conclusions, mostly of a negative character. The first has already been stated, namely, that the Eastern mind works quite differently from the Western. Given the same premisses, the two minds will never arrive at the same results. This is not due to stupidity or slowness of apprehension, such as would be the case if an uneducated farm-labourer in England were asked to reason out some complicated question. On the contrary, the Eastern mind is remarkably quick and adroit. The explanation, perhaps, is to be found in the second negative mental characteristic of the Oriental, which is that he is entirely devoid of all sense of proportion. In any difficult question, where a certain amount of detail is comprised, his mind will generally fix itself on some comparatively unimportant point to the exclusion of the bigger issues involved. It results that his judgment is defective. In the practical affairs of life this habit of mind has the great disadvantage of paralysing initiative. There are always objections to every new proposal or reform. All wise changes are based on a compromise between the habits of the past and the wishes of the

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future. In this respect they are compounded of many elements that are at times illogical but convenient. It has been in this spirit that the sound practical common sense of the English people has evolved under the party system the *régime* under which we flourish to-day. To the educated Oriental mind this spirit of compromise is obnoxious. He sees the minor points to which exception may be taken without appreciating how far they are outweighed by the result of the whole. If he cannot have perfection, he prefers the *status quo*, and the natural consequence is that nothing is effected.

On the other hand, if the Oriental mind fails in grasping the main issue and concentrating itself upon it, it shows a remarkable facility in seizing all the different points of detail involved and in developing the results which may be expected from them. In this respect it can render in the practical affairs of life valuable assistance to the larger mind that can grasp general tendencies without appreciating all the minor effects of any proposed course. The Oriental, for instance, is an extremely useful coadjutor in matters of drafting. All who have had any practical experience of draftsmanship know the great difficulty of expressing clearly and intelligibly the exact intention of the author. The strict interpretation of the wording of laws has frequently resulted in the opposite of what was desired by the original legislator. The Eastern is especially adroit in picking out beforehand doubtful and ambiguous expressions which may counteract the intended effect. Again, the European fixed on some general scheme of an evidently advantageous character, sometimes fails to perceive various secondary inconveniences against which provision should be made. The co-operation of an intelligent Oriental will often call his attention to these and enable a remedy to be found. To the same mental texture is due the success of the Eastern as a special pleader. He is an adept at extracting all possible arguments, good, bad, or indifferent, in favour of or against any particular thesis. The ingenuity displayed in arranging facts to suit the theory to be demonstrated would put many a European advocate to shame.

Another interesting characteristic of these races is their quickness in divining character and in taking the moral measure of those with whom they are brought into contact. This is the more remarkable as it is equally true in their dealings with foreigners. There is surely no more vague or indefinable quality than that which constitutes what in our country is called a gentleman. Yet a comparatively uneducated Egyptian sheikh, who has hardly ever been outside his village, seems to have an infallible instinct in this respect. It is an axiom with all who are concerned in governing Eastern countries that, as regards Europeans, only what are known as gentlemen ever succeed in obtaining influence with the natives. How the Oriental, with his comparatively small experience of Europeans, has arrived at

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this delicacy of perception in a matter where European nationalities themselves generally fail to appreciate one another, is, and will probably remain, a mystery. That the fact is so cannot be denied.

When all is said, our knowledge of what is passing inside the Eastern's head is, even after an experience of two centuries, singularly deficient. No races keep their innermost thoughts and feelings so closely to themselves. Now and again some fortuitous circumstance affords a momentary glimpse of their mental complexion, generally with the result that it appears quite different to what could have been expected. The longer a European has associated with the East the less disposed is he to propound theories on this subject. One principle, and one only, may perhaps be laid down with a certain degree of confidence. Given any particular set of circumstances, let the methods of reasoning that commend themselves to the Oriental mind be carefully pursued up to their natural and obvious conclusion. One thing alone is certain, and that is that that will not be the conclusion at which the Oriental will arrive.

Such, then, are some of the chief characteristics which go to make up the Oriental character, in so far as it has not been affected by European influence. In many of the countries of the East, the upper classes have been greatly affected by that influence. So far as this is the case, they are not comprised within the limits of the present observations. There is, however, a question of vital importance, to which only a very brief allusion can be made here, and an examination of which must bring into court the civilised Oriental as one of the chief witnesses. That question is, What has been the effect of the artificial introduction of European civilisation among the races of the East? The material advantages, which may be summed up as the enjoyment of good government and the participation in the results of European thought and invention, are obvious enough. It is not these to which allusion is here made. But what has been the effect on the individual and national character? The problem is one of great complexity, and it is with extreme diffidence that the writer ventures to put forward a few considerations which may help in its solution.

Nations follow in their development much the same laws as the individuals of whom they are composed. It will, therefore, be simpler to examine the effect of modern civilisation on the moral character of the individual Oriental before proceeding to the larger question of its effect on the national character. It is a common saying that the civilised Oriental has acquired the vices of the West without losing those of the East. Like most rough-and-ready generalisations, the saying is only half true, and is, indeed, sufficiently disproved by the numerous examples to the contrary that can be met with every day. The truth would seem to be that the condition, described above in so unflattering if epigrammatic a manner, is only

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a temporary phase in the process of development. In the moral transformation of the man those qualities which have the weakest hold will first disappear, while of the qualities to be acquired those which appear at first sight most attractive will be the first assumed. It is an unfortunate peculiarity of the human race, whether domiciled in the East or the West, that they are more attached to and attracted by their vices than their virtues. It is not, therefore, surprising that, in any process of artificial and usually premature conversion from one moral standpoint to another, the old virtues are the first to disappear, and the new virtues the last to blossom forth, so that there is an intermediate stage, somewhat disconcerting to the philanthropist, when no virtues at all exist. The moral is contained in the old adage, so universally accepted in principle by all reformers, so seldom put in practice—*Festina lente*. All outside interference with the normal development of the human character is fraught with danger and requires the greatest tact and prudence to bring it to a successful issue. Even then the plant produced is a weakly one and requires every care and attention to make it live.

The same reasoning applies with still greater force to the formation of a national character. The nations of the West possess strongly defined characteristics which give to each its individuality. The Anglo-Saxon races place before all other ideals freedom, the Latin races equality, the Teutonic discipline. These and other great national traits have developed out of past struggles. Europe and America have paid for their salvation with many a dark page of history. Their peoples have passed through the fire and have emerged with a character solidly welded. In the East we are confronted with an entirely different situation. The Oriental races in their primitive darkness possessed certain rude national qualities, such as fidelity—sometimes exaggerated and nearly always undeserved—to their rulers, endurance of national misfortunes without complaint and without losing heart, military courage and love of conquest. Under the enervating influence of an imported civilisation these have mostly disappeared. Nor are there at present any very encouraging signs that their place is being taken by a higher standard of national feeling. The English have ruled India for two hundred years, but in this respect little or no progress has been made. In Egypt the British occupation has lasted too short a time for any effect on the national character to be visible. At the same time the history of the earlier years is singularly instructive as regards the point under discussion. During those years it was expected that the occupation would be of very brief duration, and consequently the special preoccupation of those engaged in reforming the administration of the country was to place the Egyptians as soon as possible in a position to govern themselves. The attempt failed, and, in fact, it very soon became apparent that the improvement of the moral and

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material condition of the people would postpone, and not accelerate, the moment when they would be ripe for self-government. In view of the attention and encouragement that has been, and is still being, given to the development of a national character in the Egyptian people, it is somewhat disappointing that up to the present no sign of progress can be recorded. All the customary panaceas have been tried. At the outset, a very liberal form of constitution, intended to give free expression to the voice of the people, was introduced. This has proved a complete failure. Education has been greatly stimulated, but no educational system has as yet been discovered, even in Europe, for the development of character, whether individual or national. Still less is this the case in the East, where learning seems rather to have a destructive effect on the moral fibre. Local self-government on a small scale has lately been introduced. So far the results are not all that could be wished, but here, if anywhere, is to be found the means of fostering the growth of an intelligent interest in public affairs.

Whether these efforts to instil a public spirit in the hearts of a subject race will in the long run prove successful is, in the writer's opinion, more than doubtful. It cannot be denied that if the English domination, either in India or Egypt, suddenly ceased, the last state of those countries would be worse than the first. Still the experiment is worth trying, if only from the point of view of fulfilling our duty to those under our rule. Some may be of opinion that if the task of creating by artificial means independent self-governing communities is an impossible one, it would be better to allow these peoples to stew in their own juice until such time as they could emerge by their own unaided efforts. There might be something to be said in favour of this view if such a consummation were within the range of practical politics. It must not, however, be forgotten that the Eastern races had a start of many centuries over the Western, in spite of which they have failed in working out their own salvation. They enjoyed a comparatively high state of civilisation at a time when the ancestors of modern Europe were wild savages. If with these initial advantages they have been unable in the past to develop the qualities by which communities succeed in the struggle for existence, there does not seem much probability of their developing them hereafter by their own unaided exertions. In that case it is surely in their best interests that the successful races should lend them a helping hand, even if that hand cannot be withdrawn, and should give them the opportunity of sharing in the material blessings which the peoples of Europe have earned by the labour and suffering of many centuries.

A GARDEN AND A FARM IN NORTH ITALY. BY ALETHÆA WIEL



'OD Almighty first planted a garden,' says Bacon. 'And indeed,' he goes on to say, 'it is the purest of human pleasures.' Against such a verdict there can be no appeal, though many will be keen to add that the next best thing to possessing a garden is to hear about the one owned by our neighbour, or to discourse about one's own. The latter of these pleasures falls to my lot to-day, and as my garden is remote, inaccessible to the gaze of most who might wish to explore its beauties for themselves, I propose talking of it to all who will be patient enough to hear me.

Think not, however, O gentle reader, that this will be a learned treatise filled with Latin names, and with dogmas as to how plants should be grown. Far be it from me to presume on such a course. I intend only to speak of things as they are, to describe my garden and farm—for that, too, pleads to be brought under notice—as best I can, and to leave it to others to pass a merciful judgment on gardener and chronicler alike.

I said that my garden was 'remote,' a word that will not be considered beside the mark when I explain that my garden is situated in Italy. Not, though, in the Val d'Arno, where English travellers might be lucky enough to include it in their excursions around the 'fair white walls' of Florence; nor within hail of the mighty dome placed long ago by an 'angel' over St. Peter's mortal remains; but away to the north of the peninsula and within sight of the glorious mountains of the Cadore. There, in that part of the country called by the inhabitants 'Pre-Alpi' or 'Fore-Alps,' with the River Piave rushing on one side and the great chain of the Dolomites on the other, lies the property that came into my possession a few years ago.

The owners had parted with it without regret. They had for some time ceased to live at Socchieva (for so the place was called), and no trace of care or affection could be detected in the neglect and ruin that were beginning to invade the house and estate on all sides.

The house itself, which stands east and west, is well built and spacious, and consists of two storeys. A long wing flanks it on one side, with large granaries on the upper floor, and a portico below full of plants and flowers. In front of the house, and enclosed by a stone parapet, is a grass lawn, and on the south side of this lawn a wall forms a boundary between the grass and a terrace garden. From this again the kitchen garden leads in graduated slopes down to a wild dell of broken ground with a stream running through its midst.

The feature, though, of the place is an abundance of hornbeam

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(*Carpinus*) hedges and glades. The house is approached by a long avenue of these trees, that enclose you when you drive up as in a deep green tunnel of foliage. The other side of the house boasts of another of these 'tunnels,' while flanking the terrace garden is a high hedge of this same hornbeam, cut to be in keeping with the 'portico' of the wing, and arched in the same fashion. Other hedges of a lower altitude lead up to the high one, all cut and trimmed in orthodox fashion, and giving an effect of neatness and order very striking amid the wildness of Nature all around. The place has been laid out with a taste and style that arrest attention, and that make one eager to know what brain had mapped out so accurately an effect that can have lived only in the eye of faith, seeing that the trees have taken a hundred years to attain their present proportions.

The designer of it all, so runs the story, was a French officer who fled to Italy when the great Revolution broke out in Paris, hoping to escape the fate that befell most of his countrymen. He busied himself while in exile in laying out gardens and arranging other people's grounds. The trees he planted could have been but a few feet high when he decided, after spending three years in Italy, to return to Paris. Exile was less cruel than the welcome afforded him by his native land. He perished ingloriously on the guillotine a few days only after his return, another victim to the treachery, the bloodthirstiness, the cruelty of France.

The trees planted by him have been trained to grow and meet overhead, and their towering leafy branches touch at a height of some fifty feet, forming a network of thick foliage through which the sun's rays endeavour in vain to pass. You may wander along those glades on the hottest days of August, needing no parasol and fearing no sunstroke.

The walks along these leafy groves lead on the east side of the house to a deep ravine, where saplings of acacia, hornbeam and walnut grow amid a tangled jungle of brushwood. At the bottom flows a small stream called the 'Siva,' which empties itself into the Piave. Before it reaches that river, however, it falls from a height of nearly 200 feet over a horseshoe-shaped ledge of rock, so that I can boast of counting a waterfall among my other possessions, and derive therefrom no slight satisfaction !

The extent of ground allotted to flowers is not large. The alleys flanked by the hedges, the glades, the bowers (of which there are two large ones on either side of the terrace garden), the avenues, one and all formed of hornbeam, constitute the peculiarity and beauty of the place, and stamp it with the characteristic of that tree above all else. In spite, however, of the small space reserved for planting out, there is no lack of flowers in my garden. The luxuriance of growth, the abundance of bloom, the richness of colour to be found

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in that small parterre make it impossible to ask or wish for more. Roses of all sorts abound, from the modern French tea-roses planted by me down to the old-world York and Lancaster rose that I found in a sheltered nook in the garden as flourishing and distinctively marked as if it had been but just transplanted from Towton's bloody field!

Narcissi and double lilies of the valley are to be found in the early spring in wild abundance down in the dell. Later on, one of the slopes in this same spot is a mass of bright day-lilies and a high-growing daisy, which rears clusters of white flowers to contrast in all the pride of perfect purity with the orange-coloured blossoms of its day-decked neighbour.

Of the wild flowers outside my garden it is not now the moment to speak. I will own, though, to frequent excursions beyond my garden boundary to gather them in unstinted quantities, returning with my arms full, and startling the peasants at work in the fields, who wonder why I burden myself with such 'common stuff' when I can cull far daintier treasures nearer home.

But the garden is not spared on account of the 'meaner glories' that are brought from outside. The scissors or the knife are always at work, and the demand for 'cut flowers' is only equalled by the supply. A bed of salpiglossis—whose beauty and novelty surprised my neighbours far and wide—supplied me with flowers of every possible colour for well-nigh three months. So, too, did a bed of scabious, that sweet and lovely 'mourning widow' plant whose lines of soft greys and violets were interspersed with red and pink tints by no means appropriate to woe, and certainly not in keeping with the widowed state.

A further supply was also to be gathered from a bed of white and violet petunias, whose scent and colour delighted every sense, and whose luxuriant growth bore witness to the vigour of their constitution. A great mass of zinnias also contributed their share of decoration both indoors and out. They grew to a great height, so were of use in tall flower-glasses, while their dazzling tints in the garden showed off to great advantage against a background of hornbeam hedge. Clumps of marigold (the French and African in almost equal degrees) filled up the four corners of the parterre; while smaller masses of annual gaillardias, dianthus, lupins, and chrysanthemums contributed towards the beauty of the garden and the happiness of its owner. A space round the front of the house is devoted exclusively to all that is sweet, and includes in its ranks tuberoses, lemon-scented verbena, a tribe of sweet geraniums, southern wood, and as many fragrant creepers in among the plants as the soil will allow of.

Nor must I omit to allude, however briefly, to my 'border.' (Could any English gardening man or woman forego a 'border,' no

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matter where the garden that they chose to tend might be?) A long narrow stretch of ground above the dell, and formerly known as the ‘giardino inglese,’ was set aside for this purpose. A row of dahlias, running to quality rather than quantity, and kept in order by two lines of wire stretched spalierwise behind them, formed the background, together with a sprinkling of tritomas and phloxes. The front was bright with coreopsis, linums, agrostemas, and gorgeous dragon-shaped lilies, whose title of ‘Bella Donna’ commended them not a little to the Italian peasant whom I had withdrawn from rough field work to tend and cultivate my flowers. The ‘middle distance’ was filled in with Canterbury bells, golden rod, snapdragons, delphiniums, and mallows; while low-growing nasturtiums, sanvitalia, lobelias, portulacas, and leptosiphon filled up any space available for the purpose.

The temptation to linger in the garden must not however make me oblivious of the claims of the farm or of the promise given above to relate my experiences in that department.

The system whereby agriculture is carried on in this part of Italy is known as that of the ‘mezzadria,’ and has been in vogue for centuries. The lines on which this system is based is that of equal division between the landlord and his peasant. All that the soil produces is shared by both alike, and the worker of the land has as great an interest in its produce as the owner. ‘Half and half’ might be the motto of the ‘mezzadria’ system, for that is in reality the doctrine it inculcates. Half of each harvest as it comes round goes to the peasant, the other half remains for the landlord. By this arrangement no wages pass between employer and employed; and again, no rents are given or received. The peasant contributes his labour and receives in return the half of what that labour produces. The landlord has not to draw from his bank for money for weekly wages, though, when his peasants are in arrears with their payments, it generally falls to his lot to supply their deficiencies.

The expenses on the property are also shared alike; the peasant paying, for instance, the half of the seeds bought, the half of the manure, of the sulphate of copper for the vines, and so forth. The taxes, however, have all to be met by the landlord alone. He, too, has to keep his peasants’ houses in repair, and to plant all the trees—not including the fruit-trees though—on the property. The peasant again has to find all the implements and tools needed for the working of the farm, and he is also bound to provide his ‘padrone’ annually with a given quantity of eggs, chickens and capons. The number of these ‘onoranze,’ as they are called, is fixed according to the quantity and quality of the land allotted to each peasant.

One of the chief sources of income in the province of Belluno is the breeding of cattle. The strength and endurance of the Bellunese breed make them in large demand, and many a fine pair

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of oxen leave our neighbourhood to go down to the plains, where oftentimes a team of five or six yoke of oxen are needed to pull the plough through the deep sticky soil of the Venetian lowlands. The price of a good pair of three-year-old oxen will run from 500 to 700 francs (roughly speaking, some £20 to £28), but prices vary immensely, and at the present moment the value of cattle is much lower than it was three or four years ago.

The well-being of a farm is judged by the number of head of cattle it can support. A property of a hundred acres, for instance, is considered well stocked if it can maintain from forty-five to fifty animals. The rearing of cattle supersedes all interest in dairy-farming, as far as the immediate neighbourhood of Belluno is concerned, and the peasants—than whom no more ignorant, narrow-minded race of people are to be found—refuse to believe in the advantages open to them as butter and cheese makers. Their prejudice in applying the milk to any other purpose than that of feeding the calves is deep-set. The introduction of a churn and a butter-worker have opened their eyes somewhat, but the struggle to establish a dairy on my estate, and to make it succeed, will be long and determined, and it is by no means a foregone conclusion as to whether ignorance or progress will win in the long run.

Sheep are voted more injurious than profitable, and goats are wisely banished to the higher, rougher lands of the Cadore.

The hay crop—an all-important one where cattle are concerned—averages from four to five yields a year, and the same may be said of the lucerne. No mowing-machines exist in this part of the country, and, indeed, on many of the steep slopes they would be altogether useless. Men and lads, and many of the women, too, mow well and evenly; and the hay under the hot, blazing sun of July and August is often made in a day, or at the outside in two. The hay harvest is always the first to be gathered in; and it is followed in rotation by those of hemp, beans, Indian corn or maize, and wine. Wheat is rarely grown so far north; and only small crops of barley, rye and oats are permitted on this estate.

The crop, however, that appeals most to the peasants is that of the Indian corn or maize, and they care not what toil or trouble they devote to bring it to a successful issue. Its over-cultivation is to be avoided, but, on the other hand, there is much to warrant the peasants' devotion towards the 'sorgo turco' as it is called. Apart from the grain, which supplies the yellow flour that when cooked is known as 'polenta,' and forms their staple food, the plant has many properties. These may be divided into two heads: those which are good for the use of man, and those which concern the animals. For human needs the maize (besides the grain already alluded to) provides a soft fibrous material, which wraps the pod of the grain and protects it when growing, and is afterwards used for filling

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mattresses. I have often slept on beds made of these 'cartocci,' and found them most comfortable. They have the additional merit of being clean and healthy, and can be renewed every year, incurring thereby no expense, and ensuring cleanliness and comfort. The husk, after the grain has been removed, is used for firing, and is of material assistance in the wood fires that, for want of coal, have to do us service in this part of the globe.

The Indian corn supplies also bedding for the cattle. The stalks of the plant are devoted to this purpose, while the tufts of feathery grass at the top of the stalk, together with some of the leaves, are cut, before the grain ripens, for fodder. Another quality possessed by the maize plant is its hardiness. It adapts itself marvellously to a wet season ; it is not daunted by drought ; it resists as no other plant does the ravages of hail (that scourge of agriculture in Italy), and even in poor and stony soil it thrives to some extent. In fact, the Indian corn deserves to be respected and cultivated, for it makes a gallant fight against every obstacle thrown in its path, and it repays a hundredfold any labour bestowed upon it.

The vine ought really to be mentioned before the maize, for it is of greater importance, and in most parts of Italy is a source of far higher revenue. In the province of Belluno, however, its cultivation is still backward, while all the appliances for converting it into wine are of the most primitive order. The vine most largely grown on the Socchieva property and on the neighbouring estates is that imported from America. It is in consequence spoken of as the 'Americana,' or 'Uva Fragola,' from the slight flavour of strawberry to be found in the grape, or the 'Uva Isabella.' Another quality of American vine much grown throughout Northern Italy is that known as 'Clinton.' The culture of these American vines is chiefly due to the fact that they are less susceptible than other vines to the attacks of 'Phylloxera,' 'Poronospera,' and other diseases common to their species. A very good white grape grows also on my property, and had a name in bygone times for the excellence of its vintage. Want of care and cultivation has caused it to dwindle and deteriorate ; a condition of things now no longer to be allowed.

The manner of making the wine is most primitive. Early in October the bunches are gathered and brought in ox-drawn carts to the shed where the vats stand. The black grapes are pitchforked into as many vats as they will fill ; stalks, skins, good and bad berries all huddled in together, the same being done in separate vats with the white grapes. The process of 'treading the wine-press' then takes place. Three or four stalwart peasants, with their trousers tucked up well above their knees, execute this feat.

Some of my maids, and, indeed, some of my English visitors, occasionally take a turn in the vats before the men begin. The

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shrieks that take place over the shock of cold to their feet, and the appearance of their red-stained legs afterwards give rise to no small amount of comment and merriment !

The treading of the grapes is no easy task, and it has to be gone on with till nothing is left in the vat but skins, pips and stalks, the juice being then run out, measured, and put into other casks, where it stands and ferments for about three days. The residue left in the vats is also allowed to stand for awhile, after which water is poured on it and an inferior liquid, called 'vino piccolo' (small wine), is made from it.

The bean crop is another of the important harvests in this part of the country. The amount of beans consumed in Italy among the upper as well as the lower classes makes their cultivation a matter of importance, and as the Bellunese beans are in great request, being voted by connoisseurs second to none, their ingathering (generally late in September) is a moment of special interest.

The constant round of these varied crops forms one of the chief charms of the farm life, and when the hemp, the pears, the apples, and other lesser fruits have been gathered and stored, the approach of autumn brings a sense of well-earned rest, and is filled with the peace that falls at eventide on a day well spent in activity and usefulness.

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HE high gods sometimes shake their sides with laughter. This is just as well, for superintending mundane affairs must be dreary work.

Two men were sitting by the fire. Both were of middle age, nearer fifty than forty, but, save in the number of years, there was no similarity between them. The one was stout and florid, with plump, white hands ; he was clothed in well-cut cloth and fine linen, and his face was purplish with faring sumptuously every day. But the other's evening dress had evidently seen some years of service. There was a suspicion of a frayed edge to his collar ; plain bone studs fastened an ill-washed shirt front ; and in striking contrast with his companion's black silk socks and daintily made pumps, he wore red lisle thread and old patent leather shoes of a heavy make, with a stain of dried mud around the soles. Nor did his face and manner bear the impress of prosperity more than his attire. His iron-grey hair was thin, somewhat uncared for ; straggling whiskers grew under and around his jaws, which were lean and sunken ; his face was worn, lined, colourless ; his eyes, once blue, seemed to have faded, and looked wistfully at the world through near-sighted spectacles. In figure he was spare and somewhat bent. There are some people into whose blood material poverty seems to have entered. Foolish friends say they have not enough to eat. In Jessop's case this was absurd, but nevertheless he bore the unmistakable air of a man who has starved in many ways.

Of the two men, it was easy to perceive that one was rich and the other was poor ; that one was a success and the other a failure. And the poor man had been dining at the rich man's table. Save for a brief encounter a day or two before, this was their first meeting after the lapse of many years. They had been close friends in their boyhood and youth ; then their paths had diverged, and each had lost count and trace of the other.

Jessop lay back in his huge armchair, sipping his coffee, rather oppressed by the consciousness of the comforts of wealth, and the contrast between this luxuriously appointed dining-room and his own dingly furnished home. The picture-covered walls, vague in the shadow ; the heavy reposeful folds of thick curtains ; the stately carved marble mantelpiece, beneath which a great fire roared up the chimney ; the lights dancing on polished brass fire-irons and fender ; the table in its snowy disarray of fruit and silver and exquisite glass, lit up by many candles whose red shades gave a soft note of colour ; the faint perfume of cut flowers, steaming coffee and cigar smoke—all pervaded his senses and caused him a moment's idle speculation

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as to the sensations of a man to whom this luxury was an everyday environment.

'What will you have?' asked his host. 'Crème de noyau or kümmel? Try the kümmel. It is a special lot. I import it direct myself from Russia. Costs me a pretty penny too.'

Jessop accepted the kümmel.

'It is perfect,' he said, rolling a sip over his tongue. 'I never knew before that it came from Russia.'

Van Buren glanced at him curiously. It seemed odd that a man should be ignorant on such matters.

'I don't know what induced me to look in at the old place on Monday,' he said after a pause. 'I have often passed along Mincing Lane since my return from America and seen the plate "Todmorden, Filby & Co." without an emotion. Perhaps you were thinking of me at the time, and attracted me; that sort of thing seems to happen nowadays.'

'I was,' replied Jessop simply. 'I often think of you.'

'Well, I must confess you were the very last person I expected to see perched up on the same old stool, at the same old desk, writing in the same old ledger. By George! how long is it since I left for the States?'

'It will be five and twenty years on the 3rd of April. That was the last time I saw you.'

'How the deuce do you manage to remember the date?' asked Van Buren, pausing, with a start, in the act of lighting a cigar.

'I suppose I am a man of small mind,' replied Jessop with a faint touch of bitterness, 'and small things stick there.'

'Five and twenty years!' said Van Buren; 'only fancy!'

Neither spoke again for a long time. Each was brought suddenly face to face with a quarter of a century of his life, and involuntarily passed it in review.

With Van Buren the years had brought an uninterrupted series of successes, wealth, wife, children—all that the heart of man could desire. He was satisfied with himself. His audit of past accounts was quickly over, and almost unconsciously he lapsed into schemes for the future. A man whose life has been uniformly prosperous lives very little in the past. The privilege is more frequently exercised by the failures.

But before Jessop's mind arose many pictures of bygone days. They had haunted him continually since Monday, when Van Buren had sprung out of the long-ago, like a phantom reinspired with the breath of life.

Van Buren had succeeded; he had failed. Hope and energy had gone from him for ever. He would pursue the same mechanical round of duties day in, day out, until some part of his machinery should break down and his employers pension him off at half or

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quarter salary. He was a lonely man too. Once he had a wife and child, but only for a short, short time, for they were both sickly and died. Even passionate grief had been denied him. That would have connoted a passionate love, and his feeling for his wife was but affectionate regard. He had resigned himself to his bereavement as he did to the rest of his grey existence. No one saw clearer than he the lack within him of the qualities that ensure success. He was proud, shy, honourable to quixotism, a man not to be led astray, yet craving guidance in right paths, incapable of himself taking a bold initiative. Only once had he so done. He stopped in his meditations at that thought and looked at his friend, who seemed to be lost in watching the rings of cigar smoke curl themselves into fairy wreaths of prosperity. And he wondered how far Van Buren's success was due to him—to that one bold initiative that had marked the beginning of his own life's failure.

He remembered his schooldays with Van Buren at Harrow, where the latter, athletic and resolute, had been the object of his timid hero-worship. He recalled the dark time when the City house in which their fathers were partners had failed, and his rapturous delight when Van Buren and himself were admitted as fellow clerks into the great firm of Todmorden, Filby & Co., of Mincing Lane, with prospects before them of a successful business career. He remembered, too, his own first love affair—the only serious one. He had kept his feelings to himself, for Van Buren was also in love with the girl, and she had ears and eyes only for Van Buren, and they were engaged to be married. Jessop often thought of her in after years ; in fact he was a little disappointed at not seeing her now ; but Van Buren had told him that his wife and family were at the new place he had bought in Essex, and would not return to town till after Christmas. Well, he would see her some day, he thought—if Van Buren asked him again to his house. He sighed a little at the hypothesis. Many years of self-effacement had made him humble-minded.

But through all the memories there came most intense that of the one damning action of his life. Van Buren had been surprised at his remembering the date—the 3rd of April, twenty-five years ago. It would have been surprising, he thought sadly, if he could ever have forgotten.

It was the day that Van Buren was to sail for America to join the staff of the firm's agency in New York. He had come early to the office to make final preparations before starting for Liverpool. Jessop was there too, to see the last of his friend ; for when the stream of clerks poured in at 9 o'clock he would be chained to his stool for the rest of the busy day. Van Buren and himself were alone in the great office. One of the partners was in the inner room—a sacrosanct chamber, whose air seemed impregnated with the

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mystery of wealth and gigantic power, and whither the clerks only penetrated in fear and trembling. Into this room Van Buren was summoned for last instructions. Presently he emerged, rather flushed, with Filby, the managing partner, who, after bidding him look through certain papers, went out through the office door into the street.

'He did not give me that letter after all,' said Van Buren, turning over a sheaf of papers which he held in his hand. 'I'll go back and get it.'

He disappeared into the inner room for a few moments and then returned, pale with suppressed excitement.

'What on earth is the matter, Van?' asked Jessop.

'Matter!' echoed the other. 'A fortune's the matter. The house can make a million of money if it chooses.'

'What is it?' Jessop asked with breathless interest. In their young days he was proud of identifying himself with Todmorden, Filby & Co., and the prospect of a million of money coming to the firm was exciting.

'What has happened? Tell me all about it.'

'A cablegram—from America. I saw it lying on the floor. I went back to make sure. There is an almighty syndicate preparing to buy up all the indigo in the market. This is the first wind of it. Todmorden only has to buy and up goes the market like wildfire!'

'You had better forget all about it,' said Jessop in an awestricken voice.

'So had you,' replied the other.

They remained talking for a short while longer, and then Van Buren bade him a hurried farewell. It was the last time that Jessop had seen him.

The day passed uneventfully; Jessop remembered that he went to the Haymarket Theatre that evening, and was dull because Van Buren was away. The next morning, on looking through the quotations in the morning paper, he noted the sudden leap in the price of indigo, and smiled with the consciousness of esoteric knowledge. If the firm sold out to-day, he thought, they would make a fortune. His mind was filled with the success of the House, and with wild imaginings of a future time, when he might be one of the partners, and have secrets worth more than a king's ransom cabled to him from across the seas. It was with a light heart that he hung up his hat and coat and swung himself upon his stool to commence the day's labours; but hardly had he tried the nib of his pen, when he was summoned into the inner room. There stood Mr. Filby, the old man—he is dead now and his son reigns in his stead—on the hearthrug, with a brow as black as thunder.

'Have you seen this morning's paper?'

The question was delivered like a pistol-shot.

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'Yes, sir.'

'Seen the price of indigo?'

Something was wrong. Jessop read it in the angry face. The thought of yesterday's cablegram caught at his heart and seemed to stop its beating. He stammered out 'Yes' and looked the picture of guilt.

'I will not mince matters,' said the great man. 'Van Buren and yourself were alone here yesterday. One of you—I do not know which—entered this room, and pried into the contents of a cablegram. Which was it?'

Jessop remained silent. He seemed to be standing for hours in front of his employer. Even now, twenty-five years afterwards, as he thought of that crisis in his life, he put his hands tight over his eyes, thrusting his spectacles upwards. Into those few moments were concentrated all the intensity of a lifetime. In a flash he saw what had happened. Van Buren in thoughtless folly had chattered the secret abroad. A great purchase of indigo had been made in consequence, and Todmorden, Filby & Co. had been fooled out of an enormous sum of money.

The question ran in his ears: 'Which was it?' If he pleaded innocence, Van Buren *ipso facto* was declared culpable. It would spell ruin for Van Buren. In Jessop's young eyes dismissal from Todmorden, Filby & Co., with a tarnished reputation, meant nothing less—utter ruin and wreck of life. He stood aghast at the prospect. And Maggie? She was to go out shortly to America to be married to Van Buren. Two lives he saw on the road to wreck. His friend was dear to him, but her happiness was a million-fold dearer. Impression, thought, impulse followed each other with amazing swiftness. And then there swept through him a wave of heroic love, like a rolling flame, and for one white, radiant second transfigured his soul. It was a moment of ecstatic madness, one of those moments when a man is no longer as a man but as God, and commits a sublime folly for which he pays dearer than for a thousand vulgar ones, when he resumes his mortality again.

'I came in and looked at the cablegram,' he said in a toneless voice, 'after Van Buren had gone.'

'And to whom did you confide your discovery?'

'To some friends of mine—at lunch.'

'You wretched fool!' exclaimed his employer, surveying him with an expression of disgust and contempt that haunted Jessop for months afterwards. 'You poor, wretched fool!'

How the next few days passed he never exactly knew. He was plunged into a dull stupor, during which he stared in mazed helplessness at the consequences of his heroic folly. At last, after a temporary suspension, he learned that the firm were inclined to forgive him for his father's sake. He returned to the office, and the

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matter was ostensibly forgotten. But a very short time soon proved that it was for ever recorded against him. The months slipped into years, and the years went on, and he still found himself at the same desk, in the same position, doing the same irresponsible work, while callow juniors were promoted over his head to important posts. At first he endeavoured to regain the confidence of the firm by superlative work. There was a short period of enthusiasm, during which he came early and stayed late, doing more than his share. As the only result of this was that he gradually saw himself developing into a drudge for his fellow clerks, who were taking advantage of his zeal to saddle him with their own work, he abandoned his efforts in disgust. After two or three more fruitless fits of strenuousness he gave up hope altogether, and surrendered himself to the inevitable. A man of robuster fibre might have succeeded in dispelling the prejudice that opposed him ; one more alert, who possessed the instinctive *flair* of success, might have caught on the wing one of the golden chances that are for ever flitting elusively through the great city. But Jessop had neither the inexhaustible energy of the one nor the untiring alertness of the other. He had not the gifts that make a man use misfortune as a stepping-stone to higher things ; he did not even possess the common qualities of a man of action. All the energy of his weak nature had expended itself in one intense effort.

And so the grey years had passed, each day the dull presentment of its forerunner and of its successor. His very marriage occasioned him little emotion. His wife and himself had drifted together like derelicts in a barren sea, he scarce knew how. In the world's goods she was as poor as himself, and even less rich in the qualities that enable a human being to fight the battle of life. It is true that on his marriage the firm had raised his salary a little, a very little, but the favour had been conferred with a covert sneer that had robbed it of any but mere pecuniary value. When his wife and child died he returned not too sorrowfully to his mild bachelor habits. He was very solitary. Such friends as he had regarded him as a poor weak creature of small account. They invited him as an eleventh-hour guest to suburban dinner-parties, and paired him off with the faded spinster aunt or the deaf old lady. His own favourite pursuits demonstrated the unpractical turn of his mind. His hobby was heraldry, the only science, it has been said, that is not worth the knowing. Even here, if the iron of hopelessness had not entered into his soul, he might have attained some sort of position, for his knowledge of the subject was deeper and more accurate than many who enjoy the reputation of authorities. But he did not care.

Under different conditions his life could have been bright and prosperous. At the office his career would never have been brilliant, but it would have satisfied his modest requirements. If no prejudice had blocked the minds of his employers, they would have treated

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him kindly, generously, and his nature would have expanded to the warmth. Hope would have carried him gently over difficult places. His days would have passed in quiet content. As it was, his life was broken. He was a failure. Did he regret his quixotism? He could hardly say. It always seemed to him as if he had hardly been responsible that day for his action. He thought of it with no bitterness; sometimes with a strange humble pride, such as an impoverished gentleman feels when he turns over the signet-ring given by royal hands to his ancestor.

Van Buren knocked the long ash from his cigar into the grate.

'I have often wondered what had become of you,' he said with more kindness perhaps than sincerity. 'We were pretty thick in those days.'

'A letter to Mincing Lane would have found me,' replied Jessop. 'I have been there ever since—a fortnight a year and Bank Holidays excepted.'

'By George!' said the other. 'How sick you must be of it!'

'I have got over that now. It has become a second nature to me. I should be lost if I were set down to anything different. After all, I get my bread and cheese, which is more than a great many others do.'

'Well, that depends whether you are satisfied with bread and cheese. I never was. It is because I never was satisfied with it, but insisted on a deuced sight more, that I am—well, in my present position.'

'Some men are born to success,' said Jessop. 'At Harrow you were always to the front in everything. You had it in you.'

'I suppose I had,' said Van Buren complacently.

He had a florid handsome face, which he kept clean shaven, being proud of certain regularities of mouth and chin; but he was rapidly developing puffiness of feature, which gave him in moments of self-satisfaction a faint air of animalism.

'I believe in knowing exactly what you want and the means of getting it, and if you keep both things steadily in view you catch hold of the chances one by one as they turn up. Lots of men lose a chance out of pure ignorance. They don't know one when it stares them in the face. And as for their being few and far between, why, God bless my soul, there are too many of 'em! The busy man has to let a lot go by because he hasn't the time to attend to them!'

Jessop laughed, more at Van Buren's manner than at his creed. The confident assertion, the masterful ring of the voice, the impetuous jerk forward of the hand—all was so complete a resuscitation of the past. Jessop felt drawn to him now by the same magnetic attraction as of old.

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' You have scarcely changed. You talk just as you used to,' he said.

' Well, I have scarcely had anything to change me. If I had an eye to Number One when I was a lad, I have since discovered that two eyes are better ; that's about the only difference.'

' I mean your way of speaking—your gestures,' explained Jessop, with a simple-minded man's insistence on trifles, seeing that his friend had slightly misunderstood him.

' Oh ! ' laughed Van Buren, ' that's all there still, I believe. I don't think I have changed much outwardly either.'

' I recognised you at once,' said Jessop.

' Gad ! that is more than I did you. The crows have planted their disgusting feet pretty well over your face, old man.'

' Yes, I never was an Adonis at the best of times,' replied Jessop with his half-sad smile. ' And now I suppose I am getting an old scarecrow. But what does it matter ? My courting days are over long ago.'

' Oh, gammon ! ' cried Van Buren cheerily ; ' you're not fifty yet, man ! Why, you have a whole future before you. Hang it all ! I am just about the same age as you, and I am just on the threshold of things. You want shaking up. You have been mouldering in that beastly office so long that you are by way of growing into a fossil. You ought to get out of it—go into society, see a lot of pretty women, and do a bit of shooting—and so on. 'Pon my word, I can't see how you have managed to vegetate like this.'

' Things have been a bit against me,' said Jessop ; ' and opportunities don't seem ever to come my way.'

' That's nonsense ! ' cried Van Buren ; ' they come in everybody's way, I tell you. Only people won't see them. If I had kept my eyes shut, do you think I should have made myself what I am ? I've had nobody to help me. It's all my own doing from start to finish.'

' I wish you would tell me how you set about it,' said Jessop.

' Well, I'll tell you how I began—to give you an instance. One is as good as another. You remember that morning before I started for America ?'

' The 3rd of April,' said Jessop with a smile.

' Do you remember my being in a great state of excitement over a cablegram old Filby left lying about ?'

' Yes,' replied Jessop with a start. ' I do. Perfectly.'

' It was the straight tip—indigo syndicate, if you remember. Gad ! They are slack in this country. Fancy an American man of business doing a thing like that ! And then not to have bought like mad the very second it came ! It was sinful ! '

To give vent to his indignation, or to draw farther away from

RIDET OLYMPUS

the fire, he thrust his chair back on its casters. Jessop leaned forward a little, and turning his head looked at his friend in some anxiety. He had often wondered at Van Buren's culpable indiscretion.

'They were only waiting for confirmatory advice,' he explained.

'The doddering old women!' cried Van Buren. 'Well, they lost half a million possibly over it. I was in before them. I didn't let the grass grow under my feet.'

He rubbed his plump hands together and chuckled in gratified reminiscence. But a cold shiver began to creep down Jessop's back.

'I don't understand you. How do you mean you were in before them?'

Van Buren looked at him amusedly.

'What do I mean? *Sancta simplicitas!* Do you think I could have such knowledge in my hands and not use it? My dear good man! I say I was in before them. I drove straight to Levison; he hadn't come to the front yet in those days, wasn't much, except to those who knew—and I knew; he's been Lord Mayor since, and now he's a millionaire and God knows what all. At any rate, I knew he had the capital, which I hadn't. I drove straight off to him, haggled a bit over commission on his profits, and when I got to the other side of the water I found I had cleared £5000! There, sir!'

Jessop lay back in his chair, unable to speak or move. The shiver had gradually spread all over his body and now was tightening the roots of his hair and quivering in his finger-tips. A cold net of infinite fine meshes was strangling his heart. At first Van Buren's story seemed inchoate, like some nightmare. It was not for a few moments that he realised its significance. He stared into the fire, dazed and frightened, with a bewildered terror in his eyes, and with open mouth drawn down at the corners, like a little child's when it is preparing to cry.

Van Buren, who could not see his face, accepted his silence as a tribute to his own astuteness, and finding himself in genial anecdotal vein launched out into the history of other financial transactions. But Jessop did not hear.

It had never occurred to his simple quixotic mind that Van Buren had been guilty of anything beyond indiscretion. It was to save him from disgrace and ruin that he had taken the blame upon himself. And all the time Van Buren had made a modest fortune through his commercial dishonour and could have snapped his fingers at the prospect of dismissal from the firm. Jessop's lips quivered piteously. What did it all mean? Why had God allowed him to sacrifice his life for a futility? He felt helpless, crushed. He would have liked to be able to cry. Poor as it was, his life had had up to now some meaning, some coherence, some logical explanation. Now it was

WILLIAM J. LOCKE

a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Suddenly Van Buren stopped talking, and, like a person awaking on the cessation of a noise through which he has been sleeping, Jessop recovered consciousness of external things.

'I hope I haven't been boring you with my garrulity,' said Van Buren, getting up to warm himself in front of the fire and lighting another cigar. 'It all came from talking of old times—at least I suppose it did. By George! how quickly the time has flown. It seems only the other day I made that first famous *coup* of mine. By the way, do you remember Maggie?'

'Yes,' said Jessop, not trusting himself to look at the other.

'I used to have an idea you were sweet in that quarter.'

'Yes—I was—just a little. Do you think she remembers me? I am sorry I have not seen her.'

'What on earth do you mean?'

'But surely—she's your wife—Mrs. Van Buren.'

'My wife? Lord bless you!' exclaimed Van Buren with his hearty laugh, 'why, of course not. There was quite a little comedy over it. When I got out there I went and fell in love with the present Mrs. Van and declared myself, just as Maggie was on her way out to be married to me. When the steamer came in I was in a deuce of a stew. And how do you think the matter was solved? I found Maggie in an equal state of funk because she had gone and engaged herself to a fellow on board! But—Jessop! God, man! What's the matter? You look ghastly!'

Jessop had risen to his feet and stood staggering and swaying, holding on to the chair back and looking at Van Buren with wild eyes and bloodless cheeks.

'I feel sick,' he gasped. 'Let me go home. It is the room and the wine—and the Russian *kümmel*. A poor devil like me is not accustomed to Russian *kümmel*.'

And then his head spun round and he fell in a dead faint on the floor.

And now, as Jessop goes to his daily task with worse than death in his soul, there is laughter in Olympus. The solitary, heart-broken man who does not die is a rare spectacle for the high gods. Van Buren has not seen him since. Jessop is too feeble a creature. Between success and failure there is a great gulf fixed, even as that between Dives and Lazarus; only, under the present dispensation, they have changed sides.

**DOROTHY SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF
SUNDERLAND**



Dorothy Sutty, Countess of Huntingdon, "Fairhurst".
From the painting by Mr. Talbot Green in the collection of Lord H. J. Hale and Waller at Sandhurst.

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THE LADY, COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK

MARY SIDNEY

THE READER! How the name melts on the lips! It always conjures up a gentle image, such as that which the magic brush of Van Eyck has made immortal!

Dorothy Sidney was of the noblest lineage in the land. Her father, Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, was nephew to the peerless Sir Philip and also to Mary, Countess of Pembroke, whose portrait was given in the previous number of this Review. Dorothy's mother was a Percy of the great Northumberland race, sister to Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, whose lassinations and intrigues endangered the success of Cromwell and his friends. Dorothy, her father's 'Dearest Doll,' took to her husband the brave young Robert Spencer, Earl of Sutherland, who fell at Falkland upon the fatal field of Newbury.

And yet with all her lineage and the splendour of her marriage fortune, the world rests upon the impassioned verses addressed to her by Sir Walter, and upon the name 'Sacharissa.'

Penshurst, her married residence, was the scene of a married life of quietness.

Stringent in the rule of

temperance, she had no taste for dissipation, and was a constant friend.

Her death, though sudden, was mourned by all for

the character as well as for the beauty of her person.

Without its usual ostentatious ornaments, but

adorned to the end, Yet the following known letter to

her friend, the great Lord Halifax, to whom she attached, she says: 'So the things lie heavy at my

door in my corner you shall know all my secrets,'

which, though written in 1647, has as yet been unable to exhume.

In the court of Charles I's Court, where women

were as yet not yet as such, Dorothy Sidney preserved

her innocence, and her chaste and deliberate wantonness and

inherited from her mother, the Countess of Pembroke. Her

husband, though a man of family and her station,

was not a man of much virtue. Yet she is one of

most remarkable women in history. She is of such a nature that she is a woman of the world. There are

of them still extant, and it is difficult to tell them in the

chaplets.



Portrait of William C. Wirt
In the morning he looked like this

DOROTHY SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND



ACHARISSA ! How the name melts upon the lips ! How it conjures up a gentle dulcet face such as that which the magic brush of Van Dyck has made immortal !

Dorothy Sidney was of the noblest lineage in the land. Her father, Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, was nephew to the peerless Sir Philip and also to Mary, Countess of Pembroke, whose portrait was given in the previous number of this Review. Dorothy's mother was a Percy of the proud Northumberland race, sister to Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, whose fascinations and intrigues endangered the success of Cromwell and his friends. Dorothy, her father's 'Dearest Doll,' took to her husband the brave young Robert Spencer, Earl of Sutherland, who fell with Falkland upon the fatal field of Newbury.

And yet with all her lineage and the splendour of her marriage Dorothy Sidney's fame rests upon the impassioned verses addressed to her by the poet Edmund Waller, and upon the name 'Sacharissa,' which he wove into his verse.

Trace her life from her youth at Penshurst, her married and widowed life at Althorp, her second spell of married life at Boundes, up to her arrival among the Spencers at Brington at the age of sixty-seven, and what does one find ? Nothing more than a sweet, fragrant nature, whether as wife, mother, daughter, sister or friend. Up to the day of her death she was admired and loved by all for the beauty of her character as well as for the beauty of her person. Her life was not without its sorrows and its disappointments, but she kept a smiling face to the end. Yet in her last known letter to her mother, speaking of her friend, the great Lord Halifax, to whom she was sincerely attached, she says : 'Some things lie heavy at my heart. If you were in my corner you shall know all my secrets,' secrets that, fortunately, posterity has as yet been unable to exhume. Bred in the pure atmosphere of Charles I.'s Court, where women were great ladies and behaved as such, Dorothy Sidney preserved her purity and dignity even among the deliberate wantonness and harlotry of the Restoration.

Born a Sidney and a Percy, and married to a Spencer, she inherited all that was noblest in the aristocracy of England. Her life was spent upon the duties imposed by her family and her station. She did, said, wrote nothing of any importance. Yet she is one of the most famous women in English history !

It is of such women that England is justly proud. There are many of them still, but one does not often read about them in the newspapers.

NATURAL SELECTION IN LITERATURE BY W. BROOK ADAMS



NATURAL selection operates on men as on other animals, favouring those whose qualities give them an advantage over their rivals. The qualities which give superiority may be physical or mental, but, on the whole, the physical seem the more permanent of the two classes, and hence the intellectual variation between successive generations of the same race offers the most interesting of all fields for historical study. For example, the Middle Ages were essentially an imaginative epoch, and one of the effects of a vivid imagination was to foster a belief in miracles as a cure for disease. This belief occasioned a flow of fees to convents having relics for supernatural reliefs, and these fees, by enriching religious houses, served to propagate the ecstatic mind, precisely as the abundance of medical fees, at present, serves to propagate the scientific mind. Art and literature are the ordinary channels through which the human intelligence finds expression, and accordingly from the Crusades to the Reformation emotional architecture and emotional poetry flourished luxuriantly. Conversely, since the sixteenth century nature has discriminated sharply enough against the imaginative temperament to render it inarticulate; so much so, that a shrine like Sainte Chapelle, or a hymn like the Dies Irae, could no more be created to-day than a monk could come into being capable of working the miracles wrought by Saint Bernard when he preached the cross in 1146.

Intellectual variations are the effect of an attempt at adaptation to changing external conditions of life, and when these changes are rapid a sudden upheaval of a new intellectual type occurs with a violence called revolutionary. All revolutions are interesting, but among the thousands which have shaken civilisations, that which touches us most nearly is the last, whose results are still being unrolled before us. Indeed, perhaps it is the greatest of all. The changes which have divided modern civilisation from all that has preceded it came with the consolidation of industries which resulted from the acceleration of movement following upon the introduction of the steam engine and the kindred inventions of the same era. This consolidation caused the rapid growth of the urban population, the weakening of the family tie—in fine, the radical modification of the basis on which competition had theretofore been conducted among men. The result of such a modification was necessarily a corresponding variation in the quality of the organism demanded by nature to meet her new requirements, and this variation led to the deterioration of the ancient favoured class, and to the rise of a new type better adapted to meet the situation.

From the sixth century to Waterloo, in Western Europe, the

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military class had been, more or less completely, an aristocratic or ruling caste, and had imposed its ideals upon civilisation. The armed man despised the unarmed man. As Rob Roy told Bailie Jarvie at Glasgow, his mother had

made some mixture of our bluids, to my own proper shame be it spoken ! that has a cousin wi' accounts, and yarn winnles, and looms and shuttles, like a mere mechanical person.

In England as in Rome the farmer had always been the soldier. The men like Dentatus, who tilled five acres, were those who repulsed Hannibal, overthrew Pyrrhus, and subdued the world. The yeomanry formed the line at Cressy and Agincourt, filled the ranks of the Ironsides, and constituted the pith of the British army as late as the Napoleonic wars. And as it was in England, so was it in still stronger degree in Scotland, where, until this century, the urban population was relatively inconsiderable. The Highlanders especially ranked almost as barbarians, having no pursuits but agriculture, hunting, fishing, robbery, and fighting ; and yet these wild and unorganised clans at Killiecrankie and elsewhere routed the best troops the Government could send against them.

Under the old *régime* the serf or agricultural labourer stood at the foot of the scale, but next to him came the unarmed urban class, the industrial population. The weavers of London, for instance, though numerous, were slightly considered throughout the Middle Ages. Commerce ranked higher. From the early sixteenth century downward adventurers like Hawkins, Drake, Raleigh, Blake, Monk, and a thousand others, had followed the sea, and in their calling had fought more desperately than all the armies of the kingdom put together. Also they had reaped their reward. They had established themselves in every quarter of the globe, and magnates like Sir Josiah Child, who controlled the East India Company under Charles II., ranked with the chief nobles of the land. Moreover the great modern British epic was a naval epic, although by no means lacking in triumphs upon land. Possibly no nation within an equal space of time ever developed a more splendid or more varied array of martial genius than did England during the hundred and twenty seven years which elapsed between the expulsion of the Stuarts and Waterloo. Marlborough, Boscawen, Clive, Hawke, Wolfe, Rodney, Collingwood, Wellington, Nelson : on land and sea, to east and west, the Anglo-Saxon race did not so much defeat their rivals as expel from their conquests, and confine within their borders, all races attempting to compete with them in the expansion of their empire.

During this period nature put a premium on the martial and adventurous temperament, and accordingly Great Britain teemed with statesmen like Chatham and Hastings, with warriors like Clive

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and Nelson, and with writers like Byron and Scott. But the very brilliancy of the martial epoch led to the downfall of the martial type. England entered her heroic epoch relatively poor and insignificant, she emerged from it the centre of the world's industries, and this change in the conditions of domestic life changed the intellectual complexion of the English race. The 'Industrial Revolution' began about 1760, and may be said to have ended toward 1840. When it terminated, personal strength and courage had ceased to be the qualities which commanded the highest rewards at nature's hands, and, on the contrary, those qualities which had long condemned their possessors to inferiority had risen to pre-eminence with the rise of Manchester and Birmingham.

The whole social equilibrium was reversed within less than two generations, and the changes which ensued are stamped with equal clearness upon the census book, the statute book, and upon the writings of the novelist and the poet. In 1841 the rural population still outnumbered the urban population by rather more than half a million souls ; in 1851 the proportion had been reversed. Domestic and colonial agricultural prosperity depended upon two measures—the Corn Laws and the Sugar Duties. In 1846 a Conservative administration repealed the Corn Laws, in 1848 a Liberal administration equalised the sugar duties ; and the great landlords and the West Indian planters sank together. In 1841 Cobden entered Parliament, in 1843 Durham returned Bright ; thenceforward the Manchester school replaced Pitt, Canning, and Castlereagh. Scott wrote the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' the last of his great romantic novels, in 1828. In March 1835 the first number of 'Pickwick' appeared, whose enormous success marked the advent of a new class seeking a new form of expression.

But to appreciate Dickens as a social phenomenon, to comprehend the variation in intellectual types which his evolution indicated, one must go backward fifty years and consider the instincts and ideals of the species which was passing away, a species which found its most perfect reflection in the mind of Sir Walter Scott.

Born in 1771, Scott wrote 'Waverley' in 1814, when he was forty-three years old, and when the world to which he belonged was just entering on eclipse. No one knew better than Scott that the old world was dying ; he dwelt on it rather sadly in the closing chapter of 'Waverley.'

There is no European nation which, within the course of half a century or little more, has undergone so complete a change as this kingdom of Scotland. The effects of the insurrection of 1745—the destruction of the patriarchal power of the Highland chiefs ; the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions of the Lowland nobility and barons ; the total eradication of the Jacobite party—commenced this innovation. The gradual influx of wealth, and extension of commerce, have since united to render the present people of Scotland a class of beings as different from

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their grandfathers as the existing English are from those of Queen Elizabeth's time. . . .

Such of the present generation as can recollect the last twenty or twenty-five years of the eighteenth century will be fully sensible of the truth of this statement ; especially if their acquaintance and connections lay among . . . those who still cherished a lingering, though hopeless, attachment to the house of Stuart. This race has now almost entirely vanished from the land, and with it, doubtless, much absurd political prejudice ; but also many living examples of singular and disinterested attachment to the principles of loyalty which they received from their fathers, and of old Scottish faith, hospitality, worth and honour.

Probably this ideal of 'honour' was the instinct which lay deepest imbedded in Scott's heart, and it is precisely the existence of this ideal as a social force which makes the difference between a martial and an economic age. Certainly Scott spoke his profoundest convictions, though he clothed them in exaggerated language, when he made Ivanhoe answer Rebecca thus :

'By the soul of Hereward ! thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldest quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and savage ; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honour ; raises us victorious over pain, toil and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace.'

This ideal of 'honour' as something dearer than life, something priceless, something which if stained can only be cleansed with the blood of the aggressor, is an abstraction of a martial age and of the heroic temperament. Such a conception is incompatible with the existence of an economic society, and accordingly the duel vanished with the rise of industry. Yet the traditions of the past still retained vitality when Scott was young, and one of the most magnificent passages in English heroic literature is that in which Scott has described in 'Waverley' the close of the trial for high treason of Fergus MacIvor and his foster brother Evan Maccombich.

The Judge commanded silence, and encouraged Evan to proceed.

'I was only ganging to say, my lord,' said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, 'that if your excellent honour, and the honourable Court, would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and no to trouble King George's government again, that ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead ; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye myself, to head or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man.'

A sort of laugh was heard in court at this proposal, which the judge checked, and Evan, looking sternly around, said :

'If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right ; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word, and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honour of a gentleman.'

The judge then passed sentence on both prisoners, but offered to

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recommend Evan to mercy if he could 'make up his mind to petition for grace.'

'Grace me no grace,' said Evan; 'since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood, the only favour I would accept from you is, to bid them loose my hands and gie me my claymore, and bide you just a minute sitting where you are.'

No English author has shown such affection for this peculiar temperament as Scott, and at the same time has comprehended so clearly its limitations and its weakness. The humour, the pathos, and the dignity of the sketch of the Baron of Bradwardine, in 'Waverley,' make it a masterpiece; and yet throughout runs the consciousness that, under modern conditions, the type cannot compete, and the hour of its extinction has come.

Of perfect courage, the Baron so lacked the instinct of self-preservation that, having escaped in 1715 from the guard who were conveying him to London to be tried for treason for participation in the rising, he returned to look for his Livy, which he had forgotten. A man whose sense of honour made him resent an affront to his guest more keenly than to himself, and who fought a duel on behalf of Waverley so promptly that, though the words were spoken in the evening, he brought his vanquished adversary back to apologise at breakfast. A man so simple that Baillie Macwheebie pillaged his estate at will, and whose pedantry and family pride caused him to insist, after Preston Pans, on his right by grant '*detrahendi, sue exuendi, calligas regis post battallium*', or, in English, of pulling off the king's boots after the skirmish.

Hardly a novel fails to contain some such character. It may be the hard-riding, drunken Sir Hildebrand, or the dare-devil Maxwell of Summertrees, or the exalted intriguer Redgauntlet, or the passionate lover Ravenswood, or the chivalrous Claverhouse. But rich or poor, civilian or soldier, they have certain traits in common. They are brave, they hold honour dearer than life, they are capable of devotion to an ideal, and they are generally incapable of dealing successfully with money. Scott himself illustrates the rule. Though Scott made great sums he became bankrupt.

When 'Guy Mannering' first appeared, the Ettrick Shepherd said to Professor Wilson, 'I have done wi' doubts now. Colonel Mannering is just Walter Scott painted by himself.' And Adolphus in his criticism of the authorship of 'Waverley,' remarked :

It was no vulgar hand that drew the lineaments of Colonel Mannering : no ordinary mind could have conceived that exquisite combination of sternness and sensibility, injurious haughtiness and chivalrous courtesy.

Equally with the gentleman Scott loved the soldier and all the class of attributes which are evolved by war. The daring, the self-sacrifice, the energy, the strength, and the ferocity mixed with gentleness. And perhaps on no point did he have a keener sympathy

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with the soldier than with his inaptitude for business. The old predatory instinct survived within him, as he himself said, from generations of marauding ancestors.

I am a bad hand at depicting a hero, properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, bucaniers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description. I do not know why it should be, as I am myself, like Hamlet, indifferent honest ; but I suppose the blood of the old cattle-drivers of Teviotdale continues to stir in my veins.

Perhaps one of those cattle-driving ancestors may have been Devil's Dick of Helgarth, in the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' who was 'well known in Annandale for a gentle Johnstone,' and who when poor Oliver Proudfute asked him why he hawked on the borough's moor, explained, before he unhorsed and robbed him, that

'I follow the stout Laird of Wamphray, who rides with his kinsman, the redoubted Lord of Johnstone, who is banded with the mighty Earl of Douglas ; and the Earl and the Lord, and the Laird and I the Esquire, fly our hawks where we find our game, and ask no man whose ground we ride over.'

Scott's childhood was nourished on the legends of the time when, in the words of Simon Glover, in his 'dear native land of Scotland every man deemed it his privilege and his duty to avenge his own wrong.'

As Adolphus long ago pointed out : 'No writer has appeared in our age (and few have ever existed) who could vie with the author of "Marmion" in describing battles and marches, and all the terrible grandeur of war.' Nor did Scott write thus by calculation, for the value of a passion as a commercial article does not seem to have been the side of literature which appealed to him. He wrote on martial subjects because he had the martial instinct ; war seemed to him the greatest of excitements, and the soldier the most eminent of men. As Lockhart has related, Scott declared that 'he had never felt awed or abashed except in the presence of one man—the Duke of Wellington,' because, he went on to say, 'the Duke of Wellington possessed every one mighty quality of the mind in a higher degree than any other man did.' For Scott felt that no 'amount of literary distinction' could be 'spoken of in the same breath with mastery in the higher departments of practical life—least of all, with the glory of a first-rate captain.'

Having the heroic temperament Scott saw everything from the heroic standpoint. When dealing with gipsies, smugglers, or marauders, he forgot their roguery, their sottishness, or their cruelty, in admiration of their loyalty, their affection, or their daring. When in 'The Heart of Midlothian,' Wilson and Robertson were listening to the sermon preached on the eve of their execution, Wilson appeared not to comprehend the meaning of the discourse, being absorbed in planning the escape of his friend. For, seizing 'two of the

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soldiers, one with each hand, and calling at the same time to his companion, "Run, Geordie, run," threw himself on a third and fastened his teeth on the collar of his coat.'

When Nixon, in 'Redgauntlet,' tempted the smuggler Nanty Ewart to betray the Jacobites, Ewart broke out :

' You are a damned old scoundrel—traitor to the man whose bread you eat. . . . I will back and tell them of their danger. They are part of the cargo—regularly invoiced—put under my charge by the owners. I'll back.'

Then Nixon fired, and Ewart, staggering backward, said :

' It has cut my backbone asunder ; you have done me the last good office, and I will not die ungrateful.' As he uttered the last words, he collected his remaining strength, stood firm for an instant, drew his hanger, and fetching a stroke with both hands, cut Cristal Nixon down.

In this quality his women resemble his men. Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot, when Lord Glenallan reproached her with the murder of his wife, answered that she had only loyally served his mother, her mistress.

' I served her, wha was then the head of Glenallan, as she required me to serve her. The cause was between God and her conscience—the manner between God and mine. She is gone to her account, and I maun follow. Have I told you a' ? . . . If I hae sinned, hae I not suffered ? Hae I had a day's peace or an hour's rest since those lang wet locks of hair first lay upon my pillow at Craigburnfoot ? Has not my house been burned, wi' my bairn in the cradle ? Have not my boats been wrecked when all others weathered the gale ? Have not a' that were near and dear to me dree'd penance for my sin ? Has not fire had its share of them —the winds had their part—the sea had her part ? And oh ! ' she added with a lengthened groan, ' O that the earth would take her part, that's been lang, lang wearying to be joined to it.'

Meg Merrilees died for Harry Bertram. Brought from the cave and lying with Hatterick's ball in her breast, she forgot her mortal agony in her devotion to the heir of Ellangowan.

' I was there like a wandering spirit, for I longed to see that wood or we left the country. I saved the bairn's life and sair, sair I prigged and prayed they would leave him wi' me. But they bore him away, and he's been lang ower the sea, and now he's come to his ain, and what should withstand him ? I swore to keep the secret till he was ane-an'-twenty ; I kenned he behoved to dree his weird till that day cam. I keepit that oath which I took to them ; but I made another vow to myself, and if I lived to see the day of his return, I would set him in his father's seat, if every step was on a dead man. I have keepit that oath too. I will be ae step myself, he,' pointing to Hatterick, ' will soon be another, and there will be ane mair yet.'

The Bailie's account of the misfortunes of Rob Roy is another instance of the dignity which Scott threw around a brave man, even though he might be a felon and an outlaw.

Robin was ance a weel-doing, painstaking drover, as ye wad see amang ten thousand. It was a pleasure to see him in his belted plaid and brogues, wi' his target at his back, and claymore and dirk at his belt, following a hundred Highland stots, and a dozen o' the gillies, as rough and ragged as the beasts they drove. And

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he was baith civil and just in his dealings ; and if he thought his chapman had made a hard bargain, he wad gie him back a luck-penny to the mends. I haen'd him give back five shillings out o' the pound sterlinc. . . .

But the times came hard and Rob was venturesome. . . . And the creditors, mair especially some grit neighbours o' his, gripped to his living and land ; and they say his wife was turned out o' the house to the hill-side and sair misguided to the boot. Shamefu', shamefu'. . . .

Weel, Rob cam hame, and fand desolation, God pity us ! where he left plenty ; he looked east, west, south, north, and saw neither hauld nor hope—neither beild nor shelter ; sae he c'en pu'd the bonnet ower his brow, belted the broadsword to his side, took to the brae-side, and became a broken man.

Osbaldistone's description of Helen MacGregor is in the same strain : Osbaldistone saw her immediately after the defeat of a detachment of troops sent to capture Rob Roy.

I do not know if Helen MacGregor had personally mingled in the fray, and indeed I was afterward given to understand the contrary ; but the specks of blood on her brow, her hands and naked arms, as well as the blade of her sword which she continued to hold in her hand ; her flushed countenance, and the disordered state of the raven locks which escaped from under the red bonnet and plume that formed her head-dress, seemed all to intimate that she had taken an immediate share in the conflict. Her keen black eyes and features expressed an imagination inflamed by the pride of gratified revenge and the triumph of victory. Yet there was nothing positively sanguinary, or cruel, in her deportment ; and she reminded me, when the immediate alarm of the interview was over, of some of the paintings I had seen of the inspired heroines in the Catholic churches of France.

From his soul Scott loved the adventurer, whether he happened to be an adventurer playing his part at home, like Rob Roy ; or a wanderer, like Quentin Durward ; or a pure soldier of fortune, like Captain Dalgetty. Dalgetty was typical. He had engaged with the King for a certain term and

till that was expired, his principles would not permit any shadow of changing. The Covenanters, again, understood no such nice distinction, and he was in the utmost danger of falling a martyr, not to this or that political principle, but merely to his own strict ideas of a military enlistment. Fortunately, his friends discovered, by computation, that there remained but a fortnight to elapse of the engagement he had formed, and to which, though certain it was never to be renewed, no power on earth could make him false.

These adventurers, usually noble, were apt to be Scott's lovers, and they made very energetic lovers after the romantic fashion. It might be Quentin Durward carrying the Countess of Croye out of the hall where William de la Marck had murdered Louis of Bourbon, Bishop of Liege ; it might be Harry of the Wynd who fought for Clan Chattan against Clan Quhele for the sake of meeting his supposed rival in the lists ; it might be Jordie Robertson, who led the band that stormed the Tolbooth, and who seduced and afterward married Effie Deans ; or it might be Ravenswood, who when he had forced his way into Ashton's house pressed his suit in these terms :

'Sir William Ashton,' said Ravenswood, 'I pray you, and all who hear me, that you will not mistake my purpose. If this young lady of her own free will desires

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the restoration of this contract, as her letter would seem to imply, there is not a withered leaf which this autumn wind strews upon the heath that is more valueless in my eyes. But I must and will hear the truth from her own mouth—without this satisfaction I will not leave this spot. Murder me by numbers you possibly may; but I am an armed man—I am a desperate man—and I will not die without ample vengeance. This is my resolution take it as you may. . . .

'Now choose,' he said, drawing his sword with the right hand, and, with the left by the same motion taking a pistol from his belt and cocking it, but turning the point of one weapon and the muzzle of the other to the ground—'Choose if you will have this hall floated with blood, or if you will grant me the decisive interview with my affianced bride which the laws of God and the country alike entitle me to demand.'

Finally, since religious enthusiasm is the summit of exaltation, Scott, gifted with the emotional temperament, should have had an instinctive sympathy with enthusiasts. Accordingly there are no finer pages in his romances than those devoted to the Covenanters; and in English literature, past or present, in prose or verse, there is no nobler picture of a devoted champion of the church than is Balfour of Burley in 'Old Mortality.' Indeed the passions there dealt with are probably too fierce to appeal to the taste of the present generation, though nothing can be truer to the spirit of the Cameronians of the seventeenth century. When Morton sought Balfour in his cavern, after the accession of William III., Balfour's mind had partially lost its equilibrium. Morton found him with his sword in one hand and his Bible in the other, thrusting into the empty air. Morton tried to persuade Burley to accept the situation.

'The land has peace, liberty and freedom of conscience, what would you have more?'

'More,' exclaimed Burley, again unsheathing his sword. . . . 'Look at the notches upon that weapon, they are three in number, are they not?'

'It seems so,' answered Morton; 'but what of that?'

'The fragment of steel that parted from this first gap rested on the skull of the perfidious traitor who first introduced Episcopacy into Scotland; this second notch was made in the rib bone of an impious villain, the boldest and best soldier that upheld the prelatic cause at Drumclog; this third was broken on the steel headpiece of the captain who defended the Chapel of Holyrood when the people rose at the Revolution—I cleft him to the teeth through steel and bone. It has done great deeds this little weapon, and each of these blows was a deliverance to the church. This sword,' he said, again sheathing it, 'has yet more to do—to weed out this base and pestilential heresy of Erastianism—to vindicate the true liberty of the Kirk in her purity—to restore the Covenant in its glory—then let it moulder and rust beside the bones of its master.'

If space permitted, there is hardly a quality of Scott's mind which might not be traced to the action of natural selection. Within the limits of an article, however, one or two illustrations must suffice. In all decentralised communities the family, and therefore the hereditary instinct, must be strong, because the lack of police throws the burden of self-defence upon the family, or the tribe, which is an enlarged conception of the family. In centralised,

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or economic societies, on the other hand, as police improves the family tie is relaxed, and the family tie is relaxed because the form of competition for subsistence is changed, and the individual, to support life, requires perfect freedom of movement.

Scott's instincts were archaic, hence with him the hereditary instinct was strong, and he dwelt to excess on the heritable quality of mental and physical characteristics.

Furthermore, the military class is a rural class, therefore Scott's tastes were rural. There is nothing urban in all his works, in the sense in which Dickens is urban. The scene of a romance like the 'Fair Maid of Perth' may be laid in a town ; but the dramatic interest of the story turns on incidents quite apart from the burgher life of the middle-ages.

Lastly, an hereditary military caste must be brave, and with Scott fear was a secondary passion. He used cowardice sometimes as a foil to courage, as he used the terror of Morris to set off the Bailie's answer to Helen MacGregor, when she threatened to murder him ; but on the whole Scott always appealed to his public for sympathy with intrepidity. Fear belonged to burghers, like Oliver Proudfute, 'mechanical persons,' or attorneys, men who wore no swords ; but with soldiers like Claverhouse, Morton, Bothwell, even Dalgetty, fear was substantially unknown, and among the Highlanders so unusual as to pass for enchantment.

Thus Torquil of the Oak on the eve of the combat in the 'Fair Maid of Perth' could not believe that his chief lacked determination.

It was lucky for Eachin that Torquil was incapable, from the formation of his own temper, and that of those with whom he had lived, to conceive the idea of one of his own tribe, much less of his chief and foster son, being deficient in animal courage. . . . Enchantment was a solution.

In the same way, in the 'Legend of Montrose,' when Argyle decided to watch the battle from the deck of a galley,

The noble heart of Ardenvoehr was wrung with bitter anguish when he reflected to what interpretation his present conduct might subject him.

'It is better it should be so,' said he to himself, devouring his own emotion ; 'but, of his line of a hundred sires, I know not one who would have retired while the banner of Diarmid waved in the wind, in the face of its most inveterate foes.'

Such were the impressions made by the external world on temperaments selected by nature with a view to self-defence, under conditions where little or no protection by police existed. Thus stimulated the heroic qualities necessarily flourished ; and therefore the heroic ideals dominated, more or less absolutely, every nation of Europe, from the Crusades to Waterloo. This form of intelligence found its last and, perhaps, its noblest, interpreter in Sir Walter Scott, for in the next generation the accumulation of capital resulting from the industrial development of the last half of the eighteenth

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century engendered the modern police, and with the modern police the value of valour and strength as aids to fortune declined.

The effect of the 'Industrial Revolution' which began about the date of Scott's birth was to raise a timid social stratum to the position of a ruling caste. A social stratum which had never worn the sword, which had always been overridden by soldiers, and which regarded violence with the horror born of fear. According to the Baron of Bradwardine's code, life only retained a value while honour remained stainless, and honour became stained by submission to an insult when that insult could be avenged. But to the industrial community, who knew they could not defend themselves with weapons, the Baron of Bradwardine appeared as a criminal, and they directed legislation against his kind as against ordinary malefactors.

Hardly ever in human history has so remorseless a discrimination been carried on against a doomed class, as against the martial type in the century which elapsed between 1750 and 1850. In Dickens' time Devil's Dick had sunk into the common rough to be handed over to the constable by an opulent citizen like Oliver Proudfute without hesitation. The Glasgow Bailie had hired MacGregor's glens for game preserves, and the inhabitants had been exiled or exterminated. A new variety of nervous organism possessed the world. An organism as different from the organism which preceded it as is the organism of the ox from the organism of the wolf; and this latter organism found its chronicler in Charles Dickens, as its predecessor had found its bard in Scott.

Read from this standpoint the works of Dickens abound with suggestion. Reduced to its ultimate analysis the fundamental difference between the antique and the modern social type consists in the elimination of courage as an essential quality in a ruling class. This quality being eliminated the ideal of courage contained in the conception of the gentleman fell, and with the destruction of this conception went the capacity for enthusiasm, the sympathy with the instinct for self-devotion, and, in fine, all the chief attributes of the heroic mind.

Taken as a whole the salient trait which runs through Dickens' writing is fear. Fear both of the unknown and of the known. Many of his best novels have this passion for the foundation of the story. The 'Old Curiosity Shop,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' where the catastrophe hinges on the terror of Jonas, which makes him murder Tigg. Take at random a passage from 'Barnaby Rudge'; the evening at the Maypole when Solomon Daisy came late from the church, where he had met Rudge.

A more complete picture of terror than the little man presented it would be difficult to imagine. The perspiration stood in beads upon his face, his knees knocked together, his every limb trembled, the power of articulation was quite gone; and there he stood, panting for breath, gazing on them with such livid ashy

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looks that they were infected with his fear, though ignorant of its occasion, and, reflecting his dismayed and horror-stricken visage, stared back again without venturing to question him.

Among many such passages in the same book, the execution of Dennis the hangman is worth nothing.

'Gentlemen, good gentlemen,' cried the abject creature, grovelling down upon his knees, and actually prostrating himself upon the stone floor : 'Governor, dear governor—honourable sheriffs—worthy gentlemen—have mercy upon a wretched man that has served his Majesty, and the Law, and Parliament, for so many years, and don't—don't let me die—because of a mistake. . . . But perhaps they think on that account that the punishment's not so great,' cried the criminal, shuffling toward this speaker on his knees, and holding up his folded hands ; 'whereas it's worse, it's worse a hundred times, to me than any man. . . .' They took him to the anvil : but—he continued to rave in this sort until his voice failed him, and he sank down a mere heap of clothes between the two attendants.

Or in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' in the interview between Tigg and Jonas, it becomes a question which is the more alarmed of the two. Tigg charged Jonas with the murder of his father in this way, and with this effect. Nadgett, the detective, Tigg kept by him for protection.

He beckoned to Jonas to bring his chair nearer ; and looking slightly round, as if to remind him of the presence of Nadgett, whispered in his ear. From red to white ; from white to red again ; from red to yellow ; then to a cold, dull, awful, sweat-bedabbled blue. In that short whisper all these changes fell upon the face of Jonas Chuzzlewit ; and when at last he laid his hand upon the whisperer's mouth, appalled lest any syllable of what he said should reach the ears of the third person present, it was as bloodless and as heavy as the hand of Death.

The horror of Tigg's journey with Jonas to Salisbury is equally striking, but too long to be extracted.

'Oliver Twist' turns on nothing but fear. The cracksmen themselves were as timid as Oliver when brought to the test.

After the murder Sikes sought shelter in Crackit's house in Jacob's Island.

The knocking came again. No, it wasn't he (Sikes). He never knocked like that.

Crackit went to the window, and shaking all over, drew in his head. There was no need to tell them who it was ; his pale face was enough. . . . 'We must let him in,' he said, taking up the candle.

'Isn't there any help for it ?' asked the other man in a hoarse voice.

'None. He *must* come in.'

'Don't leave us in the dark,' said Kags, taking down a candle from the chimney-piece, and lighting it, with such a trembling hand that the knocking was twice repeated before he had finished.

Whole chapters devoted to terror in its different phases might be cited were further evidence needed of a fact so patent. Assuming, however, that the foregoing illustrations suffice, it remains to draw the conclusions from these premisses. If a timid class had risen to fortune by new processes of natural selection, its instincts would have

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been the instincts of the weak not of the strong : it would have trusted to craft, and not to valour. Accordingly, when Dickens wished to personify force he never did so through the soldier, or the swordsman, but through the attorney, the detective, or the usurer.

The usurer is all-pervasive. He usually furnishes the material for the villain : Ralph Nickleby, Gride, Quilp, and a dozen others occur at once. Tulkinghorn, the solicitor, is one of the great characters of modern fiction, and in both 'Bleak House' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit' the tale turns on detectives ; Bucket, and Nadgett, 'the man of mystery.'

The secret service is something dark and terrible ; the resistless power of society which hunts the criminal to his doom. From private vengeance he has little to fear. After the interview between Jonas Chuzzlewit and Montague, in which Montague disclosed to Jonas his knowledge of his attempt on his father's life, Dickens made this reflection, as Montague, Jonas and Nadgett left the house together :

Whatever Jonas felt in reference to Montague ; . . . whatever thoughts came crowding on his mind even at that early time, of one terrible chance of escape, of one red glimmer in a sky of blackness, he no more thought that the slinking figure half a dozen stairs behind him was his pursuing Fate, than that the other figure at his side was his Good Angel.

Assuming the proposition to be correct that the 'Industrial Revolution' consisted in the advance in numbers and importance of what had previously been the last third of the urban population of the United Kingdom, and that Dickens had the intellectual mechanism peculiar to this class ; the urban instincts and prejudices should be found reflected in Dickens' works, and these instincts and peculiarities should, *a priori*, be supplementary to the instincts and peculiarities of Scott.

Thus, for example, regarded historically, an urban population in the main had been a population which, sheltered by fortifications, had, in a warlike age, followed peaceful pursuits. Accordingly they had shown little aptitude for regular combat, but had been famous for turbulence. On the other hand, the rural population had been intellectually stagnant ; therefore faith had always been characteristic of the country, and incredulity of the city. Apply this canon of criticism to Scott and Dickens.

In all Dickens there is but one episode which could be called warlike ; the Gordon riots, an outbreak of civic turbulence. Also he has described but one religious enthusiast, Lord George Gordon, whom he judged insane. Nearly half of Scott is devoted to war, and a very large portion to the Cameronians or Crusaders. Furthermore, as Dickens regarded religious exaltation as mania, so he regarded the ideal of martial honour as criminal. The duel, or the right of exacting private retribution for any injury, he put nearly on a par

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with assassination, while he saw in duellists dangerous and wicked men.

One of the most characteristic and charming passages in Scott is the description of the Baron of Bradwardine's duel with Balmawhapple, which arose over a dispute fomented by the claret of Luckie Macleary's tavern. The insult was to the baron's guest, Waverley, but the Baron's rapier was out in an instant, and he would 'have tickled his opponent other gates than he did, had he not been under the influence of Ursa Major.' (The blessed Bear.) Next morning, however, the Baron rose early, and at breakfast appeared with Balmawhapple, with his arm in a sling, to apologise. The first Waverley knew of his host having fought his quarrel for him was the song of Davie Gellatley, the last verse of which is as follows:

The young man will brawl at the evening board ;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?
But the old man will draw at the dawning the sword,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

If Scott wished to depict a courageous gentleman, he wrote a paragraph something like the story of the Baron of Bradwardine's portrait, who had been painted at the request of the 'Marechal Duke of Berwick.'

The good old gentleman did not mention . . . that the Duke had done him this honour on account of his being the first to mount the breach of a fort in Savoy during the memorable campaign of 1709, and of his having there defended himself with his half pike for nearly ten minutes before any support reached him. To do the Baron justice, although sufficiently prone to dwell upon, and even exaggerate, his family dignity and consequence, he was too much a man of real courage ever to allude to such personal acts of merit as he had himself manifested.

If Dickens wished to produce a similar effect, he generally reverted to pugilism; fights like those of Sam Weller appealed to him; and, perhaps, the nearest approach to an attempt at the heroic in behalf of any of his lovers, was the street brawl between Nicholas Nickleby and Sir Mulberry Hawk.

Nickleby heard a party of men in the coffee-room of an hotel speaking loosely of his sister. He demanded an explanation, which was refused. Nickleby sat until the party left the house; Sir Mulberry got into his carriage and took the reins. Nickleby asked :

'Will you make yourself known to me ?'
'No,' replied the other fiercely, and confirming the refusal with an oath, 'No.'
'You are a villain,' said Nicholas.
'You are an errand boy for aught I know,' said Sir Mulberry Hawk.

Nicholas springing on the step and clinging to the reins the mare began plunging, and the groom let her go,

but Nicholas, blind to all sense of danger, and conscious of nothing but his fury, still maintained his place and his hold upon the reins.

'Will you unclasp your hand ?'

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'Will you tell me who you are?'

'No.'

'No.'

In less time than the quickest tongue could tell it, these words were exchanged, and Sir Mulberry shortening his whip, applied it furiously to the head and shoulders of Nicholas. It was broken in the struggle ; Nicholas gained the heavy handle, and with it laid open one side of his antagonist's face from the eye to the lip. He saw the gash ; knew that the mare had darted off at a wild mad gallop ; a hundred lights danced in his eyes, and he felt himself flung violently upon the ground.

This disaster so embittered Sir Mulberry against Nicholas that he determined to waylay him, and told his purpose to Lord Verisopht, over whom he exercised much influence. Verisopht, however, would not countenance the treachery, and struck Sir Mulberry in a dispute after both had been drinking. Both Hawk and Verisopht were men who, presumably, had been brought up under what Scott would have regarded the most favourable conditions, and this is Dickens' idea of how such men amuse themselves, and how they defend the ideal which poor Evan Maccombich called 'the honour of a gentleman.'

It was a profligate haunt, of the worst repute, and not a place in which such an affair was likely to awaken any sympathy for either party. . . . Elsewhere, its further progress would have been instantly prevented, and time allowed for sober and cool reflection ; but not there.

The two seconds, one of whom was a soldier, were

both utterly heartless, both men upon town, both thoroughly initiated in its worst vices, both deeply in debt, both fallen from some higher estate, both addicted to every depravity for which society can find some genteel name and plead its most depraving conventionalities as an excuse, they were naturally gentlemen of the most unblemished honour themselves, and of great nicety concerning the honour of other people.

Dickens seldom undertook to describe the gentleman, the soldier, or the adventurer, and when he did he unconsciously caricatured them because he knew those temperaments only by their antagonism to his own. Sir Mulberry Hawk is too grotesque to criticise, but Sir Leicester Dedlock is a later and more mature effort, and one which is interesting by showing the limitations of the author. Sir Leicester always remained at bottom 'Sir Arrogant Numskull,' and he only redeemed himself finally by an act which Dickens considered an insult to his ancestors. He buried Lady Dedlock in the family tomb.

Some of her old friends, principally to be found among the peachy-cheeked charmers with skeleton throats, did once occasionally say, as they toyed in a ghastly manner with large fans . . . that they wondered the ashes of the Dedlocks entombed in the mausoleum never rose against the profanation of her company. But the dead and gone Dedlocks take it very calmly, and have never been known to object.

Perhaps in all of Dickens there is but one soldier whose character is of enough consequence to merit serious attention, and he is the

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'blue-faced' Major Bagstock, Old Joey B., 'who needn't look far for a wife,' who is

'tough, sir, tough, and devilish sly.' After such a declaration wheezing sounds would be heard ; and the Major's blue would deepen into purple, while his eyes strained and started convulsively.

The Major's business was to toady Mr. Dombey :—

The Major's purple visage deepened in its hue, and the Major's lobster eyes stood out in bolder relief, as he shook Mr. Dombey by the hand. . . . 'Dombey,' said the Major, 'I'm glad to see you. I'm proud to see you. There are not many men in Europe to whom J. Bagstock would say that—for Josh is blunt, sir : it's his nature—but Joey B. is proud to see you, Dombey.'

Notwithstanding his very liberal laudation of himself, however, the Major was selfish. It may be doubted whether there ever was a more entirely selfish person at heart, or at stomach is perhaps a better expression, seeing that he was more decidedly endowed with the latter organ than with the former.

And as it was with the gentleman, the soldier, and the enthusiast, so was it with the adventurer. The instincts of that vast band of pioneers and wanderers who have reared the British empire, were as alien to the urban mind of Dickens as were the instincts of the moss-trooper or the Covenanter. The one episode of adventure Dickens essayed was the journey to America of Martin Chuzzlewit, and nothing is more suggestive than to observe the repulsion the wilderness roused in a mind developed with the attributes requisite for competition under conditions of centralisation.

The rise of the class of organism to which Dickens belonged came from the centralisation of industries, and the centralisation of industries in turn consolidated labour. But the consolidation of labour implied various social changes, beside stimulating the development of special faculties fitted to competition amidst masses. Among other things the relaxation of the family tie. Consolidation of labour means the reduction of a section of the population to a fluid mass, in which mass every individual must constitute, more or less completely, a competing unit, since men, women, and children all have energy which commands a price. Thus each individual must, in the end, be more or less thoroughly isolated, often from a tender age, and must stand independent of that knot of relatives who, in archaic civilisations, form the basis of society. Dickens himself, a solitary boy, began to compete in a blacking factory at ten years old.

Evidently, the core of the new civilisation lay in individual adaptability, as the core of the old lay in inheritance ; consequently inherited advantages tended to discriminate against the rising class, and thus the advent of the Manchester School coincided with a popular protest against the hereditary principle. Few writers have expressed this protest more energetically or more bitterly than Dickens. His excitement often led to extravagance. For example, if Dickens wanted a heroine, a pure, gentle, high-minded, refined

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girl, fit to marry the *gentleman* of the book, he saw no inconsistency in describing her as the daughter of semi-imbecile or even criminal parents. Nicholas and Kate Nickleby are represented as the children of a man without energy, sense, or judgment, who married a woman whose folly has made her name immortal in the English language. He even went further than this. In 'Our Mutual Friend' he did not hesitate to pick Lizzie Hexam out of one of the most infamous quarters of London, where she lived in a den, consorted with vice, and was supported by a father whose trade was to rob corpses found floating in the river—possibly even to murder his victims before finding them. Little Dorrit, the child of the Marshalsea, the daughter of a wretched, shiftless, weak and selfish father, and the sister of children worthy of this parent, we are assured grew up in this tainted atmosphere without blemish, and matured into the most industrious, self-sacrificing, and innocent of women. Indeed, if Dickens wanted to paint a heroine, he seems often to have sought to heighten his effects by contrasting her with her relations, as in the case of Little Dorrit, regardless of anything which might be transmitted from the past.

Nevertheless, in Dickens' works nothing throws such light on this curious instinct as the repulsion with which he regarded not only the transmission of rank or position, but even of wealth itself. Dickens' social ideal was the self-made business man, the perfect child of the 'Industrial Revolution,' the organism which presumably owed nothing to conditions external to itself.

Dickens attempted to realise this ideal in the Cheeryble Brothers, who came up barefoot to London, and, having amassed property, passed their lives in charity. The description of their counting-house was intended to be emblematic :

Everything gave back, besides, some reflection of the kindly spirit of the brothers. . . . Among the shipping announcements and steam packet lists which decorated the counting-house wall were designs for alms-houses, statements of charities, and plans for new hospitals. A blunderbuss and two swords hung above the chimney-piece, for the terror of evil-doers, but the blunderbuss was rusty and shattered, and the swords were broken and edgeless. Elsewhere, their open display in such a condition would have raised a smile ; but, there, it seemed as though even violent and offensive weapons partook of the reigning influence, and became emblems of mercy and forbearance.

Mr. Dombey, on the contrary, had inherited his business. Accordingly Mr. Dombey was consumed with the pride of ancestry.

'Dombey and Son.' These three words conveyed the one idea of Mr. Dombey's life. The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in, and the sun and moon were made to give them light.

As Mr. Carker, Dombey's manager, explained to Mrs. Dombey, after the first quarrel between the husband and wife, occasioned by the husband's arrogance :

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'If he has a fault, it is a lofty stubbornness, rooted in that noble pride and sense of power which belong to him, and which we must all defer to ; which is not assailable like the obstinacy of other characters ; and which grows upon itself from day to day, and year to year. . . . Dombey and Son know neither time, nor place, nor season, but bear them all down.'

This arrogance, born of an inheritance, ruined Dombey ; it caused him to hate his daughter, to estrange his wife, and finally to follow a course which ended in bankruptcy. Dombey, socially, was as intolerable as in the counting-house. His visitors seemed to have some native impossibility of amalgamation with Mrs. Dombey's, and his

glittering table . . . and the long plateau of precious metal frosted, separating him from Mrs. Dombey, whereon frosted Cupids offered scentless flowers to each of them, was allegorical to see.

Conversely, at the Cheeryble dinner, with Tim Linkinwater and Nicholas, down in the City,

there was abundance of conversation, and little fear of its ever flagging, for the good-humour of the glorious old twins drew everybody out, and Tim Linkinwater's sister went off into a long and circumstantial account of Tim Linkinwater's infancy after the first glass of champagne, while Tim, under the influence of a bowl of bishop . . . coming on top of the double-diamond, and other excitements, became maudlin.

In the midst of the entertainment Brother Ned proposed to Brother Charles the health of their mother ;

'I wish she could have seen us in our prosperity . . . and had the happiness of knowing how dearly we loved her in it, as we did when we were two poor boys.'

'Good God !' thought Nicholas, 'and there are scores of people of their own station, knowing all this, and twenty thousand times more, who wouldn't ask these men to dinner because they eat with their knives and never went to school !'

From end to end of Dickens' works this social revolt appears ; for Dickens belonged to a type which had long been unacceptable to nature—the organism which at Rome found its mouthpiece in Juvenal. In Rome no 'Industrial Revolution' occurred to raise this organism to predominance, hence Juvenal was pessimistic. In England through the 'Industrial Revolution' what would otherwise have been the proletariat reached high fortune ; therefore Dickens was optimistic, but his instincts, his emotions, and his prejudices remain always with the stratum from which he sprang.

Neither Dickens nor Juvenal could live away from the capital. Juvenal's young noble, with a house full of ancestral portraits, who taunted the poor man because he was sprung from the people, and knew not whence his father came, might have done for Lord Verisopht or Lord Mutanhed. Dickens, too, like Juvenal, felt most at home among the homeless. As Gaston Boissier has observed of the Roman satirist :

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We are with him among the hungry poets, among the professors without pupils, among the advocates without causes, among ruined tradesmen, among those who live amidst privations or adventures, . . . who sleep at times amidst the sailors, the thieves, the fugitive slaves, the makers of shrouds, and the mendicant priests of Cybele.—‘*L’Opposition sous les Cesars*,’ 316.

The interests of those competing under such conditions were limited in proportion to the limitation of their sphere of activity, but no such limitation affected Scott, the world lay open before him. In his books are to be found the prelate side by side with the Cameronian enthusiast, the general and the trooper, the statesman, the country gentleman, the noble, the farmer, the mendicant, the sportsman, the lawyer, the adventurer, the sailor, the peasant, and the criminal. With him one mingles with equal ease in all societies ; in that of Inverary Castle, or in that of the Tower of Tillietudlem with Lady Margaret Bellenden and Claverhouse ; one meets the drunken fox-hunters of Osbaldestone Hall, the most brilliant literary circle of the age at Edinburgh, or ‘mechanical persons’ at the dinner table of Provost Crosbie of Dumfries, or Bailie Nicol Jarvie of Glasgow ; last of all and perhaps most intimate of all, the men of letters and the archaeologist, in a word, ‘The Antiquary.’

Dickens presents nearly the reverse of such an attitude. In his works nothing is to be found of politics, of art, or of what Dominie Sampson would have called ‘erudition.’ Very little of farming, of rural sports, of adventure, or of religion save in the shape of such a caricature as Stiggins. His young men of means usually have no tastes which keep them from folly, but generally, like David Copperfield or Pip, idle their time away and run into debt. The social ideal is the tavern. On the instant a dozen taprooms and kitchens rise before the mind. The Saracen’s Head at Towchester, where Mr. Pickwick met the editors ; the Blue Boar at Salisbury, where Mrs. Lupin waited for Mark Tapley ; the George and Vulture, where Mr. Pickwick lived after he left Mrs. Bardell ; and the Maypole, which occupies the place of honour in *Barnaby Rudge* :

What carpet like its crunching sand, what music merry as its crackling logs,
what perfume like its kitchen’s dainty breath, what weather genial as its hearty
warmth.

The inn was the most attractive of resorts, the company of the travellers’ room the most congenial circle, and the legitimate end of all conviviality was to get tipsy on spirits. The form in which the struggle for life presented itself to the audience of Dickens and of Scott was therefore radically different, and stimulated nearly opposite intellectual qualities.

Scott represented an age during which a demand had been made upon the emotions. An age which began with the Crusades, and which ended with the fall of the Highland clans. An imaginative society evolves ideals, and the essence of an ideal is the capacity for

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the sacrifice of self for an affection, or for an immaterial object. Hence in Scott the appeal made to his audience is frequently for sympathy with an act of devotion, often combined with a feat of personal bravery.

He loved to use the loyalty of men like Bradwardine or Redgauntlet to a lost and almost forgotten cause, the adoration of Maccombich for Fergus MacIvor, of Meg Merrilees for Bertram, and of Torquil of the Oak for his young chief. Or it may be simply the forgetfulness of self for a duty, as the steadfastness of Dalgetty to his engagement, or of Nanty Ewart to his owners and passengers ; or it may be, lastly, that religious exaltation which raises men not only above the fear of death, but above the power of pain.

In ‘Old Mortality,’ when Macbriar, the secretary of ‘hardly twenty years old,’ already broken by suffering, was brought before the Council to be tried for treason after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, he was asked where he last saw his friend Balfour of Burley? Macbriar refused to answer, and the executioner was directed to put his leg in the boot.

The fellow . . . asked, with a harsh and discordant voice, upon which of the prisoner’s limbs he should first employ his engine.

‘Let him choose for himself,’ said the Duke, ‘I should like to oblige him in anything that is reasonable.’

‘Since you leave it to me,’ said the prisoner, stretching forth his right leg, ‘take the best—I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer.’

The conditions of life which evolved Dickens having been almost the converse of those which created Scott, the emotions of his characters were dissimilar. Dickens relied relatively little on sympathy for devotion of self to an ideal ; his audience being distinctively a timid audience, he appealed to it chiefly through the passion of fear ; through descriptions of the sufferings of the weak.

Perhaps Sidney Carton is the most famous example of self-sacrifice in all the works of Dickens, and yet this exception proves the rule, for the verdict of the world has been against the reality and the truth to nature of the ‘Tale of Two Cities.’ The author there undertook to deal with a sequence of intellectual cause and effect foreign to his temperament.

Provis, the convict in ‘Great Expectations,’ who sacrificed himself for the child who succoured him when escaping from the hulk, is another instance ; and this one is indeed curious, for the interest of the story hinges not on the admiration caused by the devotion of the felon, but on the disgust which the manners of his benefactor roused in Pip who received the benefit. Forster, the biographer of Dickens and his nearest friend, has pointed this out as a stroke of genius :

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Pip's loathing of what had built up his fortune, and his horror of the uncouth architect, are apparent even in his most generous efforts to protect him from exposure and sentence.

The difference of mental attitude between Pip and Harry Bertram needs no comment.

Perhaps Nancy in 'Oliver Twist' might rank as a third example, but Nancy is not so much a case of devotion as a case of the immolation of the helpless in that sordid struggle for life which goes on among the discarded classes of an urban population. The story of Nancy is an appeal to pity, and pity for the feeble is the emotion peculiar to Dickens, as enthusiasm for the strong is the emotion peculiar to Scott.

In all fiction there is little more energetic than the development of weak organisms by Dickens, the drunken, the shiftless, the wasteful ; the Micawbers, the Swivellers, the Dorrits, on the one hand, and on the other, the predatory class which destroys them, the attorneys, the fences, the usurers ; Ralph Nickleby, Gride, Fagin and Brass, Heap, Pecksniff. The weakest portion of the weakest class were the women and children, and Dickens, who had lived among them as a boy, bore to his death the scars of his early agony. Half a century ago all England was alternately laughing and weeping over the Marchioness and Sally Brass, over Mercy and Jonas Chuzzlewit, Little Nell and Quilp, Squeers in 'Dotheboys Hall,' and Smike, and Oliver Twist, Bumble, Nancy, Sikes and Fagin. No single extract can do justice to the power of the artist, but the following scene may serve when compared with the Bailie's account of the ruin of Rob Roy, to throw into relief the variation between the two generations.

Oliver having been carried home by Mr. Brownlow, who cared for him, was sent on an errand to a bookstall. There Nancy met him and carried him by force to Fagin's den, from which he had been delivered.

Sikes had just said that Oliver's friends were 'soft-hearted psalm-singers, or they wouldn't have taken him in at all.' As Sikes ended,

Oliver . . . jumped suddenly to his feet, and tore wildly from the room : uttering shrieks for help, which made the bare old house echo to the roof.

'Keep back the dog, Bill,' cried Nancy, 'keep back the dog ; he'll tear the boy to pieces.'

'Serve him right !' cried Sikes, struggling to disengage himself from the girl's grasp. 'Stand off from me, or I'll split your head against the wall.' . . .

The housebreaker flung the girl from him to the further end of the room ; just as the Jew and the two boys returned : dragging Oliver among them. . . .

'So you wanted to get away, my dear, did you ?' said the Jew, taking up a jagged and knotted club which lay in a corner of the fire-place ; 'eh ? . . . Wanted to get assistance ; called for the police ; did you ?' sneered the Jew, catching the boy by the arm. 'We'll cure you of that, my young master.'

The Jew inflicted a smart blow on Oliver's shoulders with the club ; and was

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raising it for a second, when the girl rushing forward wrested it from his hand. . . .

'What do you mean by this?' said Sikes . . . 'Burn my body! do you know who you are, and what you are? . . . You're a nice one,' added Sikes, as he surveyed her with a contemptuous air, 'to take up the humane and gen-teel side!'

'God Almighty help me, I am!' cried the girl passionately; 'and I wish I had been struck dead before . . . I had lent a hand in bringing him here. He's a thief, a liar, a devil; all that's bad from this night forth. Isn't that enough for the old wretch without blows?'

'Come, come, Sikes,' said the Jew . . . 'we must have civil words.'

'Civil words!' cried the girl. . . . 'Civil words, you villain! Yes; you deserve 'em from me. I thieved for you when I was a child not half as old as this! . . . Don't you know it? Speak out! don't you know it?'

'Well, well,' replied the Jew . . . 'and if you have, it's your living.'

'Aye, it is!' returned the girl. . . . 'It is my living: and the cold, wet, dirty streets are my home; and you're the wretch that drove me to them long ago, and that'll keep me there, day and night, day and night, till I die.'

'I shall do you a mischief!' interposed the Jew, goaded by these reproaches; 'a mischief worse than that, if you say much more.'

The girl said nothing more; but tearing her hair and dress in a transport of frenzy, made such a rush at the Jew as would probably have left signal marks of her revenge upon him, had not her wrists been seized by Sikes at the right moment; upon which she made a few ineffectual struggles: and fainted.

'She's all right now,' said Sikes, laying her down in a corner. 'She's uncommon strong in the arms, when she's up this way.' . . .

'It's the worst of having to do with women,' said the Jew, replacing his club; 'but they're clever, and we can't get on, in our line, without 'em. Charley, show Oliver to bed.'

What divided Dickens from the men of letters who had preceded him was the gulf which divided Cobden from Chatham. Dickens was the child, the creation of the 'Industrial Revolution' even to the shilling numbers in which his books were published, which gave him his enormous and cheap audience, but which encouraged prolixity, and destroyed the unity of his work. Yet he was of the blood and bone of the people he described, and therein lay his strength. The life he knew best may have been narrow, the interests sordid; but in telling the tale of the agony of the discarded in their bitter fight for life, he has never been surpassed. The story of his own youth is found in 'David Copperfield,' when at ten years old he became 'a little labouring hind' at six or seven shillings a week 'in the service of Murdstone and Grinby.' There, consorting with the scum of the London streets, with the inmates of debtors' prisons, so childish that he spent for the stale pastry sold for half price at the pastry-cooks' doors the money that should have bought his dinner, he suffered what thousands suffer, but which one alone has had the gift to tell. There he learned to know the terrors of the helpless, and there his imagination acquired that tinge of fear which has coloured all his writings. Perhaps nothing of its kind more striking has ever been produced in English literature than the short autobiography of a waif, to which these lines belong:

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I know I do not exaggerate, unconsciously and unintentionally, the scantiness of my resources or the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling were given me by Mr. Quinion at any time, I spent it in a dinner or a tea. I know that I worked from morning until night, with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond. . . . From Monday morning until Saturday night I had no advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no assistance, no support of any kind, from any one, that I can call to mind, as I hope to go to heaven!

ANGLING DAYS BY F. B. MONEY COUTTS



CARE not where my
steps are bent,
Nor what far lands
I spy,
The happiest days I
ever spent,
Or shall spend till I die,
Were those when I a-fishing went,
By Derwent and by Wye ;

Or when I hasted to assail,
With sympathetic rod,
The darkling Dove, whose winding Dale
‘Sir’ Izaak Walton trod ;
And if but once I might prevail,
That hour I was a god !

Who glad as I, when rose the sun,
And I could sally out
To where the shadowed ripples run,
Beloved of timid trout ?
There breathed not in the wide world one
Who had of day less doubt.

Then, as across the dewy mead
I hurried to the stream,
The lark on his delirious reed
Piped to the morning beam ;
And straight I felt an unknown need,
And straight began to dream.

Ah me, the vision that I had !
The long day’s intimate look !
It was too magical and mad
To set down in a book ;
Though I was but a little lad,
With rod and line and hook.

The perfect permeance of delight
From that ecstatic strain,
The close communion with the flight
That fears no fall to pain,
The nuptial kiss of sound and sight,
I shall not know again.

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Yet still in fancy I can see,
 Where Derwent's flood is shed,
The laughing stream pretend to flee,
 That yet is never fled,
And beckon with fantastic glee,
 Where I would fain be led.

How often down those reedy banks,
 By mallow overgrown,
And herb-of-willow's purple ranks,
 I followed him, alone,
And watched his wave's impatient pranks,
 Opposed by stump or stone.

Then every pool a promise held ;
 Each rock or fallen tree,
Each tress of weed that swayed and swelled
 In limpid fluency
Harboured a mighty trout of eld,
 That might befall to me.

I loved them well, the spotty trout,
 The silver grayling too,
But in those days I had no doubt
 And half believed they knew
That skilfully to lure them out
 Was what a boy must do.

The insects that they love to snatch,
 I studied them, each one ;
With silk and feather I could match
 The palmer or the dun,
And all the spinning-flies that hatch
 And perish in a sun.

But yet, dear stream, no fish that glide
 Above your pebbly bed
Your beauty from my heart could hide,
 So sumptuously spread
Where'er you laved the meadow-side
 That I no more may tread.

Your waters, wheresoe'er they run,
 Are ministers of grace,—
Brown dapplements of shade and sun,
 Green isles, in grey embrace,

F. B. MONEY COUTTS
Rare plants, and warbling-birds that shun
The more frequented place,—

These, and a thousand more than these,
Your cool declensions bring,
With lapse of delicate degrees
Whose pale illusioning
The painter cannot rightly seize,
Nor poet rightly sing.

And you, deep-coiling Wye, where sail
Long weeds with starry flowers,
I followed oft through Darley Dale,
Or past old Haddon's towers;
And still I love to tell the tale
Of those uncareful hours.

Nor yet, dear Dove, will I refrain
From greeting you once more;
To rove with you my feet are fain;
From meadow, wood, and tor
I hear you calling, as the main
Calls sailors from the shore.

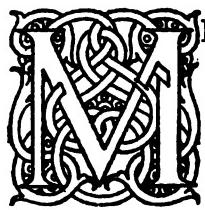
O shining rivers, from this height,
The toilsome hill of pain,
I see you, sinuously white,
On youth's far-distant plain;
And still remoter grows your light,
As I climb on again.

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SIR HENRY IRVING BY L. F. AUSTIN



R. GORDON CRAIG'S vigorous study of Sir Henry Irving as Bill Sikes will, no doubt, call up reminiscences of an impersonation which is beyond my province of ancient history. I read in authentic chronicles that the burglar who killed Nancy did occupy an early place in Irving's gallery of stage portraits, though it is hard to reconcile the burly, bullet-headed ruffian of 'Oliver Twist' with the refined and pleasing devilry suggested by Mr. Craig's clever pencil. He sees Irving, as so many of us elder playgoers have seen him—as Iago, Richard, a polished, calculating villain, with intellect, and a dash of the Italian Renaissance. Bill Sikes is a purely English type, crudely violent, and seldom visited by any intellectual ray. Dickens used to enact the murder of Nancy with great force in his 'readings.' As a small boy, I quaked at it in the gallery of the old Theatre Royal at Liverpool; but it was admirable reciting rather than impersonation, and the physical lineaments and characteristics of the murderer were not imaged. The nearest to Bill Sikes of the Irving villains who have adorned my time is that picturesque brute, Dubosc, of whom Mr. Craig, with a line or two, might have made his present drawing a faithful likeness. With no lack of animal ferocity, Dubosc has brain; the idea that he is a besotted replica of an amiable and virtuous citizen tickles his sardonic fancy. Sikes was never in the way of being mistaken for a City alderman; and if he had been, I doubt whether the resemblance would have afforded him any mental recreation.

As an artist, Irving might be said to have evolved from the protoplasms of melodrama to the intellectual order where he is pre-eminent among actors. In this sense his Bill Sykes (I speak of this character, of course, in its theatrical form) was his artistic mollusc, in which the penetrating analyst might have perceived the upward impulse of dramatic genius. So many parts of this kind are little more than protoplasm—a primitive 'sticking together' by author or adapter—that the actor often prefers them to mature creations of the dramatist. Without him they have no life; in them, at least, he, and not the author, is supreme upon the stage. Robert Macaire was a spark from the personality of Frederick Lemaître. Mathias, in 'The Bells,' is a glimpse of the imaginative Irving, working upon material to which his faculty is wholly superior. This process has made some famous actors who have not stood a more searching test. When they have essayed the higher range of the drama, where the actor is rather interpreter than creator, they have become suddenly commonplace, dwarfed by a spirit which transcends and survives them. In Shakespeare they

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have enjoyed every advantage save the advantage of adequate mind. They have borne themselves like princes ; they have seasoned poetry with gracious voices, and missed its vital character. For them the spirit of Shakespeare is like the Ghost in 'Hamlet' for the soldiers on the battlements of Elsinore. They see the majestic apparition ; but it is silent. 'I'll cross it though it blast me,' cries Horatio. I have seen some actors cross Shakespeare and have wondered why they were not blasted. It is with Hamlet alone that the Ghost holds communion.

This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

So to the actor of rare endowment is revealed the message of the poet.

There is a curious jealousy of the actor as interpreter. Some literary critic assures you that the acted drama has no charm for him because he cannot abide the histrionic personality which comes betwixt the play and his nobility. Or he avows a distaste for acting as a physical advertisement, which is somehow obnoxious to the dignity of man. How superior is the writer's medium, with no display of arms and legs ! Still, even from print a critic often manages to construct the offensive personality of an adversary, which throws an ugly shadow on some disputed classic. The actor's personality does not seem to be an isolated phenomenon of impertinent intrusion. On his own merits he may be an interpreter of no small distinction, if only because he brings to the task an original imagination and a living illusion. A mind saturated with the humanity, the intellect, the poetic beauty of Hamlet may find in an actor a concrete image of those qualities without any misgiving that the dignity of manhood is compromised by the counterfeit presentations of the footlights. In my memories of the theatre Irving's Hamlet holds this sway. It represents to me the highest order of dramatic achievement, because it is at every point the faithful instrument of Shakespeare's thought. I have seen other Hamlets, English and foreign, most of them with some grace of speech and person, some illumination of this or that aspect of the character, but none of them with the insight and temperamental mastery that distinguished Irving. Some Hamlets are excellent with the players, but insignificant in the soliloquies ; others are admirable with Polonius, but out of their element with the Ghost ; others, again, can neither suggest love for Ophelia, nor the filial tenderness that underlies Hamlet's upbraiding of his mother, but leave an easily pleased audience with a generous impression of a young man who would be a capital companion to go golfing with if he were not worried by the apparition of his father. This ideal is encouraged by critics who say they want a brisk and cheerful Hamlet. They would not seek his company willingly in any case ; but if they must have it, for heaven's sake let him be lively !

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Shakespeare is for all time ; but it would be rash to predict what future generations have in store for him. Shylock used to be a comic Jew with red hair and a false nose. In a remote corner of the world I once saw a performance of 'The Merchant of Venice,' in which the chief character was Gratiano, whose briskness left nothing to be imagined. He had great fun with the casket in the elopement of Jessica, of whom he remarked :

She's not a Jew but a Gentile fair,
She robs her father with a genteel air.

This travesty of Shakespeare was thoughtfully designed for the entertainment of playgoers who, at all hazards, must have their theatricals brisk. Some day they may rejoice in a comedian who represents Hamlet as an image of comic fright :

With his doublet all unbrae'd,
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle ;
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors.

Twenty-five years ago, when Irving's Hamlet came with novel force upon the town, this passion for cheerful tragedy was not manifest. The new Hamlet had all the stimulus of a revelation. Old traditions were in arms, scholarship was piqued out of its disdain for the playhouse, curiosity flamed round the actor whose individuality divided households, and prompted the rapture and detraction which stir the most sluggish soul at dinner parties. Nobody complained of this Hamlet that he had that within which passeth show instead of a natural gaiety, which would not let itself be eclipsed by a father's murder, an uncle's treachery, a mother's frailty, a sweetheart's insanity, a funeral, a little casual homicide, and a few heated reflections on the futility of man and the falseness of woman. Did we take our Shakespeare more to heart all those years ago than we do now ? I recall one Lyceum night in the summer of 1876. It was the last night of the season—a chequered season full of combat over 'Macbeth' and 'Othello'—a season which had encouraged some hostile witnesses to affirm that Irving had lost his laurels, and would never hold his own in Shakespeare again. That night he played Hamlet as I have never seen the part played before or since—with such power over the whole gamut of it, such depths of passion and tenderness and irony, such a glamour of the supernatural without which the play is naught, so sure a touch of that nervous hysteria of Hamlet into which none but a great player can venture—that every look and tone and suggestion lives with me to this day. Near me sat some young people with an old playgoer—

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their father, possibly their grandfather. They were carried away by the acting ; he was moved, but only half convinced. Perhaps he had some traditional ideal of Hamlet which did not accord with this strange, unconventional personality. In one of Edward Fitzgerald's letters we read how he stood in the Lyceum pit a few minutes to see this Hamlet, and disliked him heartily. 'Old Fitz' went in with a prepossession and came out with it. I may have my prepossession too, and become in my turn the playgoer who is *laudator temporis acti*. Still, it will not be denied that no English actor has ever made in Hamlet so deep an impression as Irving, that despite its intellectual subtlety the impersonation was popular in the widest sense, that it has established a tradition of its own, by which the later Hamlets have been glad to profit. It has had no more devoted student and disciple than M. Mounet-Sully. Salvini regarded it as the Hamlet of his time. Describing its effect upon him, he said, 'For a considerable part of the play I felt it would be useless for me to enter into competition with such a performance ; then I began to think that I might try, and in the end I was encouraged by the thought that I should come off without discredit.' After so many years I do not profess to reproduce the exact words ; but such was the spirit of this great actor's frank and modest tribute to his English comrade.

Something of that compound of most human attributes which we call Hamlet is in all of us, and will respond to one invocation or another until the pacific blight, foreshadowed by Maeterlinck, fall upon the drama. The Belgian quietist will have it that the elemental passions are fading. For him life passes at a small table near the fireside (where Lord Quex, no doubt, will settle down with his 'creamy English girl') ; there are few tears of his or anybody's shedding ; ambition may handle the fire-irons, but no other weapons ; love is too placid to rouse tumult in any bosom ; adventure comes not that way ; speech is spare, and dramatic gesture conspicuously out of place. Evil cannot be wholly banished ; the cat will experiment with the milk-jug. Death will not always pass the door ; but he must be awaited with resignation, in a crepuscular light, as in 'L'Intruse.' Enterprises of great pith and moment ? Well, I suppose that, in time, the world will be peopled, all its decent habitations parcelled out, international interests finally adjusted by arbitration, chartered companies reconciled to aboriginal natives, all big game destroyed and the sporting instinct eliminated, Othello's occupation gone, the last financial bubble burst with the last explosive, quick-firing guns sold as old iron, and the Stock Exchange a pleasaunce where Mary will lead her little lamb. Such appears to be the regenerate world where Maeterlinck's conceptions of the drama are to reflect what remains of human nature. Think of it ! No more bold bad men ; no more masterful pioneers—O

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pioneers!—no more distraught jealousy bellowing for revenge; only miniature Maeterlincks, possessing their quiescent souls in the twilight, and fondly echoing one another's murmurs!

M. Maeterlinck thinks that the prose of our modern lives chastens the wildest humours. Temper is more amenable in trousers than it was in trunk-hose. Moral suasion in a blue uniform checks the impulse of the Montagu to bite his thumb at the Capulet. Biting your thumb at an enemy is incongruous with a stove-pipe hat. Contrast the gaily caparisoned procession in Shakespeare with the bobtail marching to Hyde Park. Where are the pride of life and the lust of domination? Take away the pageant; out with the Shakespearean pomp and circumstance, and war will have no more swelling theme for drama than the chirp of the cricket on the hearth. Curiously enough, it is in Ibsen, of all the dramatists of his time, that Maeterlinck finds most satisfaction. There is no pageant in Ibsen's social drama, no drum and fife, no trifling foolish banquets, to which 'supers' carry peacocks on gold plate. Instead of Shakespearean feasting you have hardy Norsemen renewing their vitality with cold meat in the back-parlour. Still, there is a most reckless unregeneracy in Ibsen's men and women—Rebecca drowning in remorse and the mill-race, Hedda blowing out her brains with one of her father's pistols (already as famous as Rawdon Crawley's: 'Same with which I shot Captain Marker'); Dr. Stockmann stoned by the compact Liberal majority; Solness tumbling off his steeple; Oswald playing 'ghosts' with Regina; the recriminations of the Borkman household; the passing of young Erhart, under the wing of the mature Fanny, with little Freda to fall back upon. 'To every man a damsel or two,' is the motto of young Erhart, as it is the motto of young Shakespearean bloods; and alas! the unromantic costume of Norway seems to make no moral difference. Lord Quex, in a frock coat, is (or has been till the age of forty-eight) as undesirable a moralist as Mercutio in a doublet, or any aristocratic blade in Measure for Measure. The Poet Laureate, rather unkindly, quoted Lucretius to some schoolboys the other day: *eadem sunt omnia semper*. That should be inscribed over the portal of every playhouse. Taste changes; one generation is more squeamish than another; a classic may say outright what your newly minted modern must not hint at; paterfamilias, who is shocked by Lord Quex, will chuckle at 'The School for Scandal'; but life, the 'changeless sum' of life, must be the theme of the dramatist in all the ages.

For this reason Shakespeare is more important to our stage than ever. He, at least, may hold the mirror up to nature and not have it pelted by a vigilance committee. It is difficult to boycott an author who is the subject of examinations in high schools. When our forward spirits have complained of too much Shakespeare

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at the Lyceum, they have not always reflected upon that quaint characteristic of the British mind which accepts the mighty Elizabethan in all the breadth of his vision and the plenitude of his sympathy, but holds that the lack of his genius morally debars the humble Victorian from the Shakespearean view of humanity. Mr. Ruskin has said that conscience was left out of Shakespeare's qualities by divine purpose, so that he might image all men without censure of their weaknesses. Hence we have the form and pressure of Falstaff without a tract on his love of sack and Mistress Quickly. It is hazardous doctrine—this divine denial of conscience in order to make a stupendous force in literature ; but we who crawl between the legs of this huge colossus of our drama must have conscience without stint, and must hold our small mirror up to nothing that would be deemed improper at mothers' meetings. Shakespeare, then, is the one acknowledged passport of the English theatre to the study of mankind. You may play Shakespeare without a petition from Mr. Samuel Smith for the intervention of the Home Secretary.

Sir Henry Irving's Macbeth was not so successful as his Hamlet, and his Othello was inferior to his Macbeth. The intellectual temperament, so admirably fitted to the Dane, was not in keeping with the Moor. Othello, 'like to the Pontic Sea,' demands a physical equipment in emotional proportion. Between the Othello of 1876 and the Othello Irving played to Edwin Booth's Iago, some years later, there was, however, a notable difference. The later impersonation had much greater maturity, force, and volume. That was the memorable season when Ellen Terry was an exquisite Desdemona, and Irving and Booth played Othello and Iago alternately. It was said at the time that no more admirable representation of the tragedy was within the oldest playgoer's memory. Neither the American nor the English actor was at his best in Othello ; but both were brilliant in Iago. Irving in this character had an uncanny imagining which made him the incarnate spirit of evil. I see him still, shaping his deadly purpose against Desdemona and Cassio :

And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch ;
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all.

This with a slow gesture of all-embracing hate, more significant and terrible to the imagination than the malignity of Richard, who by comparison with Iago is humanised, because he is playing for a sceptre, whereas Iago's devilry is the subtle and impersonal poison that belies in its triumph the moral government of the world.

Memories of this stage of Irving's career are largely controversial. I have seen a later Macbeth than his, a Macbeth patently modelled

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on his conception and accepted without ado. The original interpretation had a stormy time. All that is superstition and metaphysics in Macbeth—the introspective dread, the remorse that subdues the soldier's stout heart to arrant cowardice, the vengeful thirst for stimulus in fresh crimes, like the alcoholist's refuge in the dram—all that side of Macbeth which is brutalised Hamlet was portrayed with astonishing power. Then arose an outcry. Where was Macbeth the soldier? How could this lily-livered assassin, with his knees knocking together after the despatch of Duncan, be the hero whose prowess was reported in the first scene by the bleeding sergeant? Oh, that bleeding sergeant! How he bled in columns and columns of newspaper prose! I began to think that Shakespeare, foreseeing the whitening of Macbeth's liver by Irving, had put in this military witness to confute the audacious innovator. Then it occurred to me that what the soldier said is not always evidence, even when he bleeds. Macbeth's prodigies of valour on the battle-field could not save him from cowardly delirium in his new trade of professional murderer. That does not seem a very abstruse proposition now; but it was only dimly perceived in 1875. There was a lingering tradition then that Macbeth was before all things a fighting man, and that to represent him as an imaginative craven was to impugn, as it were, the honour of the Scotch army. Some people were as bitterly offended as the bottle-holder in the old prize-ring would have been had his client, instead of hitting out from the shoulder, started blubbering about his bad dreams.

Richard and Shylock rank high among Irving's successes. 'King Richard III.' he was the first to restore without infusion of Colley Cibber. 'The Merchant of Venice' has been for twenty years the most popular play in his repertory. It is a striking example of his power of reproducing the Shakespeare atmosphere. I do not speak merely of scenic accessories, which are employed with a just sense of their artistic fitness. Only one Shakespeare play at the Lyceum (and that the weakest of all the Shakespeare plays) remains in my mind simply as a pageant. This is 'King Henry VIII.' There was no pageant in 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Macbeth,' or 'The Merchant of Venice.' There was the harmony of the play with its local habitation; no more. Nonsense used to be written about the scenery at the Lyceum as if it were the chief aim and achievement of the theatre. There are playgoers, no doubt, whose elementary minds would carry away from 'The Merchant of Venice' nothing save the gondola, the masks skipping over the bridge, the barbaric ornaments of the Prince of Morocco's suite. They would have found little satisfaction in the performance the Lyceum company gave once upon an improvised and roughly carpentered stage, where the hall at Belmont was a set of curtains, and the only index of a

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change of scene the old Elizabethan placard. That was the most brilliant feat of stage illusion I have ever witnessed. It does not follow that Belmont should always be left to the spectator's fancy, that the beauty of the night which moves Lorenzo and Jessica to a duet of classical allusion and sweet banter should have no pictorial suggestion.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection !

These things have their right praise in scenic harmonies, the Elizabethan Stage Society notwithstanding.

To this generation Henry Irving's Shylock and Ellen Terry's Portia are the most familiar of the household words that remind us of the theatre. It is a modern Shylock nurtured by that English air which is not troubled by anti-Semitism. Not that the vindictive ferocity of the Jew is softened, but the historical cause of it stands out in clear perspective. Shakespeare was not a Dreyfusard ; but he was conscious that the monster in Shylock was largely the creation of ages of persecution. The intellect and tenacity of the Jewish race are so easily supreme in this Venetian money-lender that we blush for the expedient by which Portia turns the tables on him. He ought not to have his pound of Christian flesh to bait fish-withal ; but to cheat him out of it by such a quibble is no compliment to the Christian intelligence. Irving claims our sympathies for Shylock in defeat by the pathetic dignity of a broken old man. Perhaps it was this which prompted a famous actress of a much older school, long since gathered to her fathers, to declare that if Shakespeare could see Irving in this part he would re-write it. Justice might best be done to this protest by a French translation of the play in the spirit of Henri Rochefort. Any impulse Shakespeare might have felt to secure himself in this instance against Irving's interpretation would have been a remarkable tribute to the actor. Whilst engaged in remodelling Shylock, the poet might have received a deputation of retired Portias, begging him to introduce into the character of the 'unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd,' who comes so opportunely (after hasty coaching by the learned Bellario) to expound the law to an ignorant Bench, a note of masculine severity which would safeguard Portia against the feminine graces of Ellen Terry. I have read of Portias who pleaded in the court with a forensic stateliness which would have awed the Lord Chief Justice, to say nothing of the Duke of Venice. It may be they put on mannishness so effectually as to bear no resemblance to Portia of Belmont, so that her speech to Bassanio—'I pray you know me when we meet again'—in which Shakespeare quizzes his own familiar trick of impossible masquerade, lost all its point. For most of us the womanhood of Portia in this scene is an incongruous

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but abiding charm. She proves to Nerissa that when they are both accoutred like young men, she will be the prettier fellow of the two, and a pretty fellow (as advocate), with a sudden turn for legal hairsplitting, she remains throughout this delightfully incredible situation. Or is this simply the radiant magic of Ellen Terry, which will be supplanted some day by the recognised equality of the sexes and the habits of the Bar?

Portia, Beatrice, Ophelia, Desdemona, Juliet, Viola—how these images of spontaneous charm haunt the memory of Lyceum nights! There is another—Rosamond in her Bower—to remind us of a play quite outside the category in which Irving's qualities might be readily co-ordinated by criticism. In Tennyson's 'Becket,' I believe, many a dreamy curate beheld the embodiment of that great martyr of the Church who defied an Erastian State—an impression not easily adjusted to the ruminations of Hamlet and the pastimes of Iago! Of the three Tennyson plays at the Lyceum, 'Queen Mary,' 'The Cup,' and 'Becket,' the last affords the happiest illustration of the range of Irving's powers. Some of his impersonations have made hot dispute; here is one which commands universal acclaim. Do any of us forget the scene before Becket's murder, his premonition of death, his remembrance of the little Norman maid he loved in his youth, who died of leprosy, the spiritual ecstasy of his welcome to martyrdom—'I go to meet my King'? Never has an actor shown a more signal mastery of a rare ideal. How far away we are from Bill Sikes! As the warrior-priest lies dead in the cathedral sanctuary, I see a throng of strange figures around him. Hamlet is there, a fitting mourner; but how bizarre is the presence of Louis XI.! Dr. Primrose might pronounce a benediction; but how strangely it would fall upon the ear of Mathias! Richard wears a sneer; he is thinking of the two Bishops whom he made witnesses to his piety. Richelieu smiles with superior statesmanship; he remembers how he baffled assassins with a little cunning: 'The lion's skin too short to-night? We must eke it out with the fox's!' Benedick, gallant gentleman, is grave and sorrowful; still he cannot forget that when he was last in a cathedral he made love to Beatrice: 'My lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?' Peter the Great wonders why so much fuss should be made about a dead priest, and Corporal Brewster croons with joy over his new pipe 'with the hamber mouth.'

These characters, so various, all played with consummate skill, attest the versatility of Irving's genius, the breadth and flexibility of that imagination which is his greatest gift. Flamboyant romantic he has been sometimes called. I do not quarrel with the definition; but it does not fit everything in Irving. There is no romance in the minute and even painful fidelity of observation which marks the portrayal of physical and mental decay in old Brewster. Much

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of this great player's authority might be traced to his exquisite sense of irony. Its force in 'Hamlet' is immense ; that keen analyst of life, with his incomparably terse and vivid diction, lives in Irving as in his natural envelope. But Becket is no ironist : he is the soldier turned mystic. There is no suspicion of irony in Dr. Primrose. The best scene in 'Robespierre,' where the tyrant identifies his son among the prisoners, is a success of pure emotion. Not a great organ of passionate utterance, Irving's voice has tones of infinite suggestion which serve the most delicate art. That cry of Macbeth's after the murder of Duncan—

But wherefore could I not pronounce, Amen ?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat—

haunts the ear with its measureless despair.

Twenty years of management at the Lyceum have made Sir Henry Irving an institution—an integral part of the national life. The public debt to him has been acknowledged in honours from the State, and from academic bodies which do not exclude the stage from the scope of the humanities. To his own calling he has rendered memorable service by unwearied devotion to its interests. No English actor in any age has left so strong an impress of dignity and distinction upon his contemporaries in all ranks of society. As an artist, Irving enjoys a renown surpassed by none of his predecessors. As a man, he lives, for all who know him, in that little speech on friendship which Hamlet addresses to Horatio :

And blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay ! in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee.

AN ABYSSINIAN JOURNEY BY LORD LOVAT



ON the 8th of December 1898 a caravan of twenty-eight camels and their attendant loaders might have been seen slowly wending their way out of the town of Berbera into the glaring heat of the Somali maritime plain.

There was nothing, except perhaps the variegated and somewhat Christmas-tree-like appearance of the last two 'Ships of the Desert' to show that the curiously shaped loads represented the total effects, personal and otherwise, of four white men about to cross from the land of the Somal to Khartoum. The followers of the caravan, struggling out from the deeply interested crowd of loafers, showed some small diversity of colour and place of birth : Weld Blundell, Dr. Koetlitz, Mr. Hardwood, and myself constituted the white element ; eleven Somalis, cooks, syces, and tent boys, the brown ; while four Sudanese, armed with a very moderate class of Government carbine, but of truculent aspect withal, appeared for the black. Our discomforts of preparation and start had been of the usual kind : plundered by the Parsee ring of Aden, kept angry by the shifts of the dilatory natives, in a state of anxiety bordering on certainty that everything of importance had been left behind, a march, however sultry, came as a relief to mind and body.

The journey of fourteen days to Jig Jigga, on the Abyssinian frontier, was devoid of incident : various sorts of antelope were seen and shot, some birds collected, and the usual mythical lion reported and sat up for. This particular lion I was informed we should undoubtedly have killed had not our donkey that we had tied up been of an unlucky kind. He had already made a journey inland in the capacity of standing holocaust and returned intact to the coast. This fact was stated by one Hassan, reputed truthful among Somalis ; our faithful Hadji Ali, a pilgrim and a liar, said he knew of a donkey who had three times gone into the interior and had only retired from his professional career on account of his having been mistaken for the lion by an excited subaltern officer.

At Jig Jigga we were met by the local Abyssinian Shoom, who showed us with pride his army of irregulars and his fort, which he considered of great strength, pleasantly situated under the flat-topped hills that bound the Maran Prairie and British Somaliland.

The Jig Jigga valley forms a fitting division between the lands of the Abyssinian and the Somal : whether the tiny stream of Nea was the Nile of paleolithic man uniting the central African chain of lakes with the sea yet remains to be proved, but the divergence of character of the two sides of the valley is at the least remarkable.

On crossing the Nea stream the scenery changes : the level rolling plains of the Maran Prairie overlooked by flat-topped mounds

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strewn with basalt blocks, are exchanged for the steep rock-strewn Abyssinian hills. The rocks change from metamorphic to eruptive, and fauna and flora change in like manner. The dik-dik of the plains gives way to the Madogna Cephalosis of the Abyssinian Highlands, and the weavers, finches and shrikes are of a kind not met with on the Somali coast. The change is made all the more remarkable from the fact that the inhabitants, taking advantage of the rich black soil formed by the disintegrated dolorite, have passed from the pastoral to the agricultural stage, and not only do dhurra crops fringe the banks of the streams, but irrigation of a primitive kind has made the barren uplands productive.

Two days from Jig Jigga, at Fayambero, the camel caravan could proceed no further, and Weld Blundell's mules, bought on a previous trip to Adis Abbeba, took up the transport. Loads were now altered from 280 lbs. to 120 lbs., and, after a day's delay, an eight-hour march skirting the foot of Kondura (10,000 feet), through the most beautiful scenery, brought us to the vale of Harrar. Cultivation here assumed a very different aspect, the dhurra fields were exchanged for coffee plantations, the plot of teff for the banana grove.

No British subject can climb up the fertile slopes that lead to the squalid, wall-begirt town of Harrar without feelings of what might have been. At a time, none too long ago, when the scuttle policy was at its height, the Egyptian garrison was withdrawn from the walls that corvée labour had built, and the rich land, with its already increasing population, was given over to the northern plunderer. It is said that when the orders for retreat became known the wretched inhabitants begged for only a company to be left to guard them : 'They will not dare attack the walls if the British flag flies over them and men armed with rifles are behind.' But no—home orders were decided—the troops had to march, and in a spirit of bitter irony the Egyptian flag was left floating over the northern bastion, while the regiments filed through the Zeila Gate. What followed was short and swift. Before the retreating force had cleared the pass, the Abyssinians had swept down on the town and 12,000 victims to Britain's policy weltered in their gore. 'The city,' to quote one who escaped, 'ran blood, the sewage holes made by the Egyptians were blocked with corpses, and for three days the murderers continued their work unchecked.'

In the year of grace 1899 we are in a worse position with regard to Harrar than we were before we entered it as masters ; a treaty with the French forbids its ever returning to our hands, and plantations producing more than half the entire coffee known as Moccha, together with a present export of near half a million, has passed for ever from our power. Nor is it from a political point of view only that Harrar is to be mourned. The trade of that place has fallen

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away from Britain, and where once our cloth and woven goods reigned supreme, American and French goods are in demand. The story of our loss of the cotton trade is curious, and I have this tale illustrative of British pigheadedness first hand from a merchant of the place. Cotton was, and perhaps is, for all I know, sent out from Manchester in lengths of $16\frac{1}{2}$ armspreads (presumably 33 yards). Now for local trade the length is 3 armspreads or 6 yards, and by a simple sum it may be observed that the length of Manchester cloth, on division in 6-yard lengths, left the local merchant a matter of 3 yards over. This 3 yards was not a saleable article and the merchant therefore wrote to Manchester asking for a 30 instead of a 33-yard length. The answer was short and typical of the British manufacturer: 'If you don't want it, you can leave it.' And leave it the Abyssinian Negadi did, and the accommodating Yankee stepped into the gap with his cloth called Amerikanet, of inferior quality, but cut to 30 yard lengths. Thanks to Mr. Gero Lemato, our consul, a most agreeable and kindly man, our stay at Harrar was most interesting, and we made the acquaintance of the leading merchants and of several French-speaking natives who had been in the town under Egyptian rule. The town itself may be summed up in the one word, 'Oriental,' and beyond the fine palace of Ras Makounan built by Italian prisoners, all is squalor and smells.

While the negotiation for purchase of extra mules, teff, flour and blankets was slowly proceeding, the ornithological capabilities of the neighbourhood were exhausted, and we decided to divide the caravan and inspect a lake on the Adis Abbeba route. Lake Harrarmyer is situated at a distance of twelve miles from Harrar, and thither accordingly, on collecting bent, Mr. Hardwood and I set out after the second day's delay: this fine sheet of water is surrounded by marshes and dhurra fields, and though scenically it cannot be described as extraordinary, as a collecting ground it leaves nothing to be desired.

From our camp above the mosquito line, with a telescope, a dozen different kinds of duck could be made out on the water: several varieties of ibis, plover and heron thronged the shore, while the reedy borders gave promise of sisticulas for preservation and snipe for the pot.

Immediately under our camp was the feeding ground of a flock of over a thousand duck, chiefly mallard, teal, shoveller and pintail, and one had only to walk down to the shore, fire a couple of cartridges into where the crowd seemed thickest, and the day's food was assured. A couple of naked Gallas, handsomely rewarded by one brass cartridge case apiece, made most useful retrievers. After three days' work fifty-one different species, ranging from a large Egyptian goose to a diminutive sisticula new to science, had been collected and made into skins; and with much regret we packed up

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our shelter tents and caught up the main caravan. The route from Harrarmyer to Adis Abbeba lies through charming park-like scenery, alternating with mountain forests, the whole enjoyed at a height of 6000 feet, in air rivalling that of the Highlands of Scotland.

A most noticeable feature is the secluded position of the villages along the route, the care taken to conceal the approaches to them, and the shyness of the villagers to trade. The foraging principle of the Abyssinian army is life by plunder and as the habitual practice of large caravans is based on military lines, the result of this 'Free Trade' education is that the Galla does not care to show that he has more than the bare necessities of life by offering anything for sale. English caravans, I am glad to say, thanks to Captain Harrington, have a high reputation for prompt payment, but notwithstanding the assurance given that we were 'Inglez and dollars paid in advance, sheep and dhurra were not often forthcoming.

Along the higher points of the route the cold at night was excessive, and in the early morning the poor shivering Somalis used to look piteously at the ice-covered tents that had to be stowed away on mule back. At Warabili on the open hillside the thermometer registered 14 degrees of frost (Fahrenheit). We here shot for the first time the Bill-note shrike, common through all the length and breadth of Abyssinia. This bird belongs to the 'bush-shrike' subdivision of the family; it is difficult to see on account of its skulking habit, but its whereabouts is easily known by the peculiar rich note of the male, answered instantly in the breeding season by the female by either the exact octave on the descending scale or by the typical 'garre' of the shrike family. The answer of the female to the male is so instantaneous that several eminent naturalists have been deceived as to exact note succession. Mr. Hardwood and I were fortunate on more than one occasion to get between the two birds when singing their simple love song, and it is a curious fact that although from our position the sound waves must have reached us before they struck the ears of the answering bird, call and reply struck continuously, if not simultaneously, on the ear. Call and answer bear an exact analogy to the common phenomenon of the 'sung' note responded to by the distended pianoforte wire. I should judge it impossible that any mental process, however elementary, could cause so quick a return, and if instinct be ruled out of court the only solution that can obtain must be that some subnote imperceptible to the human ear does precede the call note of the male, and so give a clue to the female for its reply. This power of instant reply or reiteration is to be found in British birds, cock pheasants in pens being, perhaps, the most familiar; here, however, the reply is a sharp cry, while with the shrike the whistle is produced only after that contortion of body peculiar to the genus.

On January 16, as we were crossing the Hawash plain, a body

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of armed Gallas crossed the river and desired to camp near us ; our Abyssinians showed so much alarm that we thought it advisable to insist on the picturesquely dressed warriors camping on the other side of the stream. This they agreed to do on seeing our formidable display of rifles, and to ensure a quiet night in camp and that, whatever firing there was, should be outward from, and not into, our tents, we took the precaution of disarming the carriers of their rifles and stacking them round the tents of Weld Blundell and myself. The night passed away quietly, and the following morning no Gallas were to be seen : this incident, though trifling, showed us exactly who could be relied on if it came to a pinch, and I regret to say that our fellow Christians were not amongst those reckoned as brave.

On January 23 we reached Adis Abbeba, and found to our dismay that the king had not returned from the Mangascia and Godjam revolt. This would necessitate a journey of twelve days to a place called Boruneda, and thither Captain Harrington, having dispatches to lay before Menelik, resolved to accompany us. The three days before again setting out we spent in making the acquaintance of the various white people in Adis Abbeba, and of Mr. Ilg, the Foreign Minister of the King.

I have often been asked, on my return from Abyssinia, what struck me most among the inhabitants, and, vacuous as this class of question must be, I had no doubt in answering : ‘The extraordinary generosity of the French.’ Not only in the largeness of their hearts have they presented the Abyssinians with some 200,000 rifles of inferior order and somewhat antiquated pattern, but they have overwhelmed the Emperor himself with gifts. Decorations, iron water-pipes, trappings, books, and saddlery have poured into the Gibbeh in ceaseless flow. Nor has Tito been forgotten. Gorgeous umbrellas bespangled with diamonds, silver cups, and ornaments have been the portion of the spouse of the king of kings. To the very maps of the country their bounty has been extended. Towns with quaint unheard-of names dot the unexplored hinterland, lakes are marked where desert rules supreme, mighty rivers flow up, down, and across mountain ranges with true Gallic inconsequence. Even the allies of La Patrie are pressed into the service of gifts. The Czar presents his 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition for the soldiery ; drinking cups mixed with treatises on the Orthodox Faith satisfy the pious. This line of conduct is a new departure for both countries.

France, colonially, is not usually so lavish in gifts, except perhaps to her army of *fonctionnaires*. And Russia’s zeal for the true religion is usually confined to those just over her own border. If Russia and France mean to take Abyssinia, why should they arm their enemy ?

Perhaps they despise the power of the king of kings—or is it because they wish to make him strong against the hated foe advancing

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from Egypt? Should the latter contingency be true, it is interesting to note the zeal of men like the French Fair and Potter or the Russian Artomenoff for exploration, especially towards the Nile; and in the same line of thought it is curious to note a railway from Jibutil being pushed for all it was worth and then abandoned, nor is the descent of an armed force on the Donkali coast and their equally anomalous departure less worthy of note.

Russia and France very nearly held a strong hand, and it is more than a probable surmise that it was the luck of the mighty British Empire and the pluck of her soldiers which caused Khartoum to fall a year before its time, and made the plans of her enemies to 'gang agley.' With a double entrance from the coast—the one across the Donkali plain and the other by rail to Harrar—with forces small, it is true, but determined, *en route* from the west, the history of the central Soudan and Abyssinia might easily have been changed.

But as to practical results, what has been obtained? The acknowledgment of the king of kings and Tito his spouse, expressed openly by the one and practically by the other; for, sad be it to say, those diamonds no longer sparkle in the gorgeous umbrella handle, and though the silver cups, it is true, are still grasped by Abyssinian palm, it is in a new reincarnation—they are coins of the realm.

England on the other hand has given few presents to Abyssinia, and by this lack of tribute has gained prestige. An Abyssinian briefly summed up the case, 'We have taken our dower from France and Italy; we should be married now to England.'

From Adis Abbeba our course lay due north over a vast plateau, very inaccurately mapped, standing some 8500 feet above sea level. After four days' march we passed across the head waters of a tributary of the Blue Nile, called the Wenchet, lying in a deep valley, with sides almost perpendicular, cut into the volcanic rock. There could be no finer example of subaerial denudation than this valley afforded. The period of the volcanic disturbance which led to the formation of the Abyssinian plateau has not been certainly fixed; it is believed by authorities to be either late or middle tertiary, but notwithstanding the comparatively recent geological date the narrow stream has cut through the hard basalt rock and softer tuff to a depth of 4000 feet. From base to summit the volcanic rocks succeed each other in terraces exactly parallel, the hardness of line of the upper tiers only relieved by landslips and occasional clumps of trees.

The scenery across the great chasm is magnificent. The higher terraces of basalt stand out clear in the bright upland air; as the eye descends lower and lower into the valley the inclining slopes get more luxuriant and the green softer, to be finally rounded off in the blue haze that hangs perpetual over the swiftly running stream in the vale.

No medal without a reverse, and 'Ahea Fiz,' or the death of the

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donkey, is the name the practical Abyssinian bestows on the pass. A climb up the further side through basalt rocks, as perfectly columnar as the cave of Staffa, brings us into the land of the Wolla Galla, a fine race of men, largely instrumental in the recent defeat of the Italians. Their chief, Ras Michæl, a convert *malgré lui* to Christianity, is a brave old man, and is reported at that fight to have carried boxes of ammunition to the front and said to his men, 'Here you remain till these are empty : ' and they carried out his orders, to their own honour and Italy's discomfiture.

From Warahailow the arid plateau changes for more undulating country, and on crossing over the Yoll mountains we got up into the land of mist at 12,000 feet: here a moist and breezy night was spent, punctuated by drawing tent-pegs and loose mules. The following day we descended the mountain of Kosso into a fertile and well-irrigated valley; droves of well-fed mules and horses told us that we were approaching the encampment of the king of kings. The group of closely planted tents of foraging parties, which for the last few days had been seen clustered like locusts only round the large villages, became more and more frequent, and, suddenly rounding a corner, we came face to face with a hill-side covered from base to summit with the white tents of Menelik's army. In the apparently inextricable confusion we were solemnly pointed out by the interpreter the wisdom and forethought with which all was arranged. On the near and further side of the hill the Gangasmatch and Geresmatch, commanders of the right and left wings, had their camp, while the Fitauri (rhinocerous horn), commander of the advance guard, was placed in the van, nestled under a hill in what seemed the position most liable to surprise. Occupying the highest part of the mountain lay the Gibbeh of the 'Lion of Judah' surrounded by the soldiers of his Dejismatch and personal guard.

A herald on arrival showed us our camping ground, and we had the honour of a visit from the Emperor's master of ceremonies, to fix an audience for the following day. Weld Blundell and myself had three interviews with Menelik, and we remained eight days in his court in the company of his underlings. Perhaps this may not seem a very sound basis to found an opinion on so great a man, his character and rule; still—'Fools rush in.'—It requires but one interview to be certain that Menelik is a gentleman—I use the term in the narrower sense—and a kindly one to boot.

That he is a man who knows his power and can wield it I am certain, from the fear, not unmixed with affection, that his retainers have for him. Of home politics, especially in the art of squashing rebellions, for which Abyssinia throughout all time has been so famous, he has no superior. The Mangascia trouble scotched by bribing over one of the rival rulers of Sobath, and the complete subdual of the contemporaneous revolt of Godjam by the release of

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a bevy of Tchlcheimenot's turbulent sons, were strokes of a master mind. Of foreign politics who can give an opinion? Perhaps he is guided by Ilg, some say by Tito, others by his own inclinations. That he does not wish to commit himself is certain, and when driven to a corner and unaware of what would be European custom he has been known to end or refuse an interview, saying that his personal affairs or the bit of a new mule require instant attention.

On European matters his mind struck me as being a jumble, but a very comprehensive jumble, of unconnected facts: many ideas he has partly digested by comparison, many still remain quite beyond his ken. I should judge that her Gracious Majesty is regarded as a friendly but somewhat fiery lady, immediately surrounded by masses of troops; while the Houses of Lords and Commons, in continuous session, disport themselves on the neighbouring 'toukels.' When we consider that contemporary literature in Abyssinia is practically non-existent, and that the Europeans with whom Menelik can converse can be reckoned on one hand, all credit must be given the man who has been shrewd enough to pick out the best of our Western ideas and act up to some of them!

The King's reforms are many—with regard to slavery, the open market has been completely stamped out, and the private sale of slaves, thanks to his heavy punishments meted out without distinction, has ceased entirely in the King's own neighbourhood. A new decree, that any slave on becoming Christian shall be made free, has led to the emancipation of many, especially in the immediate neighbourhood of Adis Abbeba.

With regard to merchants much has been done to encourage trade. The Negadi can only be tried in his own court, he is a free man, though liable to local taxation, only subject to his Negadi-ras and the King himself: he has power to exact forage, under certain conditions, on the route, and should his caravan be raided the nearest Shoom is responsible.

Menelik has done much to curb the brutality of the soldiery: in his army shots fired in villages when foraging are always inquired into. Any man has access to his presence, and his trial at the hands of the Afar Negous, or subordinates, is sure to be a fair one. A higher conception of justice prevails, the law has been added to, while the character and station of the law-givers has been raised.

Many stories have been told of his personal justice and clemency, and it only requires one march in his train and to see the welcome of the populace with their 'Yan Hoi, Yan Hoi,' to be certain of his personal popularity with the lower classes.

What might be called the standing army of the Emperor is small. It consists of some 10,000 men always about his person and of a variable quantity of outlying forces estimated between 7000 and 15,000 billeted on other Rases, with a view to helping in their wars,

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or assuring their loyalty. Beside this force of the central government, each ruler has an army of his own according to the state of finances, the cost of firearms, and the popularity of service.

A Ras's army, according to western notions, presents curious anomalies. The weapons range from flint locks of almost cannon-like proportions down to the Italian magazine rifle and the French cast-off Lebel. Lebel ammunition is current coin (usual quotation eight to the dollar) and is therefore justly popular with the more thrifty among the soldiery, irrespective of the bore of rifle carried: this saving habit no doubt is commendable in the character of the man himself, but hardly increases his utility in war.

Another curious fact is that the soldier on the march carries his family and household gods with him, and the transport being chiefly done by donkey, the rate of marching does not exceed two miles an hour. An army of 10,000 fighting men will total up to 45,000 souls with 30,000 beasts of burden. This horde on the plains marching on a two-mile front will cover great distances: in enclosed country a four hours' march of the advance guard is the most that can be done if the disorderly rabble in rear is to get into camp by nightfall. The maintenance of an army on the field is also somewhat different in method to the European. Each man's rations depend on his own powers of foraging, and vary therefore with the richness of country traversed and the powers of resistance of the inhabitants. Certain generals, as Tsena Tsmenado and Apto Gorgis, are described as being very kind to their soldiers, and as this kindness takes the form of an ammunition allowance for foraging purposes, it is a significant fact that their service is regarded as justly popular.

In the army generally the endurance of the individual soldier is great, and extraordinary marches have been made, Makonan's army only this year doing seventy-five miles in under thirty-three hours, when marching into Adis Abbeba without baggage or followers.

Our final interview with the King took place on February 16. We made our offerings, received our papers to the various chiefs of importance, were presented with a guide to Adis Abbeba, and made our adieu with many expressions of good will. Throughout our stay we had met on all sides with more than courtesy, and it was with genuine regret we once more betook ourselves to the road.

Our return journey lay skirting the Donkali plain to our left, while the great volcanic plateau lay above us on our right.

The Djedda valley, a flat plain sixty miles long by four broad, has but recently been a lake; fine black cotton soil is found throughout; the valley teems with animal life, and formed the richest collecting grounds for the ornithologist we had yet passed through. On leaving the valley a steep climb near Ankolia brought us to the plateau level, and for the first time since we had been in Abyssinia we came on to ground owned, tilled and ruled by Abyssinians.

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The system of land tenure is curious though simple, and after many questions and much cross-examination I elicited the following leading facts.

From an agricultural point of view the country may be divided into three divisions—Abyssinian worked land, Galla tilled land, and the Razzia Zone. In the first division the land is either held from the King direct or from the local ruler, either Ras, Dejasmatch, or Fitaravri, the head man of the village being responsible for the taxes. Each man of the community pays a third of his total crop through the head man to his overlord, be he king or commoner, and, having made good his corvée by payment or work, his time and profits are his own.

In the second division a single Abyssinian, called a Shoom, with his armed retainers presides over the Galla village. The taxes are nominally the same, but as the Shoom has to live, and as it is beneath his dignity to work, both he and his retainers are supported at the village's expense. The corvée, which in Abyssinia, by law established, is one day's labour in each different kind of work that the overlord may demand, is proportionally increased. Since Menelik's just rule in the land the Galla has two safeguards, he can appeal to the village Punch, to his overlord or to the Afar Negus (Breath of the King), for justice, or, what the Shoom much more fears, he can remove himself and his belongings to a village with a Shoom of a lesser predatory habit.

In the Razzia Zone, which embraces the vast countries to south and west, the Ogaden, Arissi Galla, Kaffa, and Beni Shongul, &c., no permanent overlord holds sway. Like the Roman governors of old, the poorer or more turbulent commanders go out there to replenish their treasure-chest or give employment to their armies. The system of administration is primitive. The general posts himself with his army on a commanding mountain, for all Abyssinians are terrified of fever, and from there he descends as necessity requires to sack the neighbouring tribes: should his army require slaves or concubines these are carried off, while if trophies are wanted or the enemy resist, a wholesale slaughter is indulged in. If the leader is well disposed and the country be too far off or too fever-stricken for raiding, a levy is fixed to be paid in gold or ivory or, failing these, dhurra, coffee, or pepper.

In a recent raid, an account of which was given me by an eye-witness, when it was thought cartridges were scarce, the men were forbidden to shoot at unoffending natives or elephants (the connection of ideas is typical) until the goal was reached. On the return journey the embargo was taken off, and casual firing went on every day. The natives, goaded into fury by this wanton destruction, at last plucked up heart and killed one officer and one man of the raiding party: to avenge this a two days' halt was ordered, and 500,

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counting males alone, were killed and mutilated. The life of a defenceless native crouching in the bush is easily taken, and the fact that a brave must have killed forty men to wear the badge of honour of the slayer of one elephant speaks for itself.

Throughout our journey from Boruneda to the capital we were well looked after by the king's guide 'Durgo' at every halt, and all difficulties of custom houses and petty Shooms settled. Just before Adis Abbeba we passed one of the numerous farms of the Queen, and were informed by the Shoom in charge of the village that her Majesty was a most thrifty manager and thoroughly knew the value of her land. Tito is a woman reported to have a great dislike for foreigners; she is a lady apparently of some experience, of doubtful temper, of religious habit, and of somewhat catholic affections. Her sable Majesty has been married four times, is in the habit of shaking the master of ceremonies by the beard, and has a number of good-looking young men in constant attendance. To make up no doubt for these social peculiarities she is accustomed to keep her attendants up till 3 A.M., when she makes her orisons in the court chapel. The latter part of this information, I need hardly say, did not come from the manager of the farm; a charming lady of Adis Abbeba was kind enough to give me these details about her best friend.

Our caravan returned to Adis Abbeba on February 28, and we found Mr. Wakeman, Captain Harrington's surgeon, and Dr. Koetlitz had patched up our old mules and bought some dozen more, so that with two days' delay to take in flour and teff we were once more ready to get under way. We renewed our acquaintance with Mr. Ilg and his charming family, and received many anecdotes of his earlier days in Abyssinia. Should this remarkable man ever think fit to write his memoirs from the days when he came out as a young engineer to the present day, when as Councillor to the King he holds a position second to none in the empire, they could not fail to be of interest to a large section of mankind. Mr. Ilg is a keen observer, is interested in many branches of science, and apart from his own experiences, a twenty years' study of a nation in its period of transition would gladden the heart of any European publisher.

On March 3 we started for the back of the beyond, our caravan now swollen to the size of sixty mules by reason of some ton and a half of extra teff and flour that we had to take with us. We had noticed on leaving Adis Abbeba that our friends had said their good-byes as if they scarcely expected to see us again, and we afterwards found out that almost every soul in the town except ourselves knew that our men, frightened of the journey into the west, meant to strike in a body the second day out of the town. The strike came off, but not in a way that our men expected. At five o'clock in the afternoon one of the more chicken-hearted gave us the information, and at 5.30, while I was delivering an

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harangue to the men on the evil of their ways and the certainty of punishment, Weld Blundell and the Sudanese were quietly driving the two ringleaders out of camp. The meeting broke up and the men found themselves without a chief ; and the following day, after three men had been soundly kicked for not working, and another man likely to be dangerous turned out of camp, the caravan moved off in the usual way. The Abyssinian appreciates the masterful mind, and those we had kicked the hardest seemed the most sorry to leave us when we got to our journey's end. In Abyssinia the fact of hiring a man to work gives you a legal right to flog, and this flogging is only limited by a fine in case of permanent injury—truly a sure way of fostering the dignity of labour. On the third day from Adis Abbeba we entered the woodlands which supply the town with fuel and building material. Some twenty years ago the forest stretched almost up to the town, but reckless cutting and forest fires have reduced its area almost to vanishing point. In a very few years the supply will cease altogether, and the capital will have to change its ground. The site of the new capital will probably be Borumeda (near Magdala), a strategic point of some importance on the main trade route between Shoa and Tigre.

As we pass on in our journey towards the source of the Hawash the country becomes more open : villages dot the plain in all directions, and coffee, tobacco, cotton, and peas are grown in addition to the inevitable dhurra and teff. This part of the country is reported well ruled ; it is out of the line of army routes, and the Gallas have an air of prosperity and an extent of arable country not hitherto noticed.

Every day as we proceeded westward the boiling point thermometer registered a lower altitude, and though the heat did not noticeably increase, the plants and birds became of a more tropical nature. Lovely creepers and delicately tinted flowers were to be seen in every valley, and one bitterly deplored one's deficiency in botanical knowledge at every turn. To every lover of the beautiful the power of admiration must have a finite end—after having admired, wondered, and re-admired a period must come at which satiety can only be bolstered off by further knowledge, when the interest, admiration and wonder can begin again. This is more true with flowers than with anything else, except, perhaps, pictures, and no smattering in botany can be too trifling to add vast pleasure to travelling.

With short marches the province of Lika was reached, and at Bilo, the frontier town, we suffered some inconvenience at the hands of an underling, who refused to accord us the courtesy our credentials demanded. It did not take long, however, to convince him that we were not to be trifled with ; and he at once displayed the customary Abyssinian agility in exchanging an attitude of contemptuous supe-

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riority for one of cringing civility when confronted with an unexpected show of force.

Getemneh and Lehanti were the next towns visited, where we presented our letters and replenished our stores : the latter is not marked on any map, yet, with its immediate surroundings, it has a population of about 40,000 inhabitants, all Gallas. The houses are of a very substantial kind, the materials for their construction being easily procured from the neighbouring forests ; and they have nothing to fear from the depredations of the white ant, as that pest is not found in the district. The market is held bi-weekly, and the day we passed through the town the market-place was crowded by at least 8000 souls. The chief native products appeared to be gold in quills, weighed with beaten copper scales, and iron which is wrought close by. There was also a considerable show of foreign stuffs, linen, beads, and so forth. In the provinces of Wallega and Lika the inhabitants do not cultivate teff, and as dhurra does not bear transport unless quickly consumed, many of the villages have to pay their tribute in gold, got with much labour from the mountain streams.

There is much resemblance between these outer-barbarians and the early Egyptians. The natives still use the peculiar hoe pictured in Egyptian tombs ; the cow also has the straight horns of the early sculptures, and on the market-place I once saw a dwarf with that curious cylindrical thickness of arms and legs that appear in the portraits of the dwarfs of the earlier dynasties hailing from the land of Punt.

Two days from Lehanti one comes to the Didesa, a fine river with overhanging rocks and well-wooded slopes. This river Weld Blundell discovered runs, not into the Dabous, but the Nile, which is marked some eighty miles north of its true course.

From here to the Dabous the country is hilly : the villages, on account of fever and the heavy rains, are perched on the summit of the little hills, and the only track is that made by the Negadis going their rounds with goods for barter. The road tacks up, down, and across the valleys in the most aggravating way, the view over each new rise exactly similar to the one left behind. After six days of switchback travelling we arrived with every mule's back badly rubbed at Mindi, where we were met by a dirty but determined Shoom, who declined to let us go further. The reason of the obstruction was that the letter we held from Menelik giving orders to see us safely over the border into Beni Shongul was addressed to Dejatch Demasi, and the Shoom argued therefore that he must take us to Demasi before he could let us proceed. This meant a three weeks' march to the Sobat, and a further four weeks before we could get to the Abdurachman frontier, and we declined point blank to execute the manœuvre. After much argument we

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decided to send a messenger back to Adis Abbeba and get further orders to the Shoom direct ; we also decided to descend into the elephant country, and spend the month of wait in shooting and exploring the surroundings. To the descent to the elephant country the Shoom objected ; but here we had the whip hand and he saw it and gave in. The Abyssinians he knew and was able to frighten and prevent from further journey, but a small trip with mules loaded by Somalis and Sudanese sufficient for an elephant shikar he saw he was powerless to stop. Accordingly, after a day's delay, the caravan moved on to within a few days' journey of the Nile, and Weld Blundell and I started off to hunt for elephants in the great bamboo forest, thirty miles by eighty, which occupies the valley.

For the first ten days we camped together close to a tributary stream. A very large bull elephant, 11 feet 11 inches, shot by Weld Blundell, proved our only victim. After two more blank days, Weld Blundell wished to make some observations and returned to the main caravan. It was settled that after he had fixed the camp he would make an expedition down towards the Nile, while I should proceed up the Dabous, and in this way we should get as large as possible an extent of the country mapped together with the local names.

Travelling through the shadeless bamboo forest is monotonous and the progress is necessarily slow owing to the *débris* strewn along the elephant roads, the sole means of travel.

One day, after killing a small female elephant, we came across a tribe of natives and agreed with them that in return for elephant's meat they should furnish us with two guides : accordingly two pleasant-looking giants entered our service, one called Zuzu and the other, alas ! not Dodor but Margo. Our interpreter and one Galla could make something out of Margo, but Zuzu was from first to last perfectly unintelligible.

On April 25 I crossed into Abdurachman, and after three days spent in fruitless search in the thick bamboo, located the drinking places of the elephants. At 4 A.M. start was fixed, but—‘l'homme propose, Dieu dispose’ ! At 5 A.M. I woke with a start to find the eastern horizon brightening and no bath ready or fire lit for breakfast. A visit in pyjamas to the Somali tent disclosed my tent-boy shivering with ague, while the shikari, violently rubbing his stomach, repeated amidst his groans : ‘We think we not female. We think we not female.’ I assured the latter that he had not fever, that his sex was incontestable, and that he was not going to die ; and having given a dose of croton oil to the one and served out two extra blankets and some quinine to the other, began to make preparations for the chase.

Misfortunes never come singly—Our last two sheep had strayed in the night, and the interpreter, Margo, and two Abyssinians had

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to be sent to get food. Those remaining in camp fit for service were a various collection : Oda, my Galla pony-boy, only understood his own language, an Abyssinian mule-loader had the same linguistic attainments as Oda, while our guide Zuzu smiled benignly at whatever language you addressed him in.

At 6 A.M. we got under way, and after a two hours' march got into what we considered elephant country. While following down an elephant road in single file a rock rabbit of a new kind appeared, and on pulling up the pony to examine with telescope we heard in the silence of the jungle the crack of a bending bamboo and the resultant swish as it was released. The unknown Hyrax was forgotten.

'Zohon !' 'Viel !' 'Elephant !' 'Nazri!' each one exclaimed in his own language. There was no doubt who looked the most frightened, therefore Hailomarion the Abyssinian was told off to look after the pony and mule, the Galla was handed the 577, while I, 8-bore in hand, drove the local expert in front of me.

Zuzu led on the party through the thick bamboo with the greatest nonchalance, turning round to grin out of sheer friendliness whenever an elephant broke down some unusually large tree as he fed ; gradually the noises became more distinct and it became evident that Zuzu was holding off a bit from the herd towards some high trees dangerously near the wind. Remonstrance in dumb show is not convincing, and Zuzu answered me in return in the politest possible manner that all was well. So it was, but for Zuzu only ; for the wily native on reaching the clump of cedars, with the greatest care selected the largest and thickest, and having safely ensconced himself in the highest branches, most politely smiled down his advice to go in and win.

An up hill stalk at a herd of elephants, with a side wind and a doubtful gun bearer, is exciting work, and so the sequel proved. The ravine up which we had to make our way was thick with crackling leaves and so slippery as to necessitate use of hands and knees. In the still jungle the noise we made seemed enormous, and it was only the steady crunching noise we heard over the bank that gave us confidence to proceed.

Slowly we wended our way up the bank, the back of a cow elephant in sight, and the old male about forty yards over the brow, its whereabouts shown by the shaking bamboo heads. On reaching the ridge the first thing to meet the eye was the male lurching towards us ; he had seen nothing, but was suspicious, and for fully two minutes his beady little eyes were fixed on mine. The great brute soon assured himself that the object of his suspicions did not move ; he returned to his bamboo and went on with his meal. Now came the time for action, and grabbing hold of the Galla to make sure of his keeping close, I slipped behind a favouring bamboo clump

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and got into range. The elephant was standing end on, with stern towards us, then suddenly, without a moment's notice, he whipped round and stood facing, and I realised for the first time that he was only twenty yards off. It was an anxious moment ; to shoot with effect was impossible from the position in which he stood ; he was now thoroughly alarmed and it was necessary to act quickly. Fortunately for us he had not made out our exact whereabouts, and before he did I determined to slip round our bamboo clump and get him in flank. The manœuvre stealthily executed was successful—the elephant still looked in the direction of where we had been, and taking steady aim I planted the bullet in the exact line between eye and ear. Down went *Elephas Africanus* with a crash and for a moment lay still : the other elephants, eight in number, dashed off down wind, two young ones almost knocking us over in their excitement to join the herd. I ran on thirty yards to see if there was anything worth shooting when a shout from the Galla made me turn in time to see our friend was struggling to get on his legs. For several minutes the great pachyderm rolled backwards and forwards like a horse cast in a bog, I had exchanged my 8-bore for the 577 and had approached within ten yards to deliver a shot at close quarters, when suddenly he rolled on to his feet, and jumping into his stride like a five-furlong sprinter, bore down on us. I fired the 577 with no overdue deliberation and through the smoke saw that he was still coming on. My first three strides were panic pure and simple, the next three put me behind a bamboo patch. I cocked the second barrel as I ran and whipped round. The elephant had got the second bullet low in the centre of the forehead and was now standing, rocking backwards and forwards over the place where I had lately stood. My Galla had taken to the hills, carrying off the 8-bore, and I was left in a quandary, not caring to close with the 577. The Galla's panic was short-lived, a glance over the shoulder showed him the situation was less grave ; he ran back, put the big gun in my hand, and a steadily delivered blow ended the battle. The ponies now came up together with Zuzu, and we had begun to look at the tusks and size of foot when a cow elephant that had lost her calf walked by. The Abyssinian and Merr fled precipitately, but the Galla coolly handed me my 577 and I brought her down by a shot one inch from the ear-hole.

Our day's sport was not over : on our way to the river we came across the tracks of a large herd, and after some rather interesting tracking on stony ground, got in at 12 P.M. At this hour the African elephant usually takes a siesta, but this herd of thirty-five must have got a touch of the wind and when we came in sight were on the *qui vive*. The Galla and I attacked this time from above ; the elephants advanced diagonally across the front, and I was able to get a nice shot at the male and dropped him in his

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tracks. To my horror the cow that was in the lead charged, but I was lucky enough to turn her off with my left barrel, while the 577 quickly handed by the Galla finished her off as she went by. The rest of the herd then bolted, and the male, who had got on to his legs, made a blundering attempt to come at us. There was plenty of time to recharge the 8-bore, and a shot at close quarters effectually stopped him. This, by the way, was the only instance in our trip of a charging elephant killed by the frontal shot. A satisfactory day was concluded by securing a yellow and green bird of the *Silviadæ* order, previously unknown.

Early in May news came from the King that we might proceed, and forthwith Weld Blundell and I joined caravans and made for Beni Shongul. The route we travelled was that lately passed over by Damasi's army, and the track, marked by devastated villages and ruined dhurra fields, was an instructive Abyssinian example of a friendly expedition.

At Beni Shongul we paid off our caravan, and with a mixed convoy of donkeys, horses, and a few of our mules, struggled on the last sixty miles to Famaka in British territory.

A bright future seems to be opening for the beautiful country we had just passed through. Menelik, since the Mangascia and Godjam submission, is admittedly in a stronger position than he has ever been before, and he is just the man to weld this land of many conflicting units into one solid whole.

Abyssinia has still to pass through the period of 'Sturm and Drang' which lies between feudal power and a central and permanent government. The wars of the Barons as waged in Europe still remain to be fought ; but, with this difference, the ultimate aim must be a strong and generous despotism instead of popular representation. Menelik has not power to fight the big leaders in combination, even supported, as he will be, by Makonan, his probable heir. Time will show whether sufficient tact is used to take them in detail.

One fact in the King's favour is the hostility of north to south, the one thread that runs clear through the labyrinth of Abyssinian politics, and which is as strong now as it was in the days of Bruce. The Tigrean looks with contempt on his darker Shoom brother, whose lineage, stained with frequent interminglings of negro blood, has resulted in a prognathous and larkheeled product very different from his Caucasian forefather. The Shooms return the hatred with interest ; theirs are the fat cornlands and the subject Gallas ; they sneer at the blueblooded Tigreans buried in their poor stony mountains, whose greatness dates to Aksun, not of to-day. It is not in the blood of the two breeds to act together, and in that lies Menelik's strength.

With regard to foreign relations, peace prospects are promising,

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an agreement with Italy is in sight even if not already settled. With England from the north down by Gedaref and Galabat to the Blue Nile all is satisfactorily arranged : to the south, with perhaps the exception of Beni Shongul, all is equally clear. The Egyptian boundary is to prevail ; the hills to the Abyssinians, the plains to the Sudan, the morasses to the British, the 'white man's land' to the black. It is not likely that we who scuttled from fair Harrar and the rich pastures of the Ogadden without a blow are to come to fight over the exact extent of the fever-stricken swamps. There is a negative value in the exact definition of areas—curtailing the Razzia Zone entails curtailment of local generals' power. Where there is no plunder or pay there are no soldiers, and every man taken from the predatory forces of the frontier means greater strength of the central government.

And this is the best we can wish Abyssinia and ourselves. Under the enlightened rule of Menelik, law and order will be established, and this country of great mineral wealth and exceptional agricultural possibilities, will take its place in the trade of nations.

The remainder of the trip down the Blue Nile requires little notice. The eternal sand-banks, the scrub and the sakia, succeed each other with the same monotony at Senaar as at the first cataract: the heat was intense throughout, and the fever for home and news made the slowly drifting nugger appear barely to crawl. All things must end, and in due course Khartoum was passed, Omdurman visited, and on June 8, after six months in the wilds, civilisation and ice were reached together at Wadi Halfa.

THE CASE OF DREYFUS—A JUDICIAL ERROR. BY S. F. CORNÉLY



OME weeks ago a friend of mine, M. Robin, a celebrated French doctor and member of the Academy of Medicine, told me that he had just returned from La Bessaralué, where he had gone for a consultation. To reach his patient he had been obliged to travel by a somewhat primitive steam-boat which was rowed by the crew when the current allowed, and only propelled by steam when the tide was contrary. The engineer on board stood in the same relation to the human species as the boat did to a steamer ; he was elementary, primitive—a Tartar bordering on the savage. A passenger who was steering the boat said to the engineer : ‘Look ! that must be a Frenchman !’ The Tartar looked at the Academician and muttered ‘Yes ! you hail from the country where there is no injustice !’

In his rude vessel this man had been meditating upon the Dreyfus affair.

The Prince of Monaco recently returned to Havre on board his yacht, the *Princess Alice*, which had nearly been lost in the cause of science during a voyage into polar regions. The night of his return he dined in Paris at a house where I was staying, and related the following story :

On arriving at Tromsöé, a pilot’s boat came alongside the *Princess Alice*. The pilot of the ship, a Norwegian, who had steered the boat into the Polar circle, perched himself on the bridge of the little barque and called out to his brother pilot :

‘What about Dreyfus ? What news is there of him ?’

We see from this that at the two extremities of Europe, men, whose calling keeps them aloof from those things which ordinarily excite and arouse interest, are deeply interested in the Dreyfus affair ; and if we made the round of the globe by way of Asia, America, Africa, or Australia—everywhere, in all latitudes, we should find men of all grades on the social ladder, of all grades on the anthropological ladder, consumed with the same curiosity for news on the same subject. For the Dreyfus affair is not a matter for a nation, but one for all humanity. The interest which it awakens, the eager anxiety it excites, constitute, in my opinion, the most reassuring and convincing symptom of the progress realised by humanity in its march towards civilisation—that is to say, towards justice, for civilisation is but the concrete and multiple form of justice.

Times without number we are tempted to ask ourselves if we really are more civilised than our fathers before us. We see crimes committed around us, wars carried on, massacres executed, which rival those of ancient barbarism. Frequently deeds and words, like lightning flashes illuminating a chasm, reveal to us fathomless

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abysses of savagery among our contemporaries, and in despair we ask if our moral progress is in accordance with that which we call our material progress ; and if we are not at heart exactly what we were when electric light appeared to us a miracle, the steam engine a monster, and the telephone a work of magic. Now turn to the Dreyfus affair. Consider how much it has excited the entire universe. Ask yourself why mankind—the Christian, the Fetish-worshipper, and the Mahometan—are troubling themselves about an insignificant Jewish Captain, and you will be reassured. You may well conclude that when almost the whole of humanity interests itself thus in a problem of justice, it is because humanity has allowed itself to be penetrated by the idea of justice ; it is because it understands the need that men have of justice ; and because it loves justice ; it is because it is becoming morally civilised at the same time as it is becoming materially civilised. We all—atoms lost in space—ought to bless the solidarity of which we see the magnificent example, because thereby we find for ourselves a pledge of security. We see it as the dawn of the era of peace predicted by poets and philosophers, longed for by Christians ; that era when men will be no more ardent in defence of their individual rights than of their collective rights ; when crimes will be rare ; when wars will appear monstrous ; and when the peoples of the earth, while they preserve their political institutions, which are the offspring of their history, will, on the other hand, form a sort of Areopagus, before which they will voluntarily bring their disputes.

This Areopagus exists already in embryo. Nations watch over and control each other mutually, and it is to this vigilant control, much more than to combinations and alliances, that we owe the peace of Europe. There is a powerful monarch in the world called ‘Opinion,’ to whom kings bow the knee as well as peasants ; for at the close of this century we live in, all dynasties, and all governments, no matter what may be their form, are compelled to consider the average opinion of the nations of the world. A great lesson given by England in the seventeenth century, and by France in the eighteenth, has taught them that the heads of the people, while having the right to influence public opinion, gain nothing by setting their faces against it, and indeed injure themselves by doing so. Thus monarchies, instead of being obstacles to public opinion, have become its mouthpieces. It was natural, then, that humanity did not remain unmoved while this great convulsion was shaking the very existence of one of its representatives. Of what avail is it to criss-cross our globe with a trellis of railway lines, and a network of telegraph wires—and with what object do we link together continents with cables of steel which serve as a pathway for thought, while above them on the blue surface of the waters, fleets of ships, becoming every day more rapid and more numerous, pass swiftly—of what use is all this,

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if we do not succeed in transforming the earth into a gigantic harmonious keyboard in which all the notes sound at once, if but one of them is touched? I cannot contain my laughter at the puerile barbarism of some feeble souls among us who fear for the national dignity, and think it wrong for foreigners to occupy themselves with our affairs—at the people who wish to live in Europe without Europe concerning itself about them. It is a theory which has had its hour of success among savages. If the tribe of Pierced Noses chose a hunting territory, and a member of the tribe of Flat Ears came to inquire what was going on in this territory, he was immediately tomahawked. We find this theory, too, in the Chinese Empire. Hatred and contempt for the foreigner has been the sole national bond among this vast community of men. The theory still exists, if no longer among nations, among individuals who have done things of which they are ashamed and who would escape the resulting disgrace. Such individuals are not anxious for others to meddle in their affairs. From the nurse who hides the still-born child under the mattress, to the millionaire who cheats fools of their money, one phrase is in constant use: ‘That is my affair; it has nothing to do with you,’ a cloak beneath which they would hide their shame. The man who has no cause to blush for his actions does not fear publicity. Now a nation’s public is the rest of the world, the other nations that are in the world. They have the right to view and pronounce upon what passes within its borders, just as it has the right to pass judgment upon them. And where is the Tamerlane, the Gengis-Khan, the Sesostris, the Napoleon who can prevent them from examining and judging?

I am not going to relate the history of the Dreyfus affair in detail. It is well known; and even if it were not, the matter is so tangled and complicated that it would be necessary to interlard the recital with many quotations from documents which would occupy more space than I have at my command. But I will endeavour to bring out the salient points, and make the moral clear by an impartial account. The expression ‘impartial’ is, perhaps, not altogether correct, since I have taken a part in the affair, and am convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus, and of the error committed by three Courts-Martial—that which condemned him in 1894; that which acquitted Esterhazy in 1898; and that which has just condemned Dreyfus afresh in 1899. We will substitute, if you wish, the word ‘just’ for the word ‘impartial,’ and the reader must judge for himself whether the substitution is justified.

Towards the end of September 1894 a scrap of paper, torn in four pieces, was brought in the ordinary way to the Intelligence Department at the War Office: this was the *bordereau*, the point at issue, the basis of all the future proceedings. What I have called ‘the ordinary way’ was through a woman, a woman who was paid by

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the War Office. This woman laid the fires in Count Münster's room at the German Embassy, and while cleaning the grate she used to put in her pocket any papers which were scattered on the chimney-piece, under the tables, or in the waste-paper basket. In her position as fire-keeper, as we call the women whose duty it is to attend to the fires and grates, she collected everything that was lying about. Now it appears that gentlemen at the German Embassy, notwithstanding their reputation for carefulness and extreme neatness, leave a good many things lying about. As a rule the papers the good woman brought were torn or crumpled up, and it was a work of patience for the gallant officers in the Intelligence Department to arrange and piece them all together. Formerly this work, which is not taught at the College of St. Cyr, nor at the Polytechnic School, and for which it seems at first sight hardly necessary to employ the wearer of a sword and spurs, was performed by underlings in the detective force, namely, that branch of the police which works under the Home Department. But General Boulanger, who was not given to hiding his light under a bushel, proposed as a reform of great importance the formation of an Intelligence Department at the War Office, the officials of which were to do the work which up to that date had been in the hands of the police. It was a point of honour with French officers to do this work as badly as possible, and the Intelligence Department at the War Office became the happy hunting-ground of the lowest intriguers and members of the police. There is no one so easy to deceive as an officer or a priest, because their education has never taught them to distinguish between falsehood and truth. That is the reason, I would remark in passing, why one comes across so many names of retired officers and clergy in connection with absurd, unsound, and utterly *charentonnesques*¹ speculations.

At the head of these officers, who understood so little of the business of piecing together papers, and still less of obtaining secret information (which is to their credit as officers) was Colonel Sandherr, an Alsatian, who died later on of paralysis. The *bordereau* was reconstituted, that is to say, repatched, by Commandant Henri, who succeeded him as Lieutenant-Colonel at the head of the Intelligence Department, and died a tragic death three years later. Below is the *bordereau*, one of the few documents which it is necessary to reproduce here :

SIR,—Although you have not asked to see me, I send you some interesting intelligence :

1. A note on the hydraulic brake 120 and the way in which it is worked.
2. A note on covering troops. (Several modifications will be brought forward in the new plan.)
3. A note on a modification in the formation of artillery.

¹ Charenton is our Bedlam.

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4. A note relating to Madagascar.
5. Manuel's project for Field Artillery gun practice (March 14, 1894).

This last document is extremely difficult to procure, and I have only a few days at my disposal. The Minister for War has sent a particular number of copies to the corps, and these corps are responsible for it. Every officer possessing one must return it after the manœuvres.

If you like to take out of this what interests you and give it back to me afterwards, I will replace it, provided that you do not require me to copy it *in extenso*, and to send you a copy.

I am just starting for the manœuvres.

This *bordereau* caused a great sensation in the Intelligence Department, and everybody there held the opinion that it could only have emanated from an officer on the Staff. People more 'in the know' as regards judicial investigations would have immediately reflected that it was not possible to judge of documents forwarded by a spy merely from their nomenclature; that the value of goods is not to be determined by the seller's prospectus; and that before deciding that the documents enumerated in the *bordereau* had been forwarded by one of the General Staff Corps, the documents should have been read, in order to arrive at their technical value, and to come to any reasonable conclusion as to who had sent them. A sacristan may send some one a Bible, but it does not follow that he wrote it. An orderly or a hard-swearing corporal might ornament with the title of 'Notes upon Madagascar' some fragment of geography filched from a book in order to make it pass for unpublished matter. But simple things of this kind were not taken into consideration, and it was decided by all these gentlemen at the Intelligence Department:

First, that the author of the *bordereau* was the author of the notes, and, secondly, that these notes, of which the contents were unknown, were the work of one of their colleagues. An investigation was made; the *bordereau* was submitted to several officers, two of whom believed they recognised a similarity in the writing of the *bordereau* to that of an officer who had just left the bureau in order to serve his time in a regiment of artillery at Paris—Captain Dreyfus.

Captain Dreyfus, as his name shows, was a Jew; he was thirty-four years of age, married to a young wife, father of two children, and rich to the extent of about 30,000 francs a year. He had passed the Military College, after having left the Ecole Polytechnique with an ordinary certificate, and had passed ninth out of the Military College—a very good place. It was whispered that he deserved an even better place, but that, on account of his religion, the Commandant of the school had given him questions intended to handicap his efforts and to make his place lower than it would otherwise have been, and that he had a right to be dissatisfied with the result.

Captain Dreyfus had few friends among his colleagues. They recognised his unquestionable intelligence and his keen desire to get on, but they accused him of a fault, unhappily too common among

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those of his race—boastfulness, and a tendency to show off. In short, he was not popular. Indeed, he was intensely disliked on account of something which had happened the year before during a tour of inspection made by the officers of the Staff Corps under the command of Major-General de Boisdeffre. The group of officers, of whom Captain Dreyfus was one, met the officers of the Staff Corps at Charmes, and were invited by them to dinner. Captain Dreyfus gave such interesting information upon questions of military technique that he was asked about nothing else until the end of the meal. After dessert the General beckoned to him to join him, and for a whole hour they both walked up and down the bridge which crosses the Moselle, followed by the whole group of officers, dumfounded at the unusual spectacle of a long *tête-à-tête* between a General and a captain of artillery.

It was this more than the resemblance his writing bore to that of the *bordereau* which was the Captain's undoing. All his colleagues naturally began to ask themselves if this 'dirty Jew,' this 'pusher,' thus petted by the leading men, would not get the better of them all. At Rennes we have seen fresh proofs of this extraordinary hatred, which four years of suffering have been powerless to subdue, in the fact that many of Dreyfus's fellow soldiers who had no connection with the case were anxious to appear as witnesses against him. It is a well-known fact that Dreyfus was disliked by almost the entire body of the military administration.

The *bordereau* and specimens of Dreyfus's signature were placed before M. Gobert, an expert of the Bank of France. On October 13th, after four days' examination, M. Gobert declared that he was not certain that the *bordereau* had been written by the writer of the specimens. The same day the fragmentary specimens were sent to M. Bertillon, and in the evening he stated that the *bordereau* had been written by the author of the fragments. The next day the Minister of War gave the order for Captain Dreyfus's arrest.

The Minister was General Mercier. General Mercier had enjoyed in the army a great reputation for cleverness; he was one of three or four Generals who had been talked about a long time before being called to the post of Minister. His chief gifts were a great rapidity of comprehension and a remarkable facility of elocution. He has given proofs of this at Rennes by a deposition which is a monument of condensed hatred and malice, but also a masterpiece of clearness and method. His gifts are discounted by a lack of stability. On the Tribunal he was marked as a man who never brought good luck. He once talked lightly about his *flair d'artilleur*, and this picturesque expression has been used against him.

But charges of a much more serious nature are brought against him. He is reproached with having prepared the expedition to Madagascar in defiance of all the principles of common sense. The effective strength

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of the expedition was fixed at 14,000 men, but in estimating the total expenses on paper, a rough calculation had to be made as usual of the number of men who would not survive the expedition. The number was computed at 5 per cent. of the actual force, that is, 700 in all. General Mercier sent back the statement which had been drawn up for him with the marginal note : ‘Why this ominous figure ?’ Yet the conquest of Madagascar was to cost us 4000 men—some say 6000. And there was no resistance of any kind. These men were not killed by bullet or shell. They succumbed to noisome exhalations from the dank soil ; and last year in his tour of inspection through the island, General Galliéri discovered them still piled up in heaps in waggons which had been abandoned in the open fields after having been spiked. The *flair d’artilleur* had not been of much use on this occasion, and the French press almost unanimously laid the blame for all these unnecessary deaths upon General Mercier.

On October 15 his order was executed by Commandant du Paty de Clam, and Dreyfus was arrested under the following circumstances. He was summoned before the Ministry, and there M. du Paty de Clam made him sit down at a table, and dictated to him a letter in which there were some expressions used in the *bordereau*. Under a paper upon the table was a loaded revolver. Dreyfus began to write. At a given moment du Paty de Clam said to him, ‘You are uneasy.’ Dreyfus replied ‘My fingers are cold, and my writing looks less clear.’

Notice that we are not told whether du Paty de Clam’s brusque interruption preceded or followed the change in the writing ; notice, too, that the letter which was dictated to Dreyfus was unusual as he had ceased to have anything to do with the bureau ; that it raised the hypothesis of the treason of an officer well acquainted with the usages of the bureau ; that it is possible Dreyfus had discovered the revolver, and if he knew the traditions of St. Dominique, he realised what the offer of it meant. Notice further that it is quite possible Dreyfus really had cold fingers, because on the day in question there was a keen wind ; and there are no military regulations which forbid an officer of artillery to have cold fingers. Let us assume that there are people who on the facts named above could arrest an officer, dis honour a family, destroy a home ; let us agree that these people considered Dreyfus’s statement about his cold hands a proof of unnatural flippancy. But let us remember, too, that it was at this moment Dreyfus began that long and untiring protest which has lasted for more than four years and a half. Glancing at the revolver he said : ‘Kill me if you wish ; put a bullet through my brain ; but I am innocent ; and I will not kill myself, for the sake of my wife and my children.’ They took him to the Cherche-Midi prison where he was left for more than two months and a half, feverish, delirious, but never flagging in denial of his guilt.

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Meanwhile General Mercier had assembled those Ministers whom this event interested most directly : the Minister of the Interior, the Keeper of the Seals, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. He had previously announced his intention to M. Casimir Périer, President of the Republic. Every one recommended him to use extreme prudence; and in particular the Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, was opposed to a prosecution of the matter upon diplomatic grounds, and because of the weakness of the proofs they possessed. The Commander-in-Chief, Saussier, shared this opinion, which in the case of both became more and more definite and decided, until after the Court-Martial it developed into a firm conviction of the innocence of Dreyfus.

While Dreyfus was undergoing at Cherche-Midi all the moral tortures which were inflicted upon him by Commandant du Paty de Clam, the inquiry was, so to speak, set on foot on three sides at once. In the first place experts worked at the *bordereau*. M. Bertillon built up a colossal mathematical theory (which has since been demolished), and after having declared that the *bordereau*, a forged document, ought to be discarded, proceeded to demonstrate scientifically that the document had been written with extraordinary precautions on thin paper folded in squares. He proved all this with every kind of elaboration, with plans, with maps, with a mass of material. Of the three other experts two were his friends, MM. Charavay and Tayssonières. The third, M. Pelletier, did not agree with them, and General Mercier looked on him with but little favour. At the same time, Dreyfus's colleagues at the Ministry were questioned, and from them it was ascertained that Dreyfus was indiscreet. He asked for information. He tried to gain knowledge. He wished to know more about things than others did. The bridge on the Moselle. The *tête-à-tête* with the Major-General ! Oh human nature !

At the same time the Ministerial police were set to work. Among these policemen there was one named Guénée, a little man with a waxed moustache, whom I have seen pass in the crowd, where he came and went freely when he had no gamblers to watch on behalf of the Préfecture. When they gave him a message to take he went to the *café* and after he had taken his bock, returned with items of information, which, of course, were merely invented, but which produced as much effect as if they had been true. This Dreyfus affair was a triumph for Guénée. He frequented the clubs, and questioned the managers and the waiters, these being the only persons whom he knew and associated with. 'Do you know a gambler who comes here named Dreyfus ?'

'Oh, yes !' they replied.

As a general rule there is always a Dreyfus to be found among the gamblers in the Parisian clubs, because the number of Dreyfuses is very considerable, and that of gamblers also. There was one in

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particular at that moment, a mad reveller about whom we know everything. He is not content to burn the candle at both ends, but is always searching for a third end to light, and he usually ends by finding a fourth.

Guénéé returned to the Ministerial Department declaring that Dreyfus was a confirmed gambler. He may have been deceived in good faith about Dreyfus, but in order to have avoided his error he should have discovered the first name, the baptismal name. Unfortunately Jews are not baptized, and club waiters are not in the habit of calling their clients by their first names. As for the Minister, he did not trouble himself about such a trifling detail, and the officials of the military police took their cue from the Minister. It was in the same way and by the same summary means that they learnt that Dreyfus had not worn the robe of innocence until his marriage day, but that before his marriage he had led a fast life and been an admirer of the fair sex. And one of the witnesses, a comrade of Dreyfus, further unravelled this mystery of iniquity by saying that when Dreyfus obtained the favours of a beauty, he gave her more money than his colleagues did. How, after this, could one believe that the man was not a traitor?

The inquiry was continued. It had not yet come to an end ; but it might now have stopped short, the accusation been abandoned, and Dreyfus set at liberty, but for the anti-Semitic press.

For ten years an evil influence has been at work in France which is called anti-Semitism. Anti-Semitism is a social and religious system which consists in the affirmation that 38,000,000 of Frenchmen have become the slaves and beasts of burden of 70,000 Jews settled in France, of whom 50,000 at least live miserably by petty trades and small industries which only just keep them from dying of starvation. If anti-Semitism spoke the truth, the Jews would be the finest race that ever came forth from the hands of the Creator, and would merit all our respect and admiration ; and we, Frenchmen, should be fools and cowards, because we have allowed ourselves to be swamped by a handful of men, whom we could crush by simply turning over on our bed of torture. Anti-Semitism, if it exposes the evil, suggests the remedy. This remedy is simple and can be comprehended by the meanest intelligence. It consists of driving out the Jews, of making them disgorge, and of depriving them of all they have. But this, you will say, is the remedy of a robber. Certainly, but these people do not go as far as their logic would take them ; and the greater part of the anti-Semites would recoil with horror if the unhealthy dreams with which they lull themselves were to be realised before their eyes. I shall have to speak of them again when I enumerate those who opposed the pardon, but it is sufficient here to say that anti-Semitism did not spare the Jewish officers. The

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anti-Semites howled with rage if the Jews were excused from military service ; but they howled with joy if Jews were interdicted from passing the rank of a simple soldier. The first episode of the campaign which they carried on against the Jews closed with the death of Captain Meyer, who was killed in a duel by the Marquis de Moreès, the man who since then has found in his turn a tragic and frightful death in the heart of Tunis. The anti-Semites have some sympathisers among the officers—if not the most intelligent, at least the most violent. And Commandant Henry, the auxiliary of Colonel Sandherr, belonged to the second of these two classes. It was he who took upon himself the task—not exactly part of his duties—of informing the anti-Semitic press that a Jewish Captain of Artillery was imprisoned on a charge of treason at Cherche-Midi.

The thing was done. That was enough. The tiger's mouth had been smeared with blood. In order to reduce it to tranquillity it needed a master who would not be afraid of it.

There was nothing about General Mercier which rendered him fit to be this master. He was still smarting under the lash of a violent attack in consequence of Madagascar. He gave way and threw Dreyfus to the anti-Semites with the approbation of the Ministerial Council, several members of which have, it is true, since then declared that he presented the Affair under false colours, and are now upholders of the innocence of the man whom they sent before a Court-Martial.

Everybody is acquainted with the result of the first Court-Martial which convicted Dreyfus of treason and condemned him to military degradation and to transportation for life to a fortified stronghold. The case was heard with closed doors, but we know to-day after the inquiry of the Court of Cassation and after the depositions and the confronting of witnesses with the accused at Rennes, what took place behind those closed doors.

Dreyfus had to yield to the evidence of the officers and the police of whom we have already spoken. But this evidence rested on material errors which were not then recognised as being simply due to jealousy. We know that in any case they did not make any great impression on the minds of the judges. Dreyfus had yet to bear the weight of the evidence given by the experts, of whom three out of four, or even three out of five, counting M. Gobert, decided that he was the author of the *bordereau*. But these expert opinions did not seem perfectly sound, and M. Bertillon with his calculations, at once romantic and conclusive, stunned the judges more than he convinced them. One testimony, however, had some effect : it was that of Colonel Henry, the auxiliary of Colonel Sandherr, who seemed to have made the ruin of Dreyfus the object and aim of his existence. This officer ended his deposition with the melodramatic

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words : 'I swear that there was a traitor on the Staff.' And he added, pointing to Dreyfus, 'I swear that there stands the traitor.'

Nevertheless, after the speech for the defence by Maître Demange, who restricted himself to discussing the *bordereau*, both before the Court-Martial and before du Paty de Clam ; and after Dreyfus's energetic denial of its authorship, the cause did not appear to be lost. It seemed so far from lost that, at the close of the debate, the prefect of police, Lepine, came to the house of an acquaintance of mine and said : 'I have been present at the trial with closed doors, and I believe that Dreyfus will be acquitted, so I must leave you now to take the necessary steps.' For all that it was announced upon that same evening of December 22 that Dreyfus had been convicted. What had taken place ? The most monstrous and flagrant defiance of justice.

Upon re-entering the room where they deliberated, the members of the Court-Martial found a sealed packet which Commandant du Paty de Clam had just brought to their president, Colonel Maurel, from the Minister of War, with the order to communicate its contents to them. But never since there was a regular judicial system, never since there were judges, accused, and advocates, never in any civilised nation has it been tolerated, or even dreamed of, that a tribunal should have the right to judge an accused person on the evidence of documents of which that accused person knows nothing —documents which had not been shown to his counsel, which had not been verified and discussed by him.

This arbitrary and savage act rendered the verdict which followed null and void. Later, before the Court of Cassation, General Mercier refused to answer when interrogated upon this feature of the case, revealed by one of the judges, Captain Freystaetter, who wished to relieve his conscience ; and confirmed by the President of the Republic, M. Casimir Périer. But before the Court-Martial at Rennes General Mercier was more communicative ; he acknowledged the existence and despatch of the secret dossier, composed of four documents enclosed in an envelope by Colonel Sandherr. 'I left it to Colonel Maurel,' said he, 'not by a formal order, but by a moral order, to open this envelope and communicate the contents of the documents.' I should do wrong to weaken by any commentary the force of this subtle distinction between the formal and moral command. Moreover, a Colonel would meet with a cool reception did he permit himself to distinguish between the formal and moral orders of a Minister of War.

General Mercier also added that circumstances justified the prevarication of which he had been guilty. 'We were not ready,' said he, 'and war might have ensued.'

And it is a Minister of War who declares in the face of the world, represented at Rennes by that world's intellectual ambassadors,

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that twenty-three years after her great disaster France was not ready, and that she was reduced to violating the sacred forms of justice through fear of war ! And people who call themselves patriots applaud these criminal declarations ! I have no wish to be one of them. They sicken my very soul, for if they were speaking the truth instead of being carried away by the exigencies of an attempt at an impossible justification they would dishonour my country.

Well then, Colonel Maurel had the envelope. He found four fragments inside. He also found a commentary on these four fragments written out by M. du Paty de Clam. Some of these documents were false, others were genuine, but none of them applied to Dreyfus. As to the commentary, now that we know the value of the four documents, it appears to us simply monstrous that this, which was intended to authenticate them, should have been destroyed by General Mercier, because he saw at a glance what the effect of it would be. This constitutes a crime recognised and punishable by law in all civilised countries.

Dreyfus was condemned and replaced in his cell. He was brought out on January 4 to be degraded in the courtyard of the Military Academy. They took off the insignia of his rank. They made him pass before the troops that they might see the traitor. During the whole of this promenade of agony he uttered but one cry : 'I swear by my children that I am innocent !' Beyond the line of troops there was a group of civilians, noisy and excited. These were the representatives of the Press. When he reached them, Dreyfus repeated his hoarse cry, adding : 'Tell it ! Tell the whole world that I am innocent !' They answered him with a clamour of insults, scoffs, and blasphemies. Nevertheless, it was at that moment that some of them for the first time conceived the idea of Dreyfus's innocence. It was an arrow that pierced them to the heart, and they went home saying to each other : 'Those are not the words of a traitor.'

At the head of the squadron of Republican Guards which escorted the prison van in which the victim was seated rode a captain adjutant-major destined to become one of his executioners, not, indeed, from ill-will, but from the necessity of playing a particular *rôle*. His name was Captain Lebrun-Renaud, and he seems to have been in other respects an excellent officer. When the parade was over, Captain Lebrun-Renaud sent in his report, giving an account of the departure from the prison, the degradation, and the return ; and ending with these words : 'Nothing noteworthy.'

This was the authentic official document, the only one to be relied on. But at mess Captain Lebrun-Renaud began to gossip. He related how Dreyfus had chatted with him when he was inspecting a division of the Guards at the Military Academy, waiting for the parade to begin ; and went on to say that he had confessed

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to him (Lebrun-Renaud) that the Ministry knew that he was innocent, and that if he had handed over any documents they were of no importance, and only delivered for the sake of obtaining more important ones in their stead. All this was told in such a roundabout and incoherent way that it was impossible to tell whether it was the Minister or Dreyfus who had said this, but also so successfully that the Colonel of the Republican Guard told him to be less talkative, and sent him to the Minister of War, to whom he repeated his story. The Minister sent him to M. Casimir Périer, but he added nothing new. This was all for the time being, but the question of the confession was to be brought forward later, on the firmer foundation of a leaf from the Captain's note-book upon which he had written an account of the scene, but which he afterwards burnt as the commentary was burnt. For fire played a conspicuous part in this drama. It consumed such documents as might have been useful to Dreyfus, while such as might do him harm grew under the hands of forgers.

Both before the Court of Cassation and at Rennes, Captain Lebrun-Renaud on being cross-examined, ended by saying that Dreyfus had made this confession unawares, and that it could not be regarded as constituting any kind of admission.

Can we believe for a moment that General Mercier really supposed that Dreyfus had made this avowal? A moment's reflection will convince us that it was impossible. Here was a Minister of War brought face to face with an act of treason which he considered to be of sufficient importance to cause the condemnation of the traitor. He did not know precisely what documents had been betrayed, nor the importance of those enumerated in the *bordereau*. He was greatly concerned with the contents of those documents. Yet when he had just been told that the traitor had confessed, he never even took the trouble to ask him what documents he had betrayed. He never attempted to buy from him, by a relaxation of rigorous treatment, or a promise of commutation, or anything else, the indispensable sequel to his confession! Does such a story hold water? Moreover, the law has always considered confessions extorted from the guilty in the light of a triumph, a safeguard for the consciences of the judges. It has instituted a ceremony of confession, questions, declarations, judicial officers to put the questions and to take down the declarations. Nothing of the kind is to be found in the Dreyfus affair; and the Court of Cassation made an absolutely true statement when it declared that Dreyfus's confession did not exist legally, and would have had no kind of value had it existed. Besides we have a visible and palpable proof in writing that Dreyfus made no confession. Sentenced to transportation and imprisonment in a fortress he should by rights have been sent to New Caledonia. His wife should have had permission to rejoin him there, for the law is suffi-

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ciently humane not to separate the exile from the bosom of his family, although it cuts him off from his native land. But Dreyfus was treated with exceptional harshness. The climate of New Caledonia was apparently too mild for a traitor, so the Chamber of Deputies passed a law which condemned him to the torrid zone of Guiana, instead of the Isles of Health. A traitor was unworthy, too, of the comfort which he might have derived from the presence of his wife. They refused him that consolation. And why did they treat him so rigorously? The order sent by the military officials to the prison officials with the prisoner will tell us: 'Treat him with every severity: he has refused to confess.'

In spite of all this, the legend of a confession was still adhered to, and I come across really honest people, who have, it is true, read nothing about the affair (the case with the greater number of Dreyfus's enemies), who say even at this present time: 'Dreyfus innocent! But he confessed his guilt.' And even after the proceedings before the Court of Cassation, the Court-Martial found it necessary to discuss his confession. It is impossible to say what effect this confession may not have had on the decision of some of its members.

Dreyfus sailed for Devil's Island on March 12. He stayed there more than four years, under the ceaseless surveillance of six warders, who never addressed a word to him; he was ceaselessly covered by their revolvers, and subjected to a discipline which daily increased in severity. They even went so far as to erect round his cell a palisade which enclosed him as though he were in a cupboard. They went so far as to put him in irons every night for two months, though he had never, by word or action, provoked such savage treatment.

At last he was punished for the tentative efforts which were being made in France to seek for the truth by the deprivation of the poor joy of beholding his wife's handwriting. During the last two years he and his family only received passages copied from their correspondence, and the unhappy man would have been justified in believing that his family had abandoned him, and in seeking death, as the only reason for his existence seemed to have disappeared.

In the middle of the year 1895 Colonel Sandherr was replaced at the head of the Inquiry Office by Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart. In the opinion of all his chiefs, who looked upon him as a boy and a prodigy, Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, the youngest officer of his rank, had before him a brilliant military future, and was destined to wear, while still in his prime, the white plumes of a General (*Chef d'armée*). In handing over the office to him, and in reviewing with him the *dossiers* of the principal cases, General de Boisdeffre, Chief of the Staff, the most important personage in the army after the Minister of

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War—and even, up to a certain point, of more importance than the Minister, for the Minister changes every six months while the General remains, and the Commander-in-Chief only has power in time of war—General de Boisdeffre came across the *dossier* of the Dreyfus affair, and said to Colonel Picquart : ‘It will be necessary for you to give some attention to this *dossier*. There is nothing much in it. If the family claim it, it could only be shown to them.’

A few months later one of those telegraphic despatches which we call *petits-bleus* was brought to the Minister of War in the same way as the *bordereau* had been brought. The *petit-bleu* bore the usual signature of the German military *attaché* and it was addressed to Commandant Esterhazy, 27 rue de la Bienfaisance. The Chief of the Intelligence Department determined to find out what kind of person Colonel Schwarzkoppen’s correspondent was, and his investigation revealed that Commandant Esterhazy was a dissolute officer, over head and ears in debt. Picquart obtained some letters of Esterhazy’s, and he—as well as Commandant du Paty de Clam and M. Bertillon himself—was struck with the identity of the handwriting with that of the *bordereau*. M. Bertillon, who appears to have a taste for complications, made this reflection when speaking of Esterhazy : ‘He must have practised imitating Dreyfus’s handwriting.’ Then Colonel Picquart studied the Dreyfus *dossier* and perceived with horror that if the *bordereau* were the work of Esterhazy, the rest of the *dossier* fitted him like a glove. He considered that it was his duty to notify his superior officers, who did not appear to be excited at his discovery. General Gonse, for instance, had a conversation with him which does not deserve to be passed over in silence. ‘What business is it of yours that this Jew is at Devil’s Island?’ said the General. ‘But if he is innocent?’ replied the Colonel. ‘If you say nothing about it, no one will know.’ ‘But, General, what you have just said is abominable. I do not know what I shall do, but be sure of this, I shall not carry this secret with me to the grave.’ What happened next? The Intelligence Office combined against its chief. Esterhazy was warned anonymously that something was being plotted against him. At the same time it began to be said that Colonel Picquart neglected his duties. In fact the press had been set to work. Through the medium of an *employé* who worked for the newspapers, the conspirators at the Intelligence Office caused an article to appear in the *Eclair*. This article, reverting to the condemnation of Dreyfus, affirmed that the *bordereau* had only *secondarily* contributed to bring it about, and that it had really been arrived at through the communication of a secret document to the judges, unknown to the accused or to his counsel. Up to this point the article was true. The secret document was a letter from the Italian military *attaché* Panizzardi to the German military *attaché* Schwarzkoppen, which did, in fact, contain the words ‘Ce canaille de

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D——' But the journalist in order to make his article appropriate and convincing substituted the name 'Dreyfus' for the initial D—— and the passage in the *dossier* became 'Cet animal de Dreyfus devient plus exigeant.'

Now it had been acknowledged before this date that the words 'Ce canaille de D——' did not apply to Dreyfus but to a poor devil called Dubois who had handed over to Italy what is called the 'plan of manœuvres' and who had never even been called to account for it. Nevertheless, the article in the *Eclair*, which appeared on December 14, 1896, contained :

First, an avowal that some secret documents had been communicated to the Council of War, and that consequently the operations were cancelled. Attention was called to this by the first of Dreyfus's defenders, M. Bernard Lazare, in a pamphlet which appeared a fortnight later and which served as a starting-point for the revision-campaign.

Secondly, a qualified forgery.

The Chamber was about to re-assemble. A Boulangist deputy named Castelir had announced that he intended to bring forward the question of the Dreyfus affair. Madame Dreyfus had addressed a petition to the Chamber requesting the revision of her husband's trial, the illegality of which had been revealed by the *Eclair*. The Minister of War, Billot, wavered between the innocence of Dreyfus and the culpability of Esterhazy. Captain Henry began to manufacture a false correspondence between Panizzardi and Schwarzkoppen into which he introduced this note which has become famous in connection with the name of its forger : 'I have read that a deputy is going to raise the question of the Dreyfus affair. If so . . . I shall say that I never had any connection with this Jew. That is understood. If you are asked, say the same thing, for no one must ever know what really happened.'

This note had a tranquillising effect on the Staff. Castelin's question was put to the Chamber on November 18. General Billot and M. Méline affirmed the authority of the *chose jugée* and all came to an end by an insignificant order for consideration of the matter. Two days before, Colonel Picquart had been sent on a mission to the East. He was ordered first to Lyons, then to Marseilles, then to Nice, then to Tunis, then to Gabés. He would have been sent to Hell if that locality had been marked on the charts of the General Staff. He protested.

Several days previously the *Matin* had obtained by the kindness of one of the experts a facsimile of the *bordereau* and had published it. Shortly afterwards M. Scheurer-Kestner, the Vice-President of the Senate, a man of some prominence and universally respected, intervened. M. Scheurer-Kestner had believed in the guilt of Dreyfus and had refused to give his attention to the affair although it

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concerned a family from Alsace, of which he had been the last deputy before the war of 1870, until he discovered by chance the falseness of the various accusations brought forward. Then he made an investigation, compared the handwriting of Esterhazy with that of the *bordereau*, and had no longer any doubt as to Dreyfus's innocence.

In the autumn of 1897 he went for information to General Billot, whom he addressed with the friendly 'thou,' and whom he called familiarly Daumanet. Daumanet did not know how to answer, and asked for time. At the same time, while Picquart was at Sousse, and Scheurer-Kestner was arriving at the conviction of Esterhazy's guilt, a third person was brought to the same conviction by an accident. A banker, M. de Castro, catching sight of the facsimile in the *Matin*, recognised the handwriting of one of his clients, numerous letters from whom he possessed. This client's name was Captain Esterhazy. He communicated his discovery to M. Mathieu Dreyfus, the brother of the victim of Devil's Island, the man who, throughout this sad affair, has rivalled in self-denial and ardent devotion his sister-in-law, the wife of the condemned man. M. Mathieu Dreyfus, in a letter which was afterwards published, denounced Captain Esterhazy to the Minister of War, and accused him of being the author of the *bordereau* for which his brother had been condemned.

It was necessary to institute an inquiry. The match had been put to the powder. The Intelligence Office, which still clung to its iniquitous inquiry work, was in an extraordinary state of agitation. In order to warn, support and save Esterhazy, Captain du Paty de Clam, Captain Henry, the keeper of the records, Gribelin, organised a kind of pantomime, with the accompaniment of blue spectacles, false beards, and meetings arranged in improbable places, such as the Parc de Montsouris ; behind the Sacré-Coeur de Montmartre ; in the Square Vintimille ; at the Cour la Reine. They went so far as to send him by means of a 'veiled lady' a document, evidently taken from the Dreyfus Dossier, which was adorned with the title of *document libérateur*. This document had to be taken back to the Minister of War by Esterhazy himself in exchange for a receipt signed by General de Corcy, chief of the Cabinet of the Minister of War. Esterhazy also went to the German Embassy to Colonel de Schwarzkoppen, to abuse and threaten him, and call upon him to save him. For Esterhazy knew the German military *attaché*, whom Dreyfus had never seen.

At the same time this precious gang addressed letters and telegrams, signed by false names, to Colonel Picquart, intended to promulgate the belief that the Colonel was party to a plot the object of which was to ruin Esterhazy ; and that he had forged the *petit-bleu* sent by Schwarzkoppen. But, at the same time, the

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Figaro furnished some awkward information concerning the life and moral character of Esterhazy, by publishing the letters which he had addressed to one of his cousins, Mme. de Boulancy.

It would be no exaggeration to say that this entrance into the controversy of the most powerful journal in France determined the irresistible movement which resulted in revision. In one of the letters to Mme. de Boulancy, the Captain expressed his desire and hope of entering Paris some day at the head of a squadron of Uhlans in order to put it to fire and sword. In a letter of the same date addressed to the President of the Republic, the Captain threatened to make an appeal to his sovereign, the Emperor of Germany. If it had been possible to find, in the correspondence of Dreyfus, the hundredth part or even the thousandth part of all this, not one of those who defended him would have given him another thought.

The inquiry, which was opened against Esterhazy was entrusted to M. le General de Pellieux ; a special inquiry it might be called, which appeared to be directed in favour of Esterhazy and against Picquart. Its object was an examination, and the result of this examination was Captain Ravary's report which was an impeachment of Picquart, and which concluded with a verdict in favour of Esterhazy—'Not sufficient evidence'—the experts Belhomme, Varinaud and Conard having declared that the *bordereau* was not in his handwriting, but had been copied from it.

However, the Governor of Paris ordered Esterhazy to appear before a Court-Martial all the same in order to give him an opportunity of completely exculpating himself. He was acquitted. Henceforth he could not be accused of the manufacture of the *bordereau*, of which military justice had declared him guiltless ; and we should have the honour of his presence again in this Paris of ours which he wished to take with Uhlans if, in order to escape an accusation of swindling brought against him by his own nephew, he had not thought it wiser to go into exile first in Holland and then in England, where he ultimately confessed on oath and with the customary legal formalities that he was the author of the *bordereau*. He added, it is true, that he wrote it by order of Colonel Sandherr with the object of trapping Dreyfus, who had committed treason, but who could not be brought to justice by fair means. It is a story which does not bear examination, and every honest man at the present day knows that the author of the *bordereau* was Esterhazy ; and consequently the man who gave up the documents was Esterhazy, for the *bordereau* was merely the letter drawing attention to the documents. The whole world and a portion of France consider this fact as proved. It is admitted that Esterhazy's ordinary correspondence was written on the same paper as the *bordereau*, thin paper ruled in squares. This is more than a coincidence.

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The day after Esterhazy's acquittal, January 12, 1898, Emile Zola published in the *Aurore* the famous letter beginning 'J'accuse,' in which he exposed all that could then be known of the schemes which I have just described. This letter accused by name the principal actors in this iniquitous drama. It looked astonishing. To-day it seems ordinary. Zola had guessed what he could not know, and all his clairvoyance has been surpassed by what we have learned. The Count de Mun put forward a question in the Chamber on this subject, declaring that the honour of the army was attacked, and Zola was summoned before the Seine Court of Assize for one single sentence in his long letter—that in which he said that Esterhazy had been acquitted 'by order.' He came before the Court in the midst of an agitation which showed itself by outward disturbances and threats of death. In spite of the tactics of the president (Delegargue) who tried to limit the scope of the Esterhazy discussions, and forbade any mention of the Dreyfus affair, repeating over and over again : 'the question shall not be asked,' the efforts of the lawyers, Labori and Albert Clémenceau, clearly demonstrated that Dreyfus had been illegally condemned, that the *bordereau* had been written by Esterhazy, that Picquart had been sacrificed to bolster up a judicial error, and that the proceedings against Esterhazy had been a farce.

General de Pellieux threatened the jury, saying that if they refused to maintain the honour of the army their sons would be led like sheep to the slaughter. General de Boisdeffre came to swear to the authenticity of the Panizzardi note which I have reproduced above, and which was a forgery. He threatened the resignation of the Chiefs of the Army, and the jury, intimidated on the one hand by the menaces of the Staff, and on the other by the mob, condemned Zola to a year's imprisonment and a fine of 3000 francs.

This verdict was annulled by the Court of Cassation for an error of form ; and on April 3 Emile Zola reappeared before the Court of Assize at Versailles, presided over by President Périmer, who was not at all sorry, being well advanced in years, to show by bullying those brought before him, that he had lost none of his youthful vigour. Having stated that President Périmer was only an amended edition of President Delegargue, Emile Zola refused to appear and took refuge in England. His work was accomplished ; and he went away to await in silence and solitude the result of his great effort.

The battle continued to rage between the partisans and the adversaries of revision until, on June 14, 1898, the Chamber overthrew the Méline ministry. Méline was replaced by Brisson, and in the new Ministry M. Cavaignac figured as Minister of War. M. Cavaignac espoused all the prejudices and all the quarrels of the Intelligence Department. It was he who had Picquart arrested

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and imprisoned for eleven months without any one knowing exactly of what he was accused. More than that, he tried hard to crush the Revisionists, declaring solemnly in open Court his belief in the guilt of Dreyfus—basing that opinion, first, on the alleged confession to Captain Lebrun-Renaud, the improbability and falseness of which I have already shown ; and, secondly, on the Panizzardi note which he had contrived to read and which had been cited by General de Boisdeffre before the Court of Assize.

The Chamber, carried away with enthusiasm, voted that Cavaignac's address should be placarded on the door of the Town Halls of all the Communes of France. On that day, July 8, 1898, I was disheartened and believed that all was lost. I make this confession in all humility. God seemed to me to be too far off and solitary, and the adversaries of truth too numerous and near. But, mark ! A few days later, one of the officers of the Ministry, Captain Cuignet, while examining by lamplight the original of this famous note—written like all documents of the kind on fragments of paper, torn and placed in juxtaposition—perceived with astonishment that the squares of the different pieces did not correspond. The Panizzardi document was written on blank sheets collected at random and put together anyhow. The Panizzardi document had not been written on a single sheet of paper torn into bits and thrown away. Consequently, the Panizzardi document had not been written by Panizzardi. Consequently the Panizzardi document was a forgery. Captain Henry, promoted by this time to be Lieutenant-Colonel, like his accomplice Captain du Paty de Clam, was summoned before the Minister and ordered to give an explanation. He was agitated, stammered, and ultimately admitted that he had written the Panizzardi document ; that he was a forger. He was immediately arrested and taken to the fortress of Mont Valérien where he was imprisoned.

When Dreyfus was arrested, a loaded revolver was left significantly on the table where a trial letter was dictated to him. When Henry was arrested, this tradition was adhered to, and his razors were carefully left in his bag. Dreyfus would not kill himself because he was innocent, and he would not dishonour his family. Henry, who also had a family, was not restrained by these scruples. Next day he was discovered dead ; he had cut his throat from ear to ear.

On the evening of this dark day, General de Boisdeffre handed in his resignation. Two days later M. de Cavaignac followed him, while that declaration of his fixed to the walls of every Mayor's house in France was still fluttering in the wind. Three days later Madame Lucie Dreyfus made an official demand for a revision of her husband's case. M. Brisson, whose energy and moral courage during this crisis were admirable, placed himself at the head of the hesitating members of his Cabinet, bore without flinching the successive defections of

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two Ministers of War—Generals Zurlinden and Chanoine—who could not bring themselves to consent to a revision; and in spite of the adverse opinion of the Minister of Justice, extorted from them a demand for revision of the case by the Court of Cassation, which, on October 29, 1898, declared that this demand was admissible, and that it would itself proceed to a new inquiry destined to bring the Dreyfus affair to a satisfactory conclusion.

I shall here suspend the narrative for a few moments, in order to examine, in the light of the Dreyfus affair, the situations of the different political parties and the different classes of society which divide France, as well as their numerical strength. I hesitate the less to do this because the greater part of the details which figured in the inquiry of the Court of Cassation, and again before the Court-Martial at Rennes, have been already utilised in relating the history of the case—not as we knew them when its phases were gradually developing, but as we know them now—and in a few pages I shall have done abusing the patience of the readers of this review.

It is difficult to even approximately appreciate the respective strengths of the two parties, one of which affirms the guilt of Dreyfus and the other his innocence. But to see more clearly into the heart of these opinions, the expression of which escapes spontaneously, one must give up mathematics and fall back on psychology.

It is convenient at the outset to institute two great methods of inquiry. The first will consist in showing that the mass of the citizens of France remain profoundly indifferent to the *affaire Dreyfus*. One may say in a general way that the events which move the masses in France are extremely rare. I am not sure that during the last twenty-five years one could find four. But three can be named by way of example. The substitution of Republicans for Conservatives in the Government of the Republic was the first; Boulangism was the second; and the Russian alliance, with the manifestations which accompanied it, constituted the third. The Dreyfus affair is not the fourth. To begin with, its root is anti-Semitism, and anti-Semitism does not exist in three-fourths of France—that is to say, among the rural population, which does not know the Jew, and does not hate him. Even in the fourth part, among the crowded population of the towns, anti-Semitism is only rampant among the Conservative classes, who do not demonstrate in the streets, who do not even demonstrate by *bulletins de vote* on election days. The working classes who take up politics are not anti-Semitic. They are not anti-Semitic because they are not reactionaries, and it is the reactionaries who are anti-Semitic. Further, the Dreyfus affair is complicated; it has varied phases, many aspects. It is wearisome to the primitive brain, and this characteristic alone would be sufficient to alienate the masses, who like things simple, and who will never find

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a complicated affair interesting, be that affair ever so great a crime. My first work of selection leads me to think that if the Dreyfus case troubled two millions of thinking beings out of thirty-eight millions in France, it is sufficient for all the world. Surely, two millions is a great enough number. Two millions of beings who reflect, and who are guided by reason—there is enough material here to uphold intellectually all humanity. It is here that the second work of selection should begin, and be applied to the remainder of the first, to those who have taken part in the Affair. I shall divide them, if you will allow me, into two classes—the impulsive and the reflective.

Among the impulsive are all those who have a prejudice of caste or of race, which makes them accept as a foregone conclusion the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus. For example, the anti-Semiticists, for whom Dreyfus is guilty because he is a Jew ; the Jews, for whom Dreyfus is innocent because he is of their race ; the officers, for whom Dreyfus is guilty because their generals have told them so. In each of these three last groups there have been dissentients. There have been some anti-Semiticists who have refused to condemn Dreyfus as Jew. There have been some Jews who, actuated by low enough motives, have maintained his guilt ; and, finally, there have been officers, a large number of officers, who, without making their opinion manifest, have not assented to the hasty judgment of the General Staff and its stubborn adherence to it after the first condemnation. Among the reflective are all those who have taken care to form their own personal opinions, who have forced themselves to read the accounts given of the judicial debates, the *procès verbaux* of the inquiries, and the principal documents relating to the Affair. To do this meant not only an effort of the brain, but also an expenditure of time. The inquiry of the Court of Cassation alone represents nearly twelve hundred pages of closely printed octavo. And the shorthand report of the trial at Rennes daily filled, during a month, six pages of the *Figaro*. I must remark here, because it is the truth, that the whole of this last class—the reflective—is composed of people who are convinced of the innocence of the accused. In the same way the impulsive, with the exception of the Jews, are all inclined to a belief in his guilt.

I have already said what I think of that anti-Semitism which furnished weapons for the anti-Dreyfusite battalions. Anti-Semitism is recruited, especially in France, among the Conservatives, that is to say, the Catholics, the small *bourgeoisie*, the petty tradesmen ; or what it is convenient to call the aristocracy, as the members of this group wear legitimately, or have usurped, the mantle of the old nobility. From the day on which they were told that the cause of the evils of which they complain was the Jew, they adopted this theory without hesitation ; they found in it an honourable explana-

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tion of their grievances against the social and political condition of things in modern times. A few years earlier the Republicans had told the French people that their worst enemies were the priests. And the Conservatives had protested with the greatest energy. They do not see that they have admitted an analogous reason and a similar calumny ; both reason and calumny being transferred from the priest to the Jew. They had been told before : ‘ If you are not masters of this country, it is because of your apathy and your frivolity ; if you lead a restricted life and if you gain little money, it is because you do not rise early enough, and because you do not work hard enough.’ These reproaches were severe. So they listened, as though it spoke from heaven, to the voice which said : ‘ You have nothing to reproach yourselves with ; it is the dirty Jew who has done it all.’ This voice flattered their pride and justified their degeneracy. They had besides the burning remembrance of the failure of a great Catholic financial company—the Union Générale. This failure they attributed to Jewish intrigue ; not even caring to inquire if the too magnificent and daring conceptions of the founder of the Union Générale had not been the real cause of its ruin. And then, at least in the case of the most influential among the Conservatives, wounded vanity stepped in, and whispered ‘ treason.’ They envy the handsome town mansions, the country-houses of the Jews ; their style of living ; their boxes at the theatre. They have a grudge against the Jew for his taste for pomp and ostentation. They pardon neither his good luck nor his luxury, nor even that *naïf* pride which carries him the length of giving his richly dowered daughters to them. They like the Jew in no *rôle*, not even in that of father-in-law.

All the anti-Semiticists then instantaneously declared themselves anti-Dreyfusites. And, as to this day, the journals which they read have impudently travestied the facts, altered the documents, converted proofs of innocence into proofs of guilt—as these journals have organised the most colossal conspiracy against truth ever known since a press existed, so the anti-Semiticists have remained irreducible, irreconcilable. All are not dishonest, certainly ; but all have shunned being informed of facts in order that they might not be shaken in an opinion which pleases them, which satisfies them, in a hypothesis which explains to them all that they want to know. One power alone would have been able to counterbalance the influence of their press and of their prejudices on the Conservatives—that of their clergy. That power did not manifest itself. The French clergy, with a few honourable exceptions, is in the mass anti-Semitic.

The Church of France comprises a secular clergy, and what may be called a regular clergy composed of a great number of societies. The secular clergy, that is to say, the national priest inscribed on the Budget, has never forgiven the Republic ; and in this I think he is justified, for it has driven him out from the official hierarchy, has

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dispensed with his presence at all national ceremonials, has proscribed the catechism, and has expelled him personally, as well as his doctrine, from all the primary schools maintained by the State. No formal opposition is allowed him. The Pope has forbidden it. But he has seen the Jew invade the official body. He has seen him influential in the Council of the Government. He has seen the Conservatives, whose liberality has come to the aid of his distress, become anti-Semitic, and he has fallen into anti-Semitism in order to remain with his friends and to fight his enemies the Republicans in a round-about fashion.

As for the regular clergy and the Societies their rôle has been a much more active one. The Republic committed a mistake in 1882, for which it will have to pay heavily before long, in applying to the members of Societies the laws of another age and expelling them. The expulsion has been a double mistake. First, because it gave to the members of Societies the palm and prestige of the martyr, and secondly because the expulsion could not be maintained. The result has been that the Societies have become in the Church what the General Staff is in the army, a self-elected body and an instrument possessing power without responsibility. One of these Societies has sown broadcast small journals called the *Croix*, which are given away or sold for a mere nothing—abominable pamphlets in which mendacity, calumny, and outrage masquerade under the image of Christ crucified. The *Croix* tools of anti-Semitism have led the anti-Dreyfusite campaign with extraordinary ardour and false-witness.

As opposed to these creatures of impulse, these adversaries, deaf to all inquiry and blind to all truth, we have seen what I have called the party of reflection, form and grow little by little ; that is to say, a party of men who take the trouble to look below the labels and to undo the packages which have been sent to them by rail in order to see that the sender has neither deceived himself nor them. These are the Dreyfusites.

From my nomenclature the result would seem to be that the anti-Dreyfusites are, in the mass at least, and with some exceptions, of a much inferior intellectual calibre to the Dreyfusites. If I allow myself to use this nomenclature, it is because I have always been of the opinion that my opponents had read nothing ; and that it would only be necessary for them to read what was usually very difficult for them to get in order to share my belief. Besides, we had conclusive proof of the singular capacity of their minds in the treatment accorded to the *Figaro* by certain social and military cliques on account of a campaign which will always redound to its honour and glory. When they saw that the *Figaro* reproduced faithfully all documents relating to the affair they withdrew their subscriptions, thereby showing that they did not wish to be enlightened, and no intelligent man suppresses discussion. He rather seeks it for self-

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enlightenment. It is only a savage to whom explanations mean disgust and boredom. I am, therefore, forced to conclude that the average Dreyfusite has superior mental powers to the average anti-Dreyfusite. And facts justify this theory. It is only necessary to look at the procession which has left the Institute, and descended from the intellectual heights of this country, to hold out their hands to the victim. It is only necessary to think of the galaxy of celebrated men who have left the laboratory and the lecture-room, where men are wont to find them, in order to take their part in the combat in public places where there was nothing to be gained but blows. It may be said, with truth, that the masters of French thought have done their duty, and their whole duty ; and from this point of view the Dreyfus affair has been of infinite gain to this country, because it has compelled great minds to leave their lofty retreats and mingle in public affairs. It has made them understand that before philosophy one must seek unity, that before plunging into the mysteries of Nature barbarism must be beaten back, and that the glories of science are useless to a nation which has lost the security of justice.

I am not at pains to recognise that the anti-Dreyfusites appeared the strongest, not only because they could reckon on the moral support of the army, but because they were in reality the more numerous. This moral support of the army and the force of numbers explain without justifying the dubious attitude of Parliament and of the majority of the Ministers who succeeded one another during the whole crisis. One of the Ministers made an unlucky speech, and one which throws much light on politics, when he said : ‘Gentlemen, consider what is happening within our boundaries.’ He should have said : ‘Consider what is just, what is right, what is honest.’ He merely told them to look at the elector, for he believed that the elector was growing uneasy about the Dreyfus affair, a fact which was incontrovertible. So the deputy looked at the phantom of the elector, the Minister looked at the deputy, and the different Governments endeavoured to block the advance of truth by suppressing petitions, suppressing appeals, suppressing documents ; most of them being at once cowardly and dishonest, as are and ever will be those who fear the mob, and who govern not for the good, but according to the caprices of the people.

Nevertheless, the minority prevailed, because the minority had truth and justice on its side. The inquiry ordered by the Criminal Chamber began in the month of November and was carried on with the greatest discretion, with impenetrable calm and perfect dignity. It may be guessed that it did not do the work of the anti-Semites, nor of a body which I have designedly left out of the previous nomenclature, the patriots or nationalists. If this body

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has been passed by in silence it is not on account of its being less clamorous than the others, but because I saw no practical object in including it, as it preached war without wishing to make it. The whole press—anti-Semitic, Nationalist, and reactionary—had already loaded the unhappy Criminal Chamber, its president, the Procureur-Général Manau, and some of his councillors with abuse under the pretext that they were Dreyfusites, and wished to upset the verdict. Rumours soon began to circulate, information to spread, which cast a doubt, not only on the impartiality, but on the good faith of the members of the court. It was said that they had nothing but smiles for witnesses favourable to Dreyfus, and frowns for unfavourable ones. A magistrate, a President of the Chamber at the Court of Cassation, a former Attorney-General, who had appealed against General Boulanger before the High Court, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, made himself the mouthpiece of the libellers of the Criminal Chamber, gave in his resignation and accused his colleagues of being unworthy magistrates. It was a scandal in which the Chamber of Deputies, following their usual custom, immediately took part.

The Minister of Justice confided to the first President of the Court of Cassation, M. Mazeau, and to the two seniors of the Civil Chamber and of the Chamber of Requests, the task of examining the irregularities denounced by M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire. None of these irregularities were proved, but the first President—unfaithful guardian of the honour and prerogatives of his Court—finished his report by saying that he would prefer that the Criminal Chamber should not be asked to pronounce upon revision alone. This gave rise to what has been called the law of *Desaissement*, a special law the aim of which was to transfer to the united Court of Cassation the examination of the requests for revision, which until then had been committed to one of those three Chambers—the Criminal. The Chamber of Deputies passed the law of *Desaissement* by a large majority. The Senate, which contains a greater number of competent men, made difficulties, and only passed the law in order to avert a Ministerial crisis.

The anti-Dreyfusites believed that they had gained their end. They would not have set the legislative machine going had they not believed that the Criminal Chamber contained a revisionist majority, and that the two other Chambers contained anti-revisionists, who would form a majority sufficient to swamp and annul that of the Criminal Chamber when all the Chambers voted together. It is true that the results of the inquiry of the Criminal Chamber had to be made public; but the anti-Dreyfusites were not going to worry themselves about a little thing like that. They said, ‘A supplementary inquiry will have to be made by the united Court. Then this same Court will have to give a verdict confirming the condem-

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nation of Dreyfus. The inquiry will be printed and given to the public. It will contain twelve hundred pages, but will have no other interest, and nobody will read it.'

This calculation was upset. The *Figaro* obtained the text of the inquiry, and published it, amidst the infuriated shrieks of its adversaries and commercial rivals, who were obliged to borrow from it, and to commit themselves the indiscretions of which they had accused it.

Now the balance swayed considerably to the side of the justice and truth which were to triumph at last over all obstacles. One of these soon disappeared in the person of the most sullen and powerful enemy of revision—Félix Faure, President of the French Republic, who died suddenly of apoplexy. Félix Faure knew that Dreyfus was innocent. One of his most intimate friends, Dr. Gilbert du Haure, had affirmed and proved it to him. But Félix Faure did not wish the matter discussed. And in order to remain peacefully at the Elysée with his wife and children he left Dreyfus at the Devil's Island, and his family plunged in grief. Those Christians who believe that God occupies Himself with things which happen here below, and that He does not always wait for men to appear before Him to punish them, have a right to think that Faure's death was the punishment for a monstrous insensibility to the suffering of his fellow creatures.

Meanwhile, the whole Court of Cassation pursued the inquiry, now three parts finished by the Criminal Chamber. The magistrates, who are not merely great *juris-consults*, but honest men as well, saw their prejudices vanishing before the touch of truth. Though opposed as a majority to revision beforehand, the report and pathetic adjuration of their most notable member, Ballot-Beaupré, induced them to vote unanimously for the principle of revision. On June 3, the Court of Cassation, all Chambers united, gave a verdict, annulling the judgment of the Court-Martial of 1894, against Alfred Dreyfus. The verdict was couched in terms which had no suspicion of ambiguity. It stated that a secret *dossier* had been communicated to the Court-Martial without the knowledge of the accused and his counsel; that Dreyfus had not written the *bordereau*; and, finally, that Dreyfus had made no confession to Captain Lebrun-Renaud. And it summoned the prisoner to appear before a new Court-Martial to be judged on this question: Did he betray the documents enumerated in the *bordereau* into the hands of foreigners in the year 1894 and is he guilty of treason? It is on this charge that Dreyfus was brought before the Rennes Court-martial, whose sessions began on August 7.

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THE RENNES COURT-MARTIAL.

I shall always regard the days I spent at Rennes attending some of the sittings of the Court-Martial as among the saddest and most painful of my life, for they were passed in elbowing members of my own profession whom I saw attacking the unhappy victim of a miscarriage of justice. They appeared to me like ferocious beasts mauling a corpse. Those days were rendered still sadder and more painful by the feeling that the animosity of those whom I love was directed against one whom I believe to be innocent. I love the army. I love the Catholic Church. My earliest cradle was the arms of one of Napoleon the First's veterans, and my next, the bosom of the Church. Hence the extremity of my grief when I discovered that my judgment was no longer on the side of my affections.

The widening of the breach between the brain and the heart was insupportable torture. Up to the last day, up to the last minute, up to the last second, I thought that they would acquit Dreyfus ; that they would open their eyes to the light ; that they would forget they were soldiers, and remember they were men. But I do not blame them. They are not guilty. Those only are guilty who have abused military obedience and forced the judges to pronounce the most incoherent of all judgments.

The first day was a terribly moving one. As we sat in the banqueting hall at Rennes, guarded by gendarmes with bristling bayonets, studded with sentinels, who treated us almost as though we were naughty children in a school where the President was head-master, Dreyfus appeared before us, entering by a little low door, arrayed in the uniform of an artillery captain but without his sword. It was a thrilling moment, the dramatic character of which was increased by the agonised cry 'I am innocent !' which he uttered on perceiving the fatal *bordereau*.

After the reading of the articles of procedure that first sitting was devoted to the examination of the accused. The four following days were given over to the famous secret *dossier*. But those four slips of paper which were the cause of Dreyfus's condemnation in 1894 had multiplied considerably since then ! There were more than six hundred documents, divided into the military *dossier*, the diplomatic *dossier*, the secret *dossier*, and the ultra-secret *dossier*. It needed a General and a Plenipotentiary Minister to bring forward, to sort, and to arrange this medley. Two door-keepers could have done it as well. For all those bits of paper merely represented the current gossip from the lodge-gates of our great houses. The examination was continued for twenty days and more. We went again over the whole ground covered by the inquiry of the Court of Cassation. The work of the Supreme Court was treated as null and void.

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My feeble intelligence had led me to believe that the Court-Martial intended to act on the mandate of the Court of Cassation, and seek to find out if Dreyfus had supplied foreign courts with the documents mentioned in the *bordereau*. Had I been Dreyfus's counsel, I think I should have put but one question to each witness, that unanswered question, 'Have you proof that Dreyfus handed over to foreigners the documents mentioned in the *bordereau*?' Should you answer—'No'—that will be enough: should you answer—'Yes'—I will ask you to make good your assertion.

Instead of that, the lawyers followed wherever the prosecution chose to lead. They discussed the secret dossier. They discussed the confession. They discussed the *bordereau*. They not only heard those witnesses who were regularly called, but also all those who took a fancy to present themselves; including those who had been enlisted by M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire to carry out his hateful ends, and whose testimony was so false and unreliable that the Court, which at first listened to them with evident complaisance, ended by blushing for them, and declaring their evidence null and void.

It was evident that the Court, or at least the President, Colonel Jouaust, felt nothing but respect and sympathy for the witnesses who deposed against Dreyfus; and nothing but antipathy and disdain for those who witnessed in his favour. It was interesting to observe Colonel Jouaust under these conditions. Before the five Ministers of War, whose accusation against Dreyfus was well pre-arranged and learnt off, before General Mercier, whose deposition was a masterpiece of cold malice—General Mercier, who deprived his evidence of all judicial value by telling the judges that they had to choose between Dreyfus and him, and by saying later that they must choose between Captain Freystätter and him; before General Chanoine, who knew nothing about Dreyfus, but wished to have him found guilty all the same; before what I would call the amateur commissioners of the Government; before General Roget, who was not a witness because he had seen nothing; before General Deloye, Director of Artillery to the War Office, who said that Dreyfus was guilty, though he affirmed at the same time that he had no material proof; before all this brilliant world Colonel Jouaust bowed with respect and deferential sympathy. These Generals were quite at ease in the hall where the Court-Martial was held. They guided the debates. They prepared elsewhere, in the daily secret meetings held by the military in Rennes, the session for the next day.

And Colonel Jouaust punctually carried out the programme that they had arranged. But with the witnesses for the defence he became rigid, abrupt, imperative, reserved, incisive, sarcastic. I said to myself, as I watched his obsequious behaviour to the one party, and his brutality to the other: 'Evidently this bad temper arises from his conviction that the partisans of Dreyfus are in the

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right. The Colonel is furious at being obliged to acquit Dreyfus, and at being in the position of finding his superior officers in the wrong. He hopes to be pardoned for acquitting him, by gushing friendliness to the Generals and harshness to the partisans of Dreyfus.' But it was not so. The Colonel was absolutely sincere. His antipathy to the Dreyfusites was naturally made the most of by Dreyfus's enemies. These pretended friends of the army called officers of the highest rank who had been cited for the defence, disobedient. They insulted and ridiculed every man who had the courage to come forward and declare what he believed to be the truth before a Court-Martial, devoted to the Generals, frankly hostile to the prisoner, and evidently looking forward to his ruin as a victory.

The prisoner himself was not spared the pleasantries of these cut-throats. They reproached him with not being sympathetic. What do they mean by being sympathetic? Is bitter grief sympathetic? Is it to possess normal physical health and mental equilibrium? Dreyfus does not possess them. He is as thin as a post, and stoops; he is nothing but skin and bone and has lost all his muscle through five years of enforced inactivity. Dreyfus flushes and pales alternately because he has a terrible internal malady arising from a diet of tinned food, and is now only able to take two quarts of milk a day; he is only kept alive by artificial means, such as kola nuts. Dreyfus has bloodshot eyes, because he has wept much. Dreyfus's voice is hoarse, stammering, disagreeable, because for four years he has spoken to no one, and because he has no teeth, the result of the prescribed diet. This is why Dreyfus is not sympathetic to those who have transformed him into a mere human husk, to those who, as Jaurés said eloquently, reproach the corpse with bearing the imprint of the grave.

And, as if the malice of the President were not sufficient, as if the ferocity of one section of the press were still too mild, assassins were called in to help. On August 16, at half-past six in the morning, as Labori was walking along the Vilaine quay on his way to the Court-Martial, where he was about to put some embarrassing questions to General Mercier, an assassin shot him in the back with a revolver. And the assassin fled. They searched the surrounding country but they failed to find him. They told stories of people to whom he had said: 'Let me pass, I have just killed Dreyfus,' and who replied, 'Pass.' But I do not guarantee this story; it is a little too melodramatic. Anyhow, he was not caught. But the victim, returning a week later to the Court, had to submit to the jests of the journalists, some accusing him of having never been wounded at all; others of having pre-arranged the affair with a comrade.

Finally, there was the episode of a foreign witness, cited by

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President Jouaust. In the usual way he affirmed the guilt of Dreyfus without any proof. Labori immediately called on Colonels Schwarzkoppen and Panizzardi, who were ready, as all the world knew, to affirm on oath that Dreyfus had had no dealings with them. President Jouaust refused the necessary commissions of inquiry. He refused the accused the advantage he had not denied to the prosecution. Then, by a declaration in the official organ of the Empire, the German Government again made a statement that their agents had never had any secret dealings with Dreyfus.

In all this, was there anything to corroborate the witness brought forward by M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire?

To sum up, in spite of the judges, in spite of the journalists, in spite of the assassins, it was proved, proved up to the hilt, at Rennes:

- (1) That not one of the numerous pieces in the secret *dossier* applies to Dreyfus or proves his guilt.
- (2) That he never made any confession after his condemnation.
- (3) That he could not have written, and that he did not write, the *bordereau*.

Consequently it was proved at the Court-Martial at Rennes that Dreyfus had not betrayed the documents enumerated in the *bordereau* to the enemy, the sole question that the Court of Cassation put to the Court-Martial.

Consequently the unanimous acquittal of Dreyfus seemed inevitable to all reasoning beings. As for me, I would have wagered my life upon it, but I should have lost it.

As the moment for the verdict drew near, we all felt that it would be of importance not only for Dreyfus, but for all Frenchmen. We were devoured by a growing anxiety at the thought that one false step, one imprudence, one word too much might, perhaps, ruin our future as well as that of Dreyfus. And here I will confess that we were afraid of Labori. He was out of favour with the Court-Martial. He had trapped the greater part of the witnesses in the meshes of an ingenious cross-examination which had forced them to say precisely what they had intended not to say. They issued from that cross-examination mortified, ridiculed, furious with themselves, and with this clever lawyer. And the judges seemed to share their anger. Their ill-will to Labori was evident. At this juncture several of us implored him not to deliver a speech. Others wrote and asked him to make a canonical speech, as the term goes. That was much the same thing as asking him to forego his speech altogether, as he intended to close his peroration with these words :

'I do not ask you to acquit him : I defy you to condemn him.'

Labori, with a tact and modesty beyond all praise, gave up his speech, which is not to be regretted either for his sake or for ours. For, had he spoken, we should always have had the uncomfortable

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feeling that it was to him, to the unjust prejudice of the judges against him above everything else, that the issue was due.

Then there was Maitre Demange, Dreyfus's counsel in 1894, the man who had said : 'My friend, you are the greatest martyr of the century !' and who had never doubted the innocence of the Captain. Demange pleaded with immense talent, but he pleaded timidly, for he also was crushed under the burden of responsibility, under the weight of the approaching sentence. Consult eminent physicians, and they will all tell you that kings in their palaces are harder to cure than cab-drivers in the hospitals ; for the hand of the doctor or surgeon that will handle the cab-driver without fear hesitates and trembles when it touches him whose recovery or loss may influence the destiny of the world. Thus it was with Dreyfus, with whose destiny we felt that the destiny of the nation was united.

Demange wished to be prudent. Demange pleaded not proven. Perhaps he was right. Perhaps had he pleaded otherwise the result would have been still worse.

At last, on Saturday, September 9, after an hour and a quarter's deliberation, which weighed upon our minds and hearts like an ever-tightening iron band, the Court-Martial delivered their judgment. By five votes to two, Dreyfus was found guilty, but with extenuating circumstances, and was condemned to ten years' imprisonment.

I know no one who foresaw such an issue, and the sentence disconcerted every one by its inconsistency. How could the judges admit extenuating circumstances and at the same time believe in the confession ? How could they allow extenuating circumstances in connection with an act of treachery committed by the rich and well-educated Dreyfus ? We are reduced to supposing that the Court-Martial, by that phrase, 'extenuating circumstances,' bought one, if not two, of the votes which would otherwise have weighed down the balance in Dreyfus's favour. By that phrase the waverers were induced to believe that they were not throwing in their lot with the Generals. By this compromise the members of the Court thought that they were being faithful to that false idea of discipline which bade them declare the Generals right at any cost, as well as to their consciences, which demanded the acquittal of Dreyfus. The verdict was deplorable in that it decided nothing, and can decide nothing.

A wrong-headed judgment followed by an apology. Such a judgment must maintain the moral agitation to a fatal extent. Dreyfus had previously been condemned unanimously ; he is now only condemned by a majority. He was in the Devil's Island ; he is now in France. His innocence has been virtually demonstrated. All the civilised world and part of France believe in it, but its proclamation is still wanting. He is innocent. And we who believe in it, and in him, cannot help him to obtain that proclamation, because we are sharers in his misfortune. The Court-Martial at

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Rennes has fettered our consciences. We cannot rest until we have released our consciences from that fetter, and until the uneasiness of our individual consciences can find a reflection in the national conscience—that is to say, in the moral ideal of our country ; as our physical sufferings, were we ravaged by an epidemic, would be reflected in the material welfare of the country.

And this is what men call '*l'affaire Dreyfus.*'

**WILLIAM I. OF NASSAU, PRINCE
OF ORANGE**



Portrait of a Student.

"Portrait of a Student." Prince of
Wales and Victoria.

Original Drawing from the Collection of the Duke of Cambridge

WILLIAM I. OF NASSAU, PRINCE OF ANGE



CERTAIN fateful day in October 1555 proved one of the most important in the history of the human race. In the great hall of the palace at Brussels stood Charles V., ruler of the greatest empire since that of Rome. Exhausted and prematurely aged by the cares of empire, the careworn monarch sought but to lay down his many crowns in exchange for few hours of peace and quiet before the sand of his life ran out. As the emperor bade farewell to the Netherlands, he leant on the shoulder of a young man, William of Nassau, Prince of Orange. Around him sat Alva, Gruyelle, Viglius, Egmont, Horn, Brederode, and others, whose names were to be written on the pages of history in characters of blood.

How well it is that the future must ever remain unknown! Little did Charles or his courtiers, little did Philip, as he received the crowns of Spain and the Netherlands from his father's trembling hands, little did William of Orange himself think, that the stripling upon whose shoulder the emperor leant was destined to be the pivot upon which the whole history of the world would turn. They gazed, without knowing it, upon the Past leaning upon the Future.

Four years later William of Orange found himself a hostage to the King of France in Paris. His charming and attractive manners gained him the confidence of all his companions. He must have looked like the admirable portrait by Antonio Moro reproduced here. No thought of the future troubled his heart.

One day he accompanied the King of France, Henry II., to the chase in the forest of Vincennes. Beneath the forest trees Henry in confidence imparted to William the plot which had been arranged between the King of France, Philip of Spain, and the Duke of Alva for the complete extirpation of heresy in the Netherlands. William rode home in silence. His mind was made up, his path clear to himself. Like the Knight in Albrecht Dürer's famous engraving, he donned his armor, lowered his lance, and bestrode his steed along the road, where danger and death did abound.

The result is well known. When the assassin's futile crime struck him down, he had not yet left his work half done. The refugees fled to the sea. Rivers of torrents of blood and fire had been let loose upon the land. Humanity had triumphed over brutality. The torturers, slaves, and bloodhounds were slinking snarling to their dens.

Of its debt to the Netherlands the Anglo-Saxon race can best judge for itself. Let us, therefore, laugh on William the Silent, to give him the name which no one is known in history, would be

HERE LIES THE MAN WHO KNEW HOW TO HOLD HIS TONGUE.

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QUOI tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons? Or, to put it another way—the way that everybody has been putting it, since the scandal of the second Dreyfus condemnation touched the indignant conscience of the world—Why are the Latin races giving such painful evidence of political and moral decadence? Under other circumstances we might hesitate to ask the questions in the pages of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW*, since they imply a general superiority on the side of Englishmen and Americans which even to the serene ‘Anglo-Saxon’ mind, justly conscious of its neighbours’ infirmities, is a large assumption. But France, as the intellectual minority of her own children sadly acknowledge, has given us only too much excuse of late to adopt this unpleasant attitude. At any rate, when grave French professors of ‘social science,’ like M. Edmond Demolins, write serious books to discuss this superiority of ours, we may perhaps be permitted to take it for granted, in a limited sense and for certain special purposes. Whether the average Frenchman or Italian is a better father, husband, friend, or neighbour—whether he is a better man altogether—than the ordinary Londoner or New Yorker, is a very large proposition, on which one would not care to dogmatise; but it seems to be admitted that as a ‘political animal’ and a member of a self-governing, industrial community, the advantage lies with the Anglo-Saxon. Regarded subjectively, we may be no better than the Latinised Celt; but objectively, and in our relations to the material world, we are at least more successful. As traders, manufacturers, pioneers, conquerors, colonists, and citizens of a free country, we contrive to do our work more effectively. Our public life, with all its defects, moves in a better atmosphere; we preserve order and stability with less difficulty, we are more tolerant of bureaucratic and military tyranny, we administer justice with smaller regard to racial, religious, and social prejudices. In short: ‘Nous ne pouvons faire un pas à travers le monde,’ says M. Demolins¹ mournfully, ‘sans rencontrer les Anglais. Nous ne pouvons jeter les yeux sur nos anciennes possessions sans y voir flotter le pavillon anglais. . . Le monde anglo-saxon est aujourd’hui à la tête de la civilisation la plus active, la plus progressive, la plus débordante. Il suffit que cette race s’établisse sur un point quelconque du globe pour le transformer en y introduisant, avec une rapidité prodigieuse, les derniers progrès de nos sociétés occidentales et souvent ces jeunes sociétés arrivent à nous dépasser. Elles nous appellent déjà, avec un certain dédain, le *Vieux Monde*. Et il faut reconnaître que nous paraissions bien vieux à côté de ces jeunes.’

This is extremely flattering, and we may hope it is sufficiently

¹ ‘A quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons?’ Par Edmond Demolins.

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near the truth to be accepted without an excessive strain upon our modesty. But whence arises this superiority, such as it is? How is it that we surpass the French as colonists, administrators, rulers of subject races, law-abiding electors, and apparently also as merchants, manufacturers, and men of business? M. Demolins answers the question by saying that the Latinised Celt belongs to *le type communautaire*, whereas the Anglo-Saxon is of the *type particulariste*. In other words, the Briton relies upon himself and his own efforts, whereas the Gaul looks to the State, the Community, and the Family to arrange his affairs for him. 'Self-help' and the 'struggle-for-life,' says M. Demolins, are the Englishman's watchwords; and though most of us are not in the habit of going about with those phrases on our lips, it is probably true that in our actions we show much more appreciation of their significance than our amiable neighbours. To the French observer the Anglo-Saxon presents himself as that kind of person who, in the American variety of our great common language, is known as a 'hustler.' He hustles 'all the time,' from the nursery, when he begins hustling with other children, while the Gallic child is wrapped in cotton-wool, till the extreme limits of old age, when he is still working and striving long after his contemporary Frenchman has retired upon a small independence scraped together by years of laborious saving. Owing to his 'communitarian' turn of mind, it is the hope, the desire, the ideal, of every young Frenchman to obtain a post under Government, which will ensure him safe employment and a regular salary for the rest of his active career. Then he can settle down, marry, enrich the population with an only son or an only daughter, and begin the practice of that determined economy which is the main business in life of the respectable *bourgeois* across the Channel. The Englishman, on the other hand, and still more the American, is too fiercely energetic, too buoyantly self-confident, to woo fortune in this humble fashion. He has no great liking for the seductive security of an official post, nor does he care to acquire his independence by the assiduous counting of francs and centimes. His notion is rather to *make* money than to *save* it, and to become rich, not by frugality, self-denial, and cautious investment, but by enterprise, audacity, invention, and the prodigal use of all his powers. He does not work so long and so steadily as the Latin; but he works harder while he is at it, spares himself less, and throws a more determined vitality into all his pursuits. When he has money he does not hoard it. He spends it to satisfy his taste for comfort, his pleasures, his ambitions, and sets to work to get more. The French artisan, according to M. Demolins, when he finds himself in possession of a hundred francs, puts it in *rentes*, and hugs himself with the thought of the three francs a year interest it will produce. The 'Anglo-Saxon' buys a bicycle, or a piano, or a carpet for his wife's 'parlour,' and is the happier man of the two.

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It is curious to notice that the French commentator singles out, as the main cause of his countrymen's inferiority, their assiduous cultivation of the virtues of thrift, frugality, and foresight in domestic affairs. These are precisely the qualities which have been diligently preached to Englishmen for two generations and more. Ever since the earlier years of the centuries social reformers, philanthropists, and political economists, have been urging on the British working man the advantages of providence. The old Manchester School, the Cobdenites, Mill and his disciples, and the Utilitarians generally, were always insisting that thus, and thus only, could the individual find salvation. Enlightened selfishness pointed that way. Government could do little, Society could do next to nothing, for the 'worker,' unless he saved out of his earnings. 'Put money in thy—bank,' was the burden of the song raised by these earnest voices. Abstinence, self-denial, economy, were the chief articles of their moral code. The good artisan should go through life with one eye on his Penny Savings Bank ; to him his Benefit Society should be more than Sunday outings, or trips to the seaside, or tasty food and drinks. The working man was to be, above all things, 'prudent,'—so prudent that he would not perhaps marry till he was middle-aged, and would cautiously adjust the growth of his family to the amount of his fixed income. In France, the lesson, without being much talked about, has been pretty thoroughly learnt ; and now here are some perspicuous and patriotic Frenchmen exclaiming that it is all a mistake, and the main cause of the decadence of their country. Don't save, don't be thrifty, don't take thought for the morrow : they seem to think this would be the best advice to give to the young. Mill, in a famous chapter of his 'Political Economy,' became enthusiastic over what he called the 'Stationary State,' when a nation should have ceased to grow or expand, when population and foreign trade should have reached their limits, when the feverish struggle for subsistence or for wealth should have given place to a moderate comfort widely diffused among all classes. France, in many respects, approximates to these conditions ; but they do not seem to have produced the satisfaction which the philosopher anticipated. In national, as in private, affairs, matters do not easily remain at a standstill. There is always movement, in one direction or another. If a country is not going upwards it is very likely to descend. That nice balance of population, for instance, which Mill admired, cannot be long maintained. France, after ceasing to increase, would now be actually falling backwards, if it were not for the constant influx of foreigners, and for the fact that the Bretons, unlike the inhabitants of the other provinces, continue to indulge in most improvidently large families.

The statistics which relate to the birth, marriage, and death-rate

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in France are startling, and have long given grave concern to many thoughtful Frenchmen, who are asking themselves with the deepest anxiety, how this process is to end. ‘*Cette victoire de la mort sur la vie*,’ M. Demolins calls it with gloomy reference to the fact that the births, in some recent years, have actually fallen below the deaths ; and this would happen constantly were it not for the stimulus still given to population in Brittany, where as many children are born as in all the rest of France. Elsewhere the decline, both in births and marriages, has gone on steadily for over a century. The births per 10,000 are stated at 380 in 1778 ; in 1831–1840 they had fallen to 289 ; in 1880–1896 they had sunk to 220. There were 20,000 fewer marriages in 1890 than in 1884 ; and the number of births had fallen by close on 100,000, while the annual death-average had risen in the same period by nearly 20,000. No wonder the pulse of vitality is beginning to beat low in France, and pessimists exclaim that it is not so much a sick nation as a dying nation, whose feverish throes and expiring agonies the twentieth century is destined to behold.

But before France perishes of anaemia and inanition, she may be fated to be overrun by the stranger. The foreign conquest of the country, not this time by arms, but by industry and commerce, has begun. The incapacity of the French to provide a sufficient number of hands and brains for the factories, the offices, and the workshops, is the opportunity of the active, busy, hungry neighbours by whom the fertile land of Gaul is surrounded. The Belgian, the Swiss, the Italian, the Spanish Basque, the German—all are pouring in, to do the work which Frenchmen are too proud, or too indolent, or actually too few in numbers to perform themselves. All over the south, the harder kind of industrial labour is falling into the hands of the sturdy Basques and Lombards ; in the north, the Belgian artisan, clerk, and shop-keeper has firmly established his footing ; everywhere the Jew, the German, and the Alsatian are pushing their way to the front in commerce and the professions. In 1851 there were under 400,000 foreigners of all nationalities in France ; in 1881 there were 1,000,000 ; at the next census the number will probably not fall far short of a million and a half. It appears there are actually Frenchmen philosophic enough to congratulate themselves on this phenomenon. M. de Molinari, the distinguished economist, points out that a nation which imports its workers full grown, instead of being at the expense of breeding and rearing them, saves quite a lot of money. It would cost, he estimates, no less than 3½ milliards of francs to nurse, feed, educate and clothe 1,000,000 male persons from infancy to the age of twenty years ; therefore, France is that amount or more to the good by being able to get its work done by adult persons whose unproductive years have been passed in other countries. ‘*N'est il*

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pas évident que si la France avait reçu *gratis* des pays avoisinants un million de bœufs, destinés à pourvoir à l'insuffisance de sa production herbagère, elle aurait bénéficié de toute la dépense, faite en Belgique, en Suisse, &c., pour les élever et les amener à l'état productif.' M. Demolins answers this pretty example of Cobdenite logic with the dry remark : 'Pour que ce raisonnement soit vrai, il ne manque qu'une chose, c'est que l'homme soit un bœuf.' At any rate, a France mainly inhabited and controlled by Belgians, Bretons, Alsatians, and Swiss, will not be the France we have known—the gay, gallant, chivalrous France, whose submergence would be an irreparable loss for the world.

The French themselves, as a rule, do not take the high economic view of the foreign invasion. They are uncomfortable and resentful under it, and one symptom of the general *malaise* under which the country suffers is a neurotic impatience of the alien. The anti-Semitic movement is only one side of it. The Jews are hated because they are succeeding in just those branches of practical life where the French are failing—because they are pushing, active, persevering, and self-reliant. But the feeling is almost as strong against the English and the Germans, as any one can see by glancing at a few copies of the Nationalist and Clerical newspapers. Perhaps it is a consciousness of their decline, compared to the other nations, which accentuates this irritable dislike of all foreigners, and especially those who are enterprising and successful. France feels that she is not holding her own. The commerce of the country shows a tendency to contract, and so does its shipping, while that of Great Britain, the United States, and Germany are steadily enlarging. If these processes continue for another half-century or so, it is difficult to see how France can retain her position among the great States of the world. She must slide into the second rank, as compared with rivals who have more trade and more people, which also means more men to work their factories, to fight their battleships, and to fill the ranks of their armies.

But even apart from these purely political consequences, contemporary French moralists do not like the 'stationary state,' and the temper of mind on which it is based. They begin to see that it leads to some unlovely qualities. Here we get back to those *bourgeois* virtues, which are now a little out of favour in the land where they have been brought to the highest perfection. Thrift is not a good thing if it ends in a miserly penuriousness. Providence may be worse than prodigality when it produces a perpetual and cowardly anxiety about the future. Domestic economy ceases to be admirable if it makes an idol of mere material comfort. All this foresight is misplaced, if the effect is to turn people into slaves to their own parsimony, if it loads them with petty cares, if it keeps

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them for ever in a narrow groove, if it checks every generous impulse, and every dash of honest, hearty sentiment. The French-woman of thirty is old before her time with the thought of the infinite small sacrifices that lie before her to provide her daughter with a *dot*. The Englishwoman, ten years her senior, is still girlish, able to enjoy life, to cultivate her body and mind, to be elder sister to her own boys, and to leave the future to take care of itself. A candid Briton might admit that there is a good deal to be said on the other side, and that French family life, with its orderliness, its quiet decorum, and above all its almost religious consciousness of the ties of kinship, still gives Anglo-Saxondom something to admire. But the French commentators, in their present mood of self-depreciation, are not disposed to pay attention to these considerations, and they are inclined to lay exaggerated stress upon those individualistic qualities of self-reliance, practical energy, and almost reckless enterprise, which as they believe have led to the conspicuous material successes of their Anglo-Saxon rivals.

The Englishman does not, as a rule, trouble his head superfluously with similar general propositions. He complacently accepts his own 'superiority,' or rather the inferiority of the unfortunate foreigner, without diving too deeply into the reasons for the agreeable circumstance. If he does go beyond the facts, he rests content with an easy explanation. The fashionable theory just now is that our success is in the main due to our public schools, and more particularly to the various athletic games practised at those seats of learning. When a distinguished person is called upon to deliver the prizes at a school commemoration, he does not usually recommend the boys to mind their books and attend sedulously to their studies. On the contrary, he is more likely to urge them not to worry themselves excessively with Greek and Latin, with modern languages and mathematics. These things are all very well in their way, but not to be pursued to the neglect of those sports which are the *porro unum necessarium*, the one thing needful to schoolboy—or indeed national—salvation. Sometimes the eminent adviser of youth wraps up his praise of cricket and football decorously, by saying that the training of character is better than learning. Thus Lord Rosebery, distributing the prizes at Epsom College on July 27:

At any rate we are sure of this—that in England our schools have turned out men. They have been the best schools of manhood that the world has ever seen, and if they have succeeded in that, I for one put all the studies of the sciences and classics and mathematics in a secondary position.

But often the superior merits of athletics, as compared with the effeminate pursuit of the languages and sciences, are preached with no sort of disguise. On July 6, Sir W. H. Preece, at the opening of the new buildings of King's College School, pointed out that

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'he was one of those who believed that the advance of this nation was due as much to the public schools of the country, and to the methods of the public schools, as to anything else; and more, not to the book-learning, not to the eminence of the principals and masters, but to the fact that in their public schools they paid attention to games and to the playing fields.' The distinguished electrician is almost a moderate eulogist of 'games,' compared with Dr. Alexander Hill, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, who solemnly warned the pupils at University College schools against the danger of getting scholarships or overdoing themselves by too much devotion to their lessons. Dr. Hill encouraged the lads who came to receive their prizes at his hands by telling them that he thought it rather a bad thing to win distinctions of this sort at school. 'During recent years the scholarship system had grown, and it was growing still; he would merely sound a note of warning and ask whether it was quite clear that the results of selection by scholarship were satisfactory. Of course, they knew it selected the boy with talents, but it also put a premium on precocity.' The great thing for the young is not to be too anxious about their school work. So Dr. Hill's speech runs on, and we imagine the cheers of at least a portion of his audience :

The only safeguard against unreasonable work at school was that atmosphere of athletics, that grand background of games, which seemed to accompany the boys everywhere. . . . The business of a school was not so much to inform as to form, not so much to give knowledge as to form character.

The sentiment conveyed in the last sentence is unexceptionable. Every reasonable person, we suppose, would agree with the general principle laid down by the Vice-Chancellor. Undoubtedly it is vastly more important to build up character than to convey a certain amount of information. But it may be questioned whether the desired effect will be produced by openly undervaluing the hard drudgery of the classrooms, and by instilling into the receptive mind of youth the belief that the amusements of the playing fields not only do, but ought to, constitute the real and serious occupation of ambitious boyhood. It is true enough that certain of our great public schools are mainly academies for the systematic teaching of cricket and football; but it might be wiser not to recognise the fact officially, so to speak. Really one is rather surprised, under the circumstances, at the number of lads who do contrive to learn something. It must be difficult enough for an aspiring youngster to stick steadily to his studies, knowing that his efforts will not bring him a fraction of the *kudos* which could be acquired by cultivating a straight bat or a good 'length' with the ball. He has quite enough to contend against, without being told by eminent patrons of education that after all he is rather a fool for his pains, and would have done better to 'form his character' by neglecting his books, and

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throwing himself with more undivided interest into that 'grand back-ground of games' which rouses the enthusiasm of the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University.

The most singular development of the athletic movement is the manner in which it has recently invaded feminine education. Many English girls are almost as seriously interested in games as their brothers. There has fortunately always been a large section of Englishwomen, especially those of wealth and social position, who have been fond of outdoor sports and amusements. It is no new thing for ladies in England to ride, hunt, row, play tennis, and generally to spend a good deal of their time in the open air. But this is a very different matter from that businesslike and scientific pursuit of certain competitive games, which forms almost the main occupation of the up-to-date schoolgirl. That energetic young person is not in the least like her predecessor, who giggled and flirted surreptitiously and ate sweetstuff at the Misses Pinkerton's Academy, what time Miss Becky Sharp was in her teens. She is a well-grown maiden, brisk, active, muscular, and exceeding healthy, with the smallest regard for such frivolities as new frocks and young gentlemen. Her soul is in the hockey ground and the cricket field. To get into the team or the eleven is the ambition of many a young Britoness, from the time when she enters her High School, fresh from the hands of the nursery governess, till the comparatively mature age when she is promoted to the Sixth Form and becomes a Prefect. Her half-holidays, if she shows any proficiency at the popular games, are spent in playing matches; in her leisure hours, in heat or shade, rain or sunshine, she is the field, practising under the eye of the professional 'coach,' or the supervision of an assistant-mistress appointed almost as much for her athletic proficiency as for her successes in the examination lists. At nineteen she is still a boyish young creature full of animal spirits, and with competitions, and matches, and the 'shop' of games as her absorbing subject of conversation. Eventually, at about eight and twenty or so, one supposes she will grow into a woman, and fall in love and get married, and perhaps even turn her mind to baby-linen. But this is in the future. The New School-girl has hardly been in existence long enough to be fairly tested as the New Wife. In the meanwhile we have boldly embarked on the experiment of educating our women, like the ancient Spartans, as nearly as possible in the same way as our men, and it will be curious to watch the results of the process.

To return to France. That interesting country was for some weeks of the summer the focus of attention, and the world watched its proceedings with as much anxiety as we have more recently had to bestow on President Krüger. People opened their newspapers in

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the morning wondering whether the latest French Revolution had begun, and eager to know what new dramatic surprise France had produced. To observers abroad the Republic sometimes seems a volcano of complex emotions, and many Englishmen must imagine that every one of its inhabitants is torn and distracted by political passions too violent to be repressed. But there is a good deal less of this excitement below the surface than is commonly imagined. In point of fact, France was about the only country in the civilised world which took the monstrous verdict of the Rennes tribunal with perfect calmness. There was a far more violent outburst of Dreyfus fever in London, New York, and Chicago than in Paris. While all the English and American newspapers were almost inarticulate with indignation and astonishment, the French people—even the Dreyfusard minority, with a few impetuous exceptions, like M. Zola—accepted the result almost with indifference. Most of them had persuaded themselves that the unfortunate officer was guilty, if not of writing the *bordereau*, at any rate of some other kind of treason ; and even those who knew very well that a gross miscarriage of justice had occurred were not inclined to lose their heads or their tempers over it. This may be another sign of decadence ; but it is characteristic of the general attitude of the mass of quiet middle-class Frenchmen towards public affairs. It is the prevailing belief in England that the French are always in a condition of tumultuous unrest and ready for any desperate enterprise. Nothing could be further from the truth. Even the anti-Semitic agitation, though fierce enough in certain quarters, is much more limited in its scope than it seems. In spite of the Dreyfusards and the Nationalists, the majority of Frenchmen, outside Paris, are as tranquil, as nonchalant, and as easy-tempered as they used to be before Jew-baiting and Army-worship came into fashion. Among the French *bourgeoisie* the current of life flows on as pleasantly as if there were no such persons as Dreyfus and Déroulède. When they first arrived in Rennes the English special correspondents were amazed to observe that the momentous court-martial aroused scarcely more curiosity than the appearance of a travelling menagerie in the town. The Rennois would hardly give themselves the trouble to look at the men whose names are famous or notorious all over the world. But the fact is that the average Frenchman considers *la politique* with a detachment of mind hardly comprehensible to a really political people like the English. It is not wholly creditable to the nation that it should be so. Many of the misfortunes of the country have arisen from the invincible determination of the comfortable classes to meddle as little as possible with such a thankless, trying business as politics. There is no more convinced *idiot*—no such thorough-going ‘Mugwump’—as your Frenchman who has saved something. An excellent *père de famille*, cautious, devoted, self-sacrificing, he is a very bad citizen. It is the

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steady abstention, or the tame acquiescence, of the great body of respectable folks which leaves the destinies of the country in the hands of the Boulevard mobs and the political wire-pullers. A street-row in Paris may decide the fate of France: and France—the careful France of the provinces and the smaller towns—will accept any knot of adventurers that floats to the top, provided she be left alone to pursue her beloved private affairs in peace and reasonable security. The Frenchman is the last person in the world to flutter himself unduly over public events. The notion that he is perpetually ready to ‘rise,’ to be stirred into revolution, to do something forcible, is ludicrously wide of the truth. On the contrary, he goes about his own business or pleasures, reads the savage invectives of the National and Clerical Press over his cigarette and *bock*, and is placidly content to leave the settlement of public affairs to those who make politics their profession—that is, to the Ministers, present and expectant, to the Deputies, and to *Messieurs le Journalistes*. It is all very well to vote on occasions, and to look at the *Petit Journal* or the *Intransigéant*, which, at any rate, are not dull reading, and to enjoy, in a safe fashion, the savage diatribes against *les Juifs* and *les Anglais*, and the furious baiting by the journalists of prey of certain well-known personages whom they have marked down for slaughter. The Frenchman, who is physically indolent, finds the same delight in strong language as that which the Anglo-Saxon derives from violent action. The hunting down of the Dreyfusards, by gladiators like M. Rochefort and M. Judet, has been the national sport of late—the substitute for our test matches and yacht races. But to take part in the game actively would be quite another matter. To go to personal trouble or risk over public questions, to lose time and money, to distract one’s mind—this is not to be expected of a sober citizen, with his own concerns to attend to. We are apt to judge of the intensity of Gallic feeling by the animation of the Press. But newspapers are not an unerring index to public opinion anywhere, and in France they are particularly fallible.

In another portion of this REVIEW one of the ablest French publicists gives a *résumé* of the Dreyfus case. We have no intention here of going over the ground traversed by M. Cornély, or of dilating on the dramatic episodes of the famous trial. Nor is there any occasion to swell the chorus of somewhat pharisaical reproach with which it is now the established custom to improve the occasion wherever the *affaire* is mentioned. The Dreyfus mystery is a mystery no more. We know now, in spite of the disgraceful Rennes judgment, that the unhappy Captain is no traitor, and that he sold no documents to the Germans. On the other hand, we know that confidential documents were sold, and by men high up on the French General Staff; that to conceal their own guilt, when

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exposure was imminent, they fastened the crime upon Dreyfus ; and that, to avert or baffle investigation, they resorted to shameless forgery. It is difficult to find words to describe the conduct of the handful of scoundrels, dead or living, who were concerned in this detestable plot, or of the cowardice of the five military gentlemen at Rennes who condemned an innocent man, a second time, as the easiest way of saving trouble all round, particularly for themselves and their Generals. Still, it is going a little too far to talk as if all Frenchmen or French officers were suborners and perjurors. Crime, like genius, is cosmopolitan, and there is nothing characteristically French about Henry or Esterhazy. The marvellous thing, no doubt, is that half France, and nine-tenths of the French Army, should have believed in this conspiracy long after it was clear to every unprejudiced mind that there was nothing in it but forgeries and lies. But even that is not wholly unprecedented outside France. How many of the most respectable Englishmen persisted in believing that Mr. Parnell wrote the letter condoning the murder of Mr. Burke, even when it was conclusively proved to be a forgery ! Or, to take a worse case : thousands of apparently sane British electors sent a representative to Parliament, tens of thousands of them 'demonstrated' in Hyde Park, to urge the cause of that thrice-exposed impostor, the vulgar and stupid swindler, who pretended that he was the heir to the title and estates of the Tichborne family. The followers of the 'Claimant' had assuredly less excuse for their delusion than the millions of Frenchmen, who allowed themselves to be misled by the plots of Esterhazy and Henry, and the 'pathological eccentricities' of General Mercier and his colleagues. Mob-madness is no new disease. A distinguished French psychologist has written a volume on 'The Crowd,' in which he has shown that men in masses are subject to these mental epidemics, which attack them like the plague, and are as contagious as cholera. Apparently people can 'catch' the complaint from one another, so that from time to time we find a whole city, or a whole country, full of persons, perfectly sane and normal in their private life, suddenly falling victims to some strange seizure of credulity, fanaticism, panic, or violence. All history bears witness to the facts, though science has not as yet been able to give any satisfactory explanation of them. To the student of national hallucinations the Dreyfus mania will certainly remain one of the most interesting 'documents' of the century.

There is one side of the affair on which not much has been said —perhaps because no one likes to say it. But it ought not to be forgotten that the whole miserable business arises out of that discreditable practice of *espionage* and secret corruption in which the War Offices, and we are afraid also the Admiralties, of all the great

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Powers are engaged. There is no reflection upon the personal honour of Colonel von Schwarzkoppen and Major Panizzardi, who behaved with courage and integrity, so far as the conditions of their odious service permitted, and who did what they could to save an innocent man; and the German Emperor made a bold, and on the whole a very creditable, attempt, even at some risk of causing political complications, to get justice done to Dreyfus at Rennes. But when all is said it must surely be considered discreditable, and even disgraceful, that distinguished officers, holding high rank at their Embassies, and received with the utmost confidence in the best social circles of foreign capitals, should be officially instructed to act as spies and receive stolen documents. In war, of course, all things are fair, and no doubt a Military Attaché, when he bribes a foreign officer to betray his country, only feels that he is concerned in a necessary strategic deception. But the system is abominable. In the course of the Dreyfus proceedings some light has been thrown upon the elaborate machinery by which official secrets are disclosed and guarded. The Embassies are regular marts for the purveyance of confidential documents, and at the same time they are themselves remorselessly spied upon. On the one hand, we have officers of the French Army encouraged to purvey information to the representatives of Germany and Italy; on the other, we find the very *concierge* of the German Embassy a paid spy of the French War Office, and the despatches of foreign diplomatic agents are opened and copied on their passage through the post-office! No doubt every Government would plead that it cannot abandon these practices as long as they are maintained by its neighbours, and that, if one Power insists on using such poisoned weapons, others must do the same. But it seems a pity that there cannot be an agreement to dispense with them altogether in peace time. They are as barbarous as explosive bullets, and as destructive in their way as aerial torpedoes; and we believe that most of the General Staffs and military councils would be of opinion that they are of comparatively small value. Now and then, it may be, an important secret is betrayed; but as a rule the information gained is hardly worth the amount of trouble and expense incurred, and the quantity of dirty work done, to obtain it. The famous *bordereau*, for instance, which has sacrificed so many lives and wrecked so many careers, is a case in point. The documents it enumerated could have told the German War Office little or nothing that it could not in due course have learnt from official publications about which there was no secrecy. It might be made an article in the next International Convention on the Laws of War that no Government should authorise its military and naval representatives to practise or encourage *espionage*, or to enter into illicit relations with officers in the service of a friendly State. It may be true that such a convention would be secretly violated;

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but at least something would be done if the spy system were so discredited that no Government could permit its diplomatists to be officially cognisant of it. A self-denying ordinance of the kind suggested would clear the international atmosphere, and would relieve the members of the Intelligence Departments of duties which cannot fail to be utterly distasteful to gentlemen and men of honour.

When the last number of this REVIEW was issued, the Hague Conference was still sitting. We anticipated at the time, as indeed did most competent observers, that little would come of the elaborate performance, and so it has proved. Indeed, the failure—though very ceremoniously veiled—has been more decisive than could have been expected. The delegates separated without having been able to add anything but certain praiseworthy statements of principle to the general body of European public law. Though the 'Final Act,' which consists of pious opinions, bore the signatures of all the representatives, the conventions and the declarations were not signed by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, the United States, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Japan. In point of fact, the substantive work of the Conference has so far only been formally endorsed by Russia, France, and the smaller Powers. It is needless to say that an International Pact, from which the majority of the great naval and military nations dissent, is not likely to have any practical validity. Of course it does not follow that something may not after all come of the Conference. The Arbitration agreement may be eventually accepted by most of the Governments, and the result will be that the much-glorified 'permanent tribunal' will come into being. What particular good will be done by this establishment it is not easy to see. There is to be a regular bureau at the Hague or Brussels, with an office and a doorplate, and a secretary with an annual salary, and the names of all the most distinguished jurists in Europe inscribed on its staff of arbitrators. A good deal of stress was laid on the importance of Governments making known to each other the superior advantages of Conciliation over war. Perhaps the officials of the bureau (who may find time hang rather heavy on their hands) may be instructed to put matters on a businesslike footing by advertising in the proper quarters. 'To Nations about to Quarrel. Arbitrations while you wait. No delay. Lists of selected Arbitrators sent on application. Fourteen Professors of International Law and a Reigning Sovereign always available. Write for full particulars and descriptive pamphlet.' Circulated among the South American Republics, some such announcement might be useful; but it may be doubted whether the information would be of any value to civilised Governments as a rule. There is never any great difficulty in obtaining a suitable tribunal, and perfectly competent and impartial umpires, when States are really anxious to settle a dispute

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by argument. There are always persons of the highest qualifications willing to act in a capacity so honourable, and the litigating parties would be able to find them without the assistance of a permanent bureau. The difficulty is to persuade nations, who really feel that national honour and interests are at stake, to submit their cause to the chances of a lawsuit rather than to the judgment of the God of Battles. Great Britain has indulged Venezuela with the luxury of a ruinously expensive arbitration—which, by the way, must have cost the two principals rather more than a short, sharp little campaign—because the English people really did not care particularly what happened to the tract of swamp and forest at the back of the Guiana frontier. A much more crucial case is that of the Alaska Boundary, and it can only be hoped that Lord Pauncefote will succeed in persuading both the Canadians and the Americans to decide it by arbitration. A practical lesson of this kind, such as Great Britain and the United States have already given to the world, will do more for the peaceful adjustment of international disputes than elaborate Congresses and loftily expressed Imperial circulars.

Unfortunately, the number of questions which can be settled in this manner is strictly limited. The extreme arbitrationists seem to imagine that every controversy between nations is susceptible of reasonable and equitable treatment. One party, they assume, must be in the wrong, and it only needs clear argument before an impartial tribunal to show which side ought to give way. But in national, as in private, affairs, it will sometimes happen that both disputants are in the wrong, or both in the right. A door must be open or shut; there are cases in which compromise is impossible, nor can any human reasoning declare that of two conflicting claims one ought to be abandoned on the grounds of morality and justice. We live in a world in which there are not quite enough desirable objects to ‘go round.’ Two men want to marry the same woman, and each is probably quite entitled to believe that he would make as good a husband as his rival. All the wise men of Europe might sit for a fortnight, without being able to deliver a verdict in favour of one or the other suitor based on purely ethical and judicial considerations. Passion, accident, opportunity, and superior strength or dexterity, must be left to decide the matter. And so it is occasionally with nations. We have an instance before us in our deplorable difficulty in South Africa. The underlying question between the Imperial Government and the Transvaal is much larger than that of the franchise for the Johannesburg Uitlanders. It is really that of paramountcy. No one can read Sir Alfred Milner’s famous despatch of May 4 without seeing that this is what he is endeavouring to convey in his

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vehement sentences. He gives expression to the sentiment which has long been familiar to all statesmen at the Cape, though it has been rather carefully kept out of the speeches and writings of English public men till within the last few months. Is South Africa to be English—not merely in name, but in its politics, its administration, its social organisation, its industrial development—or is it to be Dutch? This is the alternative that was clearly present to the mind of Mr. Rhodes five years ago, and that was why he attributed such enormous importance to the situation in Johannesburg that he involved himself in an enterprise so doubtful if it succeeded, so unquestionably disastrous if it failed, as the Jameson Raid. If England neglected to assert herself in the Transvaal, it was Mr. Rhodes's conviction that she would forfeit her ascendancy through the whole group of Anglo-Dutch colonies and States. Sir Alfred Milner's manifesto, if closely read, will be seen to bear precisely the same significance. He wants it to be demonstrated that the English, and not the Dutch, element is to direct the course of events in South Africa. It is a large and statesmanlike aim, which was long since avowed by Sir Bartle Frere, and would have been carried to fruition by that great Proconsul if circumstances had been more propitious. At the same time, is it not a little uncandid to pretend that this purpose is really compatible with the continued independence of the Transvaal Republic, as that term is understood by the Boers? For, if the Uitlanders are to have even an approximately fair representation in the Volksraad, they must become—not, perhaps, at once, but in the course of a few years—the masters and rulers of the country. The chances are that they would use their power to vote for union with the Empire; or even if they declined to hoist the Union Jack, they would practically convert the country into a British Republic, with British ideas, which are not Boer ideas, predominant. One cannot blame English statesmen for desiring to bring about this consummation, and one cannot altogether blame Boer leaders for endeavouring to defeat it. Mr. Krüger understands the consequences of giving genuine political equality to the Uitlanders, and has been desperately trying to stave them off by artifice, stratagem, and chicane, and at length, as it seems, by challenging England to fight. But—the door must be open or shut. The talk of fair compromise has been futile from the beginning, and probably no one has realised that more keenly than the three principals in the affair, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Alfred Milner, and Mr. Krüger. Here we have a case in which two parties desire things incompatible with each other. The solution can only be reached by surrender on the part of the weaker. Whether that sufficiently regrettable conclusion will be attained by the actual employment of superior force, or only by the menace and display of it, may be decided before these pages are in the hands of our readers.

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The above considerations may at least induce Englishmen to remember that, even if it is necessary to beat the Boers, it is not desirable to treat them as criminals. If they have been unwise—and no doubt it is foolish to attempt to keep out the Atlantic with a mop and a sponge—they have behaved in a manner which cannot be called wholly unnatural. In point of fact, English colonists have acted, and are at this moment acting, in a very similar fashion. The sudden inrush of a mining population is never welcome to a settled population of farmers and squatters. These latter feel that they have made the country their own by years of hard, dangerous, ill-requited toil. They dislike the new-comers from the ends of the earth, who have swooped down upon the gold-reefs, and are piling up in a few months more wealth—not usually expended in the country—than the older immigrants could realise in a generation ; and they object to having their ultra-conservative customs and institutions revolutionised by a horde of pushing, speculative outsiders who have no ‘roots in the soil.’ And as the earlier colonists have been the first to obtain political privileges, they do their best to turn themselves into an oligarchy, so as to exclude the later settlers from that share of electoral power to which their numbers would entitle them. This occurred in the Cape Colony, when the population of the Kimberley diamond-fields first attempted to obtain fair representation in the Cape Assembly ; and it is actually happening just now in Western Australia. The ‘Uitlanders’ of the Coolgardie goldfields are almost as badly off in regard to the franchise as the settlers on the Witwatersrand. The electors of the pastoral districts of Western Australia object, as stolidly as the Boers, to be swamped by the mining vote. Hence we get a state of things thus described by a correspondent of the *Financial News* writing from Coolgardie recently :

Whilst all goes merry as marriage bells with the gold industry, the political outlook is a very troubous one, for which the all-important question of Australian Federation must be held principally accountable. The position at present taken up by the opponents of the movement (who are principally Government supporters) is a disgrace to any intelligent community. The Goldfields community to a man are in favour of Federation ; but then they are so feebly represented in Parliament that they practically have no say in the matter. There can be no blinking the fact that both Legislative Chambers as now constituted are opposed to Federation at present, and prefer to fall back on a policy of wait-a-while so characteristic of Westralians born. The archaic simplicity or stupidity of the bulk of the southern and farming population is almost incredible. They have no political aspirations. They are imbued with intense distrust and dislike of the ‘t’other siders,’ or ‘wise men of the East,’ whom they regard as having a special mission to ‘take them down’ and upset their previous condition of blissful peace and ignorance. It is a curious system whereby 57 votes in old sleepy Ashburton, 61 in De Grey, and 95 in East Kimberley, have the same representation as 1500 in East Coolgardie and 1200 in North-East Coolgardie. This pocket-borough system is scandalous, especially when the term for which Parliament sits is five years. It is only natural that Sir John Forrest should be to some extent imbued with the same prejudices and predilections as those he was born and bred amongst,

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so that Sir John's attitude towards Federation (which is one of apathy, if not of covert hostility) may be regarded as inspired more by patriotism than by prejudice or provincialism.

If this account of the matter is correct, one would imagine that the Premier of Western Australia must feel a good deal of sympathy for President Krüger and his burghers in the futile struggle they have been waging against the intrusive mining element.

Unluckily for the Boers, they are not British colonists, as they might now be but for Mr. Gladstone and Majuba Hill. If the Transvaal were a Colony, under responsible government, we should display as much tenderness towards its constitutional anomalies as we have exhibited elsewhere under similar circumstances. We should leave it to work out, or worry out, its own salvation, as will no doubt be the case in 'Westralia.' In the Transvaal, however, there is not merely an oligarchy, but a foreign oligarchy, and this explains the drastic treatment which has been adopted since the spring. No doubt it is rather a harsh kind of diplomacy to suddenly call upon an Independent State to alter its internal constitution, however oppressive and offensive that may be to British subjects resident in the country, on pain of war; which is virtually what we have been doing since Sir Alfred Milner brought the question to a head at the Bloemfontein Conference. But Mr. Chamberlain looks at the matter in the practical British fashion. The dispute has to be settled some time, and in only one possible way: by submission on the part of the Boers. The sooner they are brought to that conclusion, by one means or the other, the better for all concerned. If the Boers had been equally practical, instead of being stubborn, suspicious, resentful, and full of stiff-necked dour Dutch patriotism, they might have recognised that, since fighting could only mean certain and irreparable disaster, they might as well yield before the quarrel had reached its climax. Unfortunately for themselves, they fell back on the old *veldt* weapons of evasion and craft. The story of the negotiations of the summer and autumn, as told in the Blue Books, is painful reading: angry demands on the one side, wriggling attempts to escape on the other. At the last, when an accommodation was all but reached, both parties had got into such a temper that a misunderstanding was inevitable—accentuated by Boer commandoes hurrying to the frontier, and by British war preparations on an imposing scale. So it stands at this moment of writing; and the prospect is not one to rejoice in, since it means some gloomy years for the South African world, whatever the immediate results may be.

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